Rings

Toad the Wet Sprocket

Are you the plane that shapes the board
Part of a history, smoothed and worn
And oh, the windy weather
Dry spells, brushfireIsn't it strange to see my life
You must cut me down to look inside
And oh, the simple pleasures
This ring tells of rain and this one's summer
Good years, nightmaresHow is it I remember knowing that I would live forever
Isn't it strange how truth can change
And oh, the windy weather
This ring tells of rain, this one's summers
Dry spells, brushfire

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