

## Two Versions of Me

Phish

Aaa, ooo  
Ten mountains stand tall, nine seasons since fall  
Eight eons of sand, seven oceans began  
Now there is none, no more light from the sun  
Now waters run free, no more fish in the sea

One more name on the slate  
One less minute to wait  
Too busy to see two versions of me  
One more bottle is dry, one less reason to try

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Six feet underneath five fingers don't reach  
Four seconds it seems for all of our dreams  
Three oceans away two children at play

Too busy to see two versions of me  
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