

The Plant Song

Marcy Playground

Yellow is the warm and friendly radiating ball of love
That sits up in the coolness of the calm the cooling moon above
I'm implanted firmly, by the spinning of this media
Erases through the emptiness of all that is exterior

Is this what it feels like?
Is this what it feels like?
Is this what it feels like to be a plant?

Red is pumping something by the gallons through the all of me
And I'll be damned if I'll have something pumping through the a
ll of me
Green is not my color but the composition of my blood
I never trust a botanist. They dig in dirt. They play in mud

Is this what it feels like?
Is this what it feels like?
Is this what it feels like to be a plant?
Is this what it feels like?
Is this what it feels like?
Is this what it feels like to be a plant?