

Here & Now

Letters to Cleo

Just living on a Sunday morning
Got my toast and tea and I'm warm
And I just thought I'd think about
All the things to get and keep getting
Never enough not enough and never ending
I just thought I'd think about And it might be The comfort of a knowledge of a rise above the sky
Above could never parallel the challenge
Of an acquisition in the here & now Parody of yourself in color
Giving it to everybody but your mother
You've got much to think about
Soaring higher with every treason
Never justify, never reason
You've got much to think about And it might be The comfort of a knowledge of a rise above the sky
Above could never parallel the challenge
Of an acquisition in the here & now

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