

Friends

Phish

Friends

If the lord ever comes
Descending from the skies in some fiery fashion
As so many say he will
You will not see me
Going joyously to greet him expecting my deliverance
But running for the hills
For if such a day should come to pass
This is no God come to save the human race
But a big boat, like the ones our forefathers sailed
Having made it across the great ocean to our shores
From outer space
And friends
When that boat finally comes
Ascending from the depths of our imagination
To appear within our sight
We'll be born again
As we've been so many times all throughout the ages
When we find that we're not right
And with darkness lifted from our eyes
Then we'll find what should come as no surprise
We're on a big boat like the ones our forefathers sailed
Headed across the great ocean from our shores to outer space

Songwriters

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