

Brown-Eyed Pickle Boy

Tripping Daisy

There is a place where time stands still
Where evil flies but it's never willed
Where souls are searched one by one
And voices ring out, for the day has begun
You can hear them sing
You can feel them sing
You can be them singing
We are the brown-eyed pickle boys searching for truth and freedom
We are the brown-eyed pickle boys roaming the world we see
We'll roam around, touch the ground don't wipe it away
Take what you need but not in a foolish way
There is a pool, a dent in the earth
Where water stands from the clouds of birth
They cool themselves from the aim of the sun
Where voices scream out for the passion of fun
You can hear them sing
You can feel them sing
You can be them singing
We are the brown-eyed pickle boys searching for truth and freedom
We are the brown-eyed pickle boys swimming the world we see
We'll swim around, splash around but don't wash it away
Take what you need but not in a foolish way
Take what you need but not in a selfish way
It's all so clear, it's far from me now
This vision of hope, this vision of sound
Where man is kind and cares for the earth
Where voices cry out for the plea of self-worth
You can hear them sing
You can feel them sing
You can be them singing
We are the brown-eyed pickle boys searching for truth and freedom
We are the brown-eyed pickle boys roaming the world we see
We'll roam around, touch the ground don't wipe it away
Take what you need but not in a foolish way
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