

Creator

Meat Puppets

Everybody's got some kind of belief about creator
Some say openly, "I don't know"
Some build elevators to take the chosen few
Who can afford the scenic view
To the top of some big tower looking out on fields of blue
Walking clouds on caves of emptiness
That fall around their minds to flirt openly with vapor
And the trail it leaves behind fences fly and sidewalks cry
Concerning our creator turning loose the butterfly
That ate the alligator, picking up its open-ended
Holographic roots, it moved out to the tower
To look down on me and you walking caves of empty water
In the boring morning rain making love to open windows
And the vapor trails' refrain

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