Blue Parachute

Fruit Bats

If you was inanimate, you'd be a flute,
Or an airplane that fell from the sky.
All the way down with a blue parachute,
With a rip in the side.
And if the stars could breathe, they'd be mountain goats
Or hookers with hearts of gold.
Or castaway children on a sinking ship
Slipping into the water so cold.
If tomorrow was living it'd live in the pines,
It'd sip from the mountain dew.
God gave Noah the rainbow sign
And Noah knew just what to do.
And no one knew just what to do.

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