

Clear Eye Clouded Mind

Nada Surf

you're going to miss the wood
everyone left the wood
take what you can carry
find a road and follow
of course i'm supposed to work i
come from the hills i
find and eat food i
try to protect i
of course i like to laugh i
look at the sky
look in your eye
all i feel is transition
when do we get home?
all i feel is transition
now to be alone
with a clear eye
but a clouded mind
you're going to miss the wood
i come from the fen i
i left the den
the wind blows no good it
tells of a change that
might re-arrange
we can't see the ground it's
not where it was
all i feel is transition
when do we get home?
all i feel is transition
now to be alone
with a clear eye
but a clouded mind
the stars are indifferent to astronomy
and all that we think we know
mars will salute your autonomy
but he doesn't need to know
all i feel is transition
when do we get home?
all i feel is transition
now to be alone

with a clear eye
but a clouded mind
no-one wants to live this fiction
where didn't we go wrong?
with a clear eye
and a clouded mind
the stars are indifferent to astronomy
and all that we think we know
mars will salute your autonomy
but he doesn't need to know

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