

Climbing

Meat Puppets

Climb, climb, I always climb
Out of bed in the morning
On a mountain made of sand
And I know this doesn't rhyme
But the clutter on the table
Is getting out of hand
I know that you tried to see me through
But honey, I'm still having trouble
Finding out what's you
Time, time, it's so sublime
Well, they say it's non existent
But it's playing with my mind
And phone calls don't cost a dime
In the caverns of your feelings
Where the sun will never shine
I know that you tried to see me through
But honey I'm still having trouble
Finding out what's you
Mine, mine, which things are mine?
Well, I thought I saw a few
Before I found out I was blind
And I think I see a sign
And it's saying where to go
And when I get there what I'll find
I know that you tried to see me through
But honey, I'm still having trouble
Finding out what's you

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