

The Squirming Coil

Phish

The squirming coil of sunset, I keep within my reach
Tried yesterday to get away and hitchhiked to the beach
I saw Satan on the beach trying to catch a ray
He wasn't quite the speed of light and the squirming coil
It got away, yea, it got away
It got away, yea, it got away
The muscles flex the mother's ring, they fasten children to her king
And sent him down the crooked street
When he returns, the birth's complete
Jimmy holds the tannis root, the forest's tasty nectar shoot
The sun tips off the monarch's suit from sequined sash to shiny boot
I'd like to lick the coil some day like Icarus,
who had to pay
With melting wax and feathers brown and he tasted it on his way down
Stun the puppy, burn the whale, bark a scruff and go to jail
Forge the coin and lick the stamp, little jimmy's off to camp
It got away, yea, it got away
It got away, yea, it got away
It got away, yea

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