

Swirling whirling through the city of ages
You sink a bit whenever angels fly
Do you have a feeling for their fuzzy faces?
Are you close enough to see into their eyes?

You're magic fit and free
Taxi holds on the breeze
A dream's a dream of feelings
That never fall at all
Holds his thoughts in chains
And tries to bust up the walls

Every day it's just another breath
Every night another little death
Do you scratch and itch when your head feels tight
Or wave it away and just stay out all night?

Got your head in the trees
If that's the way you're feeling
It's not good or bad
Channels of thought revealing now
Some things we all had

I'm having a wonderful vision of the city today
Buildings all lined up neat on straight sun lit blocks
Avenue canyons stretch forever
Handcut panes grooved like a record
Flat bridge
Peer, boat, docks
I'm slipping round the bottom edge [line echoes]

Do you trip and breeze
Down city streets
Just a little free
With your head in the trees