

Sodajerker

Buffalo Tom

Watch an eyeball, take a free fall
At the mention of a name
In its socket and like a rocket
Rises just the same Could my eyelids, cover what I did
The shuttin of the door
And could these ceilings contain my feelings
Me down on the floor Jerked my fountain, ice-cream mountain
I suppose I'm just too late
Form a line here, think I'll die here
These people nauseate me But if my patience were a spaceship
High up in orbit
And I would rise here, hypnotized here
Risen from where I sit A solid angle, my legs do dangle
Off the counter's edge
Soft words spoken, promises broken
I close my eyes instead But could my eyelids cover what I did
The shuttin' of the door
Could these ceilings contain my feelings
Me down on the floor Me down on the floor
Me down on the floor
Me down on the floor

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