

Alcan Road

Ween

Open the gate to the red land
Alcan Road, by the turquoise lake
Starry skies, a mushroom cloud
Folding waves in a foamy tideWashing in beds of opal shells
White gulls cry for you and I
Butterflies float away
Drift in pools of salt and brineMountain man, frosted child
Eagles cry, puppets of God
Strung like time molded in form
Trees bend back and trails distortIt leads to the land of Alcan Road
The turquoise lake and starry skies
Mushroom clouds, flowing
Drift in pools of salt and brine

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