

Feel Like Buddha

Uncle Green

I saw a mass
of movie stars
Spilling out
from expensive cars
People brought them frankincense,
gold and myrrh
Even though they couldn't think
of who they were

I saw a horde
of Holy Joes
Hinding out
between the devil's toes
Praying for the evil souls
of you and I
Who's the god that lets the likes
of them slip by?

But I feel like the Budha
I feel like the Mona Lisa
I feel like a slowly passing sky
And I don't need a reason
And I don't need an answer, either
I don't need the truth to come to light
'Cause I'm alright

I saw the throngs
of rubbernecks
Waiting for
an accident
Couldn't think of any place
they'd rather be
I thought I saw them salivate
when they looked at me

But I feel like the Budha
I feel like the Mona Lisa
I feel like a slowly passing sky
And I don't need a reason
And I don't need an answer, either

I don't need the truth to come to light
'Cause I'm alright

Lyrics submitted by Scott.

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