

The Late Great Cassiopia

The Essex Green

I was born today in all them constellation
The minor where a major wants to be I stacked my words, manufactured merchant
And walked along the water in my sleep To the news spun circles and there I saw you
Wrapped up in a New York magazine Was that the page that tells how I was fallen?
Well maybe that part is not worth mentioning Now...what will they say? Now...what can they do anyway,
anyway? So let me down slow, let me down real easy
Even giants have to watch how they decline I'd wheelie in the sky or anything else, I promise
I will until the day that I die
I will until the day that I die What will they say? What's the world, gonna do anyway, anyway?

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