

Camphor

The Fixx

A feeling like camphor, rushing through my tubes
A cooling drought, a rare interlude
Drowning depression to admire and trust
Who can watch a man making dust to dust? One legal dose of environment
The ballad of a playground swing
There's a lonely dog, so misunderstood
He's left his chores to become someone's friend Things are so enchanting, high on life
Then, once again, the flash of pines
Beck to this breathtaking view
Where the peaks are so high, full of encouragement
And the paints of the Gods' color code
Things are so enchanting, high on life Things are where they can't be high on life
So, I'm thinking about my favorite dream
An adventure not out of bounds
It dries my eyes to know mother earth hears
I'm invisible to blue hounds

Songwriters

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