

Though the sign says "Monterey: forty light years from right here,  
" We'll go anyway got a head start on the clouds as the view,  
dream-like, rolls away, while every song you hate is playing  
in your head softly a loving sound  
Now the quiet never stays porcelain elvis heads and gamma rays  
keeping me awake with this fine knit elastic cloud,  
stretching out living new age golden days  
but when I think out loud my stupid little voice gets lost  
Fascination, overkill and sensation whole and violent when you're high  
you might touch down in gardens of gargantua  
when all the world is spinning say hello to him from all of us  
when all is all undone and sung without a sound  
over the always nobody elevates hoping for enlightning voices  
out of nowhere fastened tight crashing light into walls  
if you look around at all you might feel small where the soul lives  
where the whole thing is going down  
Every now and then I fall out into open air just to feel the wind,  
rain and everything and though the hum and sway gets me down  
I'll find the way to peace and openness but when  
I think out loud my stupid little voice gets lost in fact  
I'm waiting for everyone to shut up...