

# Dying Like Some Dinosaurs

## Shrub

i rode my bike to the park where we used to play,  
    found some shade, laid down, drifted away.  
i closed my eyes, took a ride back to outer space,  
a speck of dust floating round this milky way, where am i going?  
    where have i been?  
    well i don't know.  
so i pretend. Light years from the moon, you're on your way.  
    going home real soon, some people say.  
    tomorrow's news, same tune, but a different day,  
another planet gets consumed, it's too damn late. where are ya going?  
    where have you been?  
    well you don't know.  
so you pretend. we're dying like some dinosaurs.  
    dying like some dinosaurs.  
we're dying like some dinosaurs. quick trip on a long vacation.  
    pitch black.  
    no time left for fiction.  
    pinball.  
bounce round 'til we kick back.  
    jackpot.  
i think we hit that. sweat drips from my face are breaking,  
    my sun moved, no more shade, i'm baking,  
    awaken,  
    look to the sky and take in,  
this place is so amazing. where are we going?  
    where have we been?  
    well we don't know.  
so we pretend. we're dying like some dinosaurs.  
    dying like some dinosaurs.  
we're dying like some dinosaurs. we're dying like some dinosaurs.  
    dying like some dinosaurs.  
we're dying like some dinosaurs. rode my bike to the the park where we used to play,  
    found some shade, laid down, drifted away.