Fruit Tea

Wild Moccasins

Three billion arms swing as microscopic metronomes
They march in unison to pay off their town homes
Three billion cubicles work for a face theyâ€™ll never meet
Their riding tricycles while counting three billion sheep
Their brains in soft skulls observe three billion more (hooo...)
Wondering whose royalty and whose meant to hold a door

Who is meant to hold?
Who is meant to hold?
Whose meant to hold?
Whose meant to hold?

Just be patient please

Iâ€™m told Iâ€™m told weâ€™re meant to hold until weâ€™re old

Bottom of the chain(Whose meant to hold?)..

Some find their Jesus in a fruity cup of tea
Always reheating mine waiting patiently for me
Youâ€™ll confess to them all of your push pin philosophies
Make out your checks to a candy necklace rosary
Me Iâ€™m of the future, but belong far in the past
Through time weâ€™ve traveled far still systems of class
Their brans in soft skulls judge three billion more
They say a prayer for me while I hold the door

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Bottom of the chain (Whose meant to hold?)..

Lyrics submitted by Balcan.

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