

Two Versions Of Me

Phish

Aaa, ooo

Ten mountains stand tall, nine seasons since fall

Eight eons of sand, seven oceans began

Now there is none, no more light from the sun

Now waters run free, no more fish in the sea

One more name on the slate

One less minute to wait

Too busy to see two versions of me

One more bottle is dry, one less reason to try

One more name on the slate

One less minute to wait

Too busy to see two versions of me

One more bottle is dry, one less reason to try

Six feet underneath five fingers don't reach

Four seconds it seems for all of our dreams

Three oceans away two children at play

Too busy to see two versions of me

Two versions of me

Two versions of me

Two versions of me

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