

11 Easy Steps

Trout Fishing in America

(K. Grimwood/E. Idlet)

I'm still spinning round, but I'm lowering my orbit,
My feet don't touch the ground, sometimes I drag my knees;
 Over the fences, over the plain,
 Holdin' the canvas that's holdin' the rain,
I know imagination's the only thing that can stop me.
I'm still spinning around, coloring my senses,
 Helicopter dance, the cotton-cloudy day,
 Out through the window, over the trees,
 Follow the rivers right down to the seas,
I know imagination's the only thing that can stop me.
Dream the endless dream, memories erase themselves
Childhood just becomes a box stored upon the closet shelves.
Dream the endless dream, memories replace themselves
Believe in fantasies; look into your eyes, I see myself.
 Climbin' a rope ladder over the wall,
 I can be anything at all,
I know imagination's the only thing that can stop me.
I'm still spinning round, but I'm lowering my orbit,
My feet don't touch the ground, sometimes I drag my knees;
 Over the fences, over the plain,
 Holdin' the canvas that's holdin' the rain,
I know imagination's the only thing that can stop me.
 Climbin' a rope ladder over the wall,
 I can be anything at all,
I know imagination's the only thing that can stop me;
 That can stop me.

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