

# Mushaboom

## Bright Eyes

Helping the kids out of their coats  
But wait the babies haven't been born  
Unpacking the bags and setting up  
And planting lilacs and buttercups But in the meantime I've got it hard  
Second floor living without a yard  
It may be years until the day  
My dreams will match up with my pay Old dirt road  
Knee deep snow  
Watching the fire as we grow old I got a man to stick it out  
And make a home from a rented house  
And we'll collect the moments one by one  
I guess that's how the future's done How many acres how much light  
Tucked in the woods and out of sight  
Talk to the neighbors and tip my cap  
On a little road barely on the map Old dirt road  
Knee deep snow  
Watching the fire as we grow old Old dirt road  
Rambling rose  
Watching the fire as we grow, well, I'm sold

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