I Think About

Toad The Wet Sprocket

Watching me, a bird upon a roof
With coal black feathers
Cocks his head
To catch my eye
Wandering and unfocused
I cannot meet his stare
He takes to wing
Silhouette against the sun
Surrounded by the glare
Funny how the days go by invisibly
And faster than I realize the things, I think about
Strange to find the calendar my enemy
And scared that when I die so will the things, I think about
I believe in so many things
I know that none of them are true
And my feet, firm upon a pathway
I am far too blind to see, leading me
Funny how the days go by invisibly
And faster than I realize the things, I think about
Scared to find the calendar my enemy
And when I die so will the thousand things, I think about
[Incomprehensible]

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