

What It Feels Like to Be Alive

Cloud Cult

I heard grandpa on my transistor radio
Though he turned in his bones twenty year ago
And he said, "kid, there's something that I'd like to show you,
Get your things, it's time for us to go"

So I grab my backpack, and my flashlight, and a bag of caramel
corn
I got my bicycle, and the radio, and I headed on the rode
I said, "i'm ready, for what I'm about to see, yepp"

Headed north 'till the rain had turned to snow
Through rusty towns and dusty gravel road
And I said, "grandpa, where is this thing you wanted to show me
?"
He said, "kid, you got a long way to go"

So I went through canyons, caves, and catacombs, I sailed on bi
cycle boats
I slept in chapels, and brothels, I met the nicest folks
I said, "i'm ready, for what I'm about to see, yepp"

I heard grandpa on my transistor radio
He said, "kid, it's time for me to go,
And I know that there was something that I wanted to show you,
But it's time for you to find it on your own"

Let me tell you about rage, when the signal died that day
There's nothing out there, and I don't care, if they take my li
fe away
I'm not ready, and I don't want to see, nope

It's been years since I've heard my transistor radio
Yet I keep going to where it seems I'm meant to go
And I finally realized what he wanted to show me
Where I've been, and where I am, it's the show
Where I've been, and where I am, it's the show
Where I've been, and where I am, it's the show