

Stash (8/15/93) [Live]

Phish

Im pullin' the pavement from under my nails
I brush past a garden, dependent on whales
The slopin' companion, I cast down the ash
Yanked on my tunic and dangled my stash
Zippping through the forest with the curdling fleas
To grow with them spindles, the mutant I seize
I capture the dread beast who falls to his knees
And cries to his cohorts, asleep in the trees
Smegma, Dogmatagram, fish market stew
Police in the corner, gunnin for you
Apple toast, bed heated, fur blanket rat
Laugh when they shoot you, say
Please dont do that
Control for smiler's cant be bought
The solar garlic starts to rot
Was it for this my life I sought?
Maybe so and maybe not
Maybe so and maybe not
Maybe so and maybe not
Maybe so and maybe not
Was it for this my life I sought?
Control for smiler's cant be bought
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Songwriters

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