

# Toad The Wet Sprocket, Rings

Are you the plane  
That shapes the board  
Part of a history  
Smoothed and worn  
And oh, the windy weather  
Dry spells, brushfire

Isn't it strange  
To see my life  
You must cut me down  
To look inside  
And oh, the simple pleasures  
This ring tells of rain  
And this one summer  
Good years, nightmares

How is it I remember  
Knowing that I would live forever  
Isn't it strange  
How truth can change

And oh, the windy weather  
This ring tells of rain  
This one, summers  
Dry spells, brushfire