

Darkness and the Light

Trampled by Turtles

Colorado was so nice,
but I'm Minnesota's son.
Even when the cold winds blow
in the darkness and the light.

And the young folks search for meaning here,
and the old folks know there's none.
Out your window you can see the world
Babe it's turning, and it's gone.

And the stars at night,
why do they make you cry?
Don't you think that I'll be coming home?

Well it's not like Sunny, Monterrey in all the Steinbeck books
you read,
Where the hobos know the secrets and the law turns their head.
We are as close to paradise even though you might not hear it s
aid,
And the Methodists all bring a dish to share with the ashes on
their head.

And when the sun's in the sky,
we'll have a class outside,
Why do you think that I can be so cold?

I'm not scared of much here anymore,
wait, friends, that was a lie.
'Cause I'm scared to death of losing you,
to be alone, high and dry.

And I know you worry,
about time and money,
but don't you know those things, they come and go?