

## Dead Man's Creek

In The Woods...

We've got electric light - electric sight  
Electric mother river  
You float on down from town to town where they  
Think they are in a certain charge  
Moody angels and a little tree-goat  
- We might even try and we might even float  
Far up in the sky where mother Sun put her rays  
We can see the garden flow with its electric face  
And the knowledge we gained from clouds  
Gone insane is the rhythm of the ol' triangle  
To gather up some rain  
C'mon, the river rape them  
- Slaves of the moon  
And the monster will turn up in the end  
To settle down next June

So, why do they strive across their stream of lies  
For they might turn vital, mean and wild  
And we'll turn them into matchsticks that'll burn  
Them 'till they die

I will leave far tonight You'd better find another  
Clown for your circus to feed our common enlightenment...  
Through and through