

The Keepers

Ty Segall

Look in the mirror, see what you see
Be what you be, lonely you know
What you've done, let the sleeping play for fun
And we drink the water, and we drink the wine
We are the animals, and we are the swine
Let the keepers keep the time
Let the sleepers dream so fine
We read the notes placed in our hands
Forged in the sands, from distant lands
And let your hair grow and let them know
That the dreamers can still shake hands
But we live here now and it smells of death
And the youth is wasting the Earth's last breath
But we can still dream and shake our hands
And sing a song so grand