

Trout Fishing In America, 11 Easy Steps

(K. Grimwood/E. Idlet)

I'm still spinning round, but I'm lowering my orbit,
My feet don't touch the ground, sometimes I drag my knees;
Over the fences, over the plain,
Holdin' the canvas that's holdin' the rain,
I know imagination's the only thing that can stop me.
I'm still spinning around, coloring my senses,
Helicopter dance, the cotton-cloudy day,
Out through the window, over the trees,
Follow the rivers right down to the seas,
I know imagination's the only thing that can stop me.
Dream the endless dream, memories erase themselves
Childhood just becomes a box stored upon the closet shelves.
Dream the endless dream, memories replace themselves
Believe in fantasies; look into your eyes, I see myself.
Climbin' a rope ladder over the wall,
I can be anything at all,
I know imagination's the only thing that can stop me.
I'm still spinning round, but I'm lowering my orbit,
My feet don't touch the ground, sometimes I drag my knees;
Over the fences, over the plain,
Holdin' the canvas that's holdin' the rain,
I know imagination's the only thing that can stop me.
Climbin' a rope ladder over the wall,
I can be anything at all,
I know imagination's the only thing that can stop me;
That can stop me.