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 they?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

I?m told I?m told we?re meant to hold until we?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
You?ll confess to them all of your push pin philosophies
Make out your checks to a candy necklace rosary
Me I?m of the future, but belong far in the past
Through time we?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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I?m told I?m told we?re meant to hold until we?re old
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Bottom of the chain (Whose meant to hold?)..

Lyrics submitted by Balcan.

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