Russian Hill

Jellyfish

I dreamt about a tranquil Sunday drive
A sensory lullaby
We trade the comics, cartoons and magazines
For pistons and gasolineWe see the road from the bedside
Parked under the sunshine
We feel the warmth of the engine, so we climb inside
And take it to the motorwayWatch the clouds turn into faces, it's fun to play
Shift the gears for years and age a single day
Until we spill onto Russian HillPast cathedrals filled with God's favorite guests
Dirty hands feel clean when dressed in their Sunday best
Treeline village, oh, so heavenly
Cross a bridge of gold to landscapes of juniperOnly Eden is for millionairesWatch the clouds turn into faces, it's fun to play
Shift the gears for years and age a single day
Until we spill onto Russian HillI'm pulling through the last stoplight
We head home past the shoreline
And through the rear view mirror it all melts away
'Til we're helplessWatch the clouds turn into faces, it's fun to play
(We're hopeless)
We shift the gears for years and age a single day
(It fades away)
For like curtains close this sunset matinee
A dream fulfilled on Russian Hill

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/