

I Think About

Toad The Wet Sprocket

Watching me
A bird upon a roof with coal-black feathers
Cocks his head
To catch my eye
Wandering and unfocused I cannot meet his stare
He takes to wing
Silhouette against the sun
Surrounded by the glare

Funny how the days go by invisibly
And faster than I realize the things I think about
Strange to find the calendar my enemy
And scared that when I die so will the things
I think about

I believe in so many things
I know that none of them are true
And my feet
Firm upon a pathway I am far too blind to see
Leading me

Funny how the days go by invisibly
And faster than I realize the things I think about
Scared to find the calendar my enemy
And when I die so will the thousand things
I think about

On and on and on...