A Daisy Through Concrete

Eels

Wake up the dying, don't wake up the dead
Change what your saying, don't change what you've said
Now that its time that I got out of bedWhen I'll walk myself down sycamore street
The sun beats down no shoes on my feet
And I stumble on a daisy through concretePink and brown babies in pink stroller cars
Know that it's good they don't care where they are
They know that home doesn't feel very farWhen I'll walk myself down sycamore street
The sun beats down no shoes on my feet
And I stumble on a daisy through concreteHere we go
Oh yeah
Thats how I like itAirplane is flying up in the sky
Making a pattern with the white lines
Looks like a heart or maybe a pieWhen I'll walk myself down sycamore street
The sun beats down no shoes on my feet
And I stumble on a daisy through concrete
A daisy through concrete

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