

# Idea

## Mike Gordon

Sliding down that final stretch of highway  
I pass beside you and my mind comes alive  
    Got to find a way to the person inside  
    Skip my turn and follow you to a city  
    I scale the walls of a highrise to the sky  
    And I see you yelling and I don't know why

I'm hiding in that empty room  
    Behind a pile of impending doom  
It must have been a bad idea; gotta stop stackin' it up  
I don't know why I got so lost; and how long; I've been gone

You're meeting with an owl tycoon at a conference table  
    Another sketch of a higher tower is drawn  
    And your voice is becoming my favorite song  
As the knights of reason stand in the way clangin'  
    I step out and plead until they take me away  
    But another idea begins to inflate

On chairs stacked up to your room  
    I serenade you with a thought balloon that says  
It must have been a bad idea to start stacking it up  
I don't know why it got so lost; and how long; I've been gone

You built an ancient town from rocks and bones  
    On sand they find your glossy tower sheens  
    Waves crash up and the spires beam  
From the top of the world you scope out what you know  
    But standing way up there makes you feel all alone  
    With the odds stacked against me I walk up slow

Piece by piece you break your wall down  
    And as it tumbles to the ground you say  
It must have been a bad idea to keep stackin' it up  
I don't know why I got so lost; and how long; I've been gone

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Lyrics submitted by jerry.