

Paper Friends

Jason Rubero

I woke up in a painting of sound

Pressed between the canvas and the ground

The artist speaks

And the mountains are God's teeth

Science is a drug

We shoot it with greed

We want what we want

But not what we need

And nature speaks: "I choke on everything you are"

We try to climb out of this hole

Out of this trouble

You use a ladder, but I prefer a shovel

I've got a hole in my heart

And it's just about your size

Like a flashing light, I see you up ahead

But by the time that I arrive

You're behind me instead

Flying into a dream

Fly into a rage

Am I inside or out?

Is this freedom or a cage?

Are you hiding there in clouded woods

Cloaked by greying rain?

Piece by piece

Day by day

Hour by hour

Sometime in this modern vine

All the mod cons start to entwine

Wires grasp and uproot trees

Tripping mother nature til she falls to her knees

And starts to bleed...

I make paper friends in one hand

Hold a match in the other

It's a kind of hidden talent

But it's the opposite I'd rather

Yes, you know it's true...

Love is minor

Sad jazz chords so blue

I'm afraid not to try
The things I'm afraid to do

I'm sure that you

Understand

On Saturn I am star

Lyrics submitted by Jason Rubero.

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