

There From Here

Nits

I've forgotten all the presents
And the papers fly in streets
From nowhere to the 7-11 doors
Through the turnstile of the supermarket
I'm lifted by a trunk in tin foil
That's butting me back on my feet

Nothing can be like this wind
It blows so sweet
The elephant Fritz burns his feet
And then I wake up to find out
All the things that please me are forgotten
And how do I get there from here

Nothing like this burning wind
It takes your soul
It flies away
And I hope you'll never find out
It's about time
That me and the elephant are leaving
And how do I get there from here
How do I get there from here

How do I get there from here