What Things Seem

Mike Gordon

You float above the traffic in your pickup truck
You always find some magic when youâ€™re running out of luck
I thought you might be driving back to me
It seems I canâ€™t rely on what I see

Why does the moss look electric green
Why is your whisper like an infinite scream
I know that things arenâ€™t always what they seem

I caught you mixing potions in your yard
I might have times before but I wasnâ€™t looking hard
Now Iâ€™m lost in the haze in clouds of rising steam
I fall on the moss and hear you laugh at me

Why does the moss look electric green
Why is your whisper like an infinite scream
I know that things arenâ€™t always what they seem

Confronting you I had to hear the truth
I confessed my suspicions like a sinner in a booth
You ask if I was sure of what Iâ€™d seen
You turn and walk off on the mossy green

Why does the moss look electric green
Why is your whisper like an infinite scream
I know that things arenâ€™t always what they seem

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Lyrics submitted by jerry.

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