

Bbm F
From ripe, to green
F# G#
Too real, too late
Bbm F
Should I lie down, or stand up
F# G#
Or walk around again?
Bbm F
My eyes finally right opened out
F# G#
My eyes finally right opened shut
Bbm F
To find my fount of sound
F# G#
That Ears the touch of my tears
Bbm F
Smell the taste of all we waste
F# G#
Could feed the others
Bbm F
But we smother each other with the nettle
F# G#
And Pucker the sour sugar sweet weather
Bbm F
It blows through our trees, swims through our sees
F# G#
Flies to the last gasp left on this earth,
Bbm F F# G#
Oh ohoh oh-oh oh

Bbm F F# G#
It's a long lonely journey from death to birth
Bbm F F# G#
It's a long lonely journey from death to
Bbm F F# G#
It's a long lonely journey from death to birth
Bbm F F# G#
It's a long lonely journey from death to ...birth
Bbm F
Should I die again? Should I die around?
F# G#
The pounds of matter willing to space
Bbm F F# G#
I know I'll never know until I come face to face
Bbm F
With my own cold dead face
F# G#
Oh With my own wooden case
Bbm F
You with me la la ohohoh
Bbm F F# G#
It's a long lonely journey from death to birth
Bbm F F# G#

It's a long lonely journey from death to

Bbm F F# G#

It's a long lonely journey from death to birth

Bbm F F# G#

It's a long lonely journey from death to ...birth

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