

Ponderosa

Warm Climate

The place where I stand gives way to liquid lino
Underneath the weeping willow lies a weeping wino
The place where I stand gives way to liquid lino
Underneath the weeping willow lies a weeping winoThe mind's a crowd, search for the the spaces
And turn around time's gone, I take ten paces
Been up ahead, can't make head or tale of it
I drink till I'm drunk, and I smoke till I'm senselessYou see in black and white, feel in slow motion
I drown myself in sorrow until I wake up tomorrow
The illusion of confusion is not from where I am sat
Different levels of the devil's companyThey lead us outside, take us out quietly
To the cage through the bars
You see scars, results of my rageThe place where I stand gives way to liquid lino
Underneath the weeping willow lies a weeping wino
The place where I stand gives way to liquid lino
Underneath the weeping willow lies a weeping winoThe mind's a crowd, search for the the spaces
And turn around time's gone, I take ten paces
Been up ahead, can't make head or tale of it
I drink till I'm drunk, and I smoke till I'm senselessYou see in black and white, feel in slow motion
I drown myself in sorrow, until I wake up tomorrow
I drown myself in sorrow, until I wake up tomorrow
I drown myself in, I drown myself in
The illusion of confusion is not from where I am sat

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