

Meat Puppets, Beauty

Below the road a dozen times now
Within the leeway, behind the sandhouse
The fascinating book of strings
Picks the leaves
That drift down between
Suns to lift up in between
They told some stories like you've never seen
Just about everything slips down in between
Mine to lift up and to follow
In the steps of fluids hollow
Without time we pick up all the streams
To find the leaves
That drift down in between
