

Happy Frappy

Guster

Not much of this makes sense to me
River leaves run cold and dry
But it keeps me from swinging tree to tree
And sometimes Im too scared to even try Hashing through the possibilities
They seem as endless as the sky
You seek the truth and the quiet breeze
But the air is too thin to reply Well, I know thats where Ill never be
Cause I can see the summers done
I try to let the river flow in and out of me
And pray I float the way I think I want
And pray I float at all Distant notions of subtle residue
Cling to minds from our past
Tell us what is what and who made who
But times events move us too fast Simple sentiments whisked away by anxious steel wool
Struggling to content ourselves with what we think best
That what makes happy of which we seem never full
Is actually more than plenty for it is already possessed Well, I know thats where Ill never be
Cause I can see the summers done
I try to let the river flow in and out of me
And pray I float the way I think I want
And pray I float at all Not much of this makes sense to me
River leaves run cold and dry
But it keeps me from swinging tree to tree
And sometimes Im too scared to even try Ultra confusion feigns clarity
Scattered delusions excuses destiny
Its never exactly how it appears to be
It's too much for any of us to even try, try to see Well, I know thats where Ill never be
Cause I can see the summers done
I try to let the river flow in and out of me
And pray I float the way I think I want
And pray I float at all

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