

Not Quite Sonic

I Mother Earth

Not yet sonic
But I'd like to reach the point
Where I can say
Yes I am
But it always seems to be
About sensibilities
And not who's listening
No I'm not quite sonic
What's real in the art school
What's real in the white room
This yet to tell my conscience
Who to trust my thoughts with
Or who to love
You're oh so sonic
So and so fantastically boring
You're a fashion whore
Being real is one thing

Being nothing is something
But at this point
There's something wrong
Chemically expensive hair
Money that we wear
Will get us what?
It kinda makes you think
Only animals
Are friends... surreal friends
Truly sonic
The sights
They're embryonic
See what you want
I'm not quite sonic
The sounds
They're quadraphonic
Semi-moronic
Not quite sonic

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