

There are kids, lots of kids, who put the law inside a circle. As they jump, I hope that you will, up and down, up and down. When did you come into this role that you were cast in? When did dress-up turn to fashion? Throw your gown, up and down. There's always the sky, let it hear what you're saying, for all that you are saying. And let it take you apart, to the elements of praying. Til we are only playing to the firmament. Til we are only playing to the firmament. In the rain, in the rain, people rush around on cold streets. Here's a shell to hear their heartbeats, very loud, very loud. Where's the pain, it's only rain, it's only slowing down a workday. Only singing happy birthday to a crowd, very loud. So turn on the sky, let it hear what you're saying, for all that you are saying. And let it take you apart, to the elements of praying. Til we are only playing to the firmament. Til we are only playing to the firmament. And when did sex get so mean? When did crime get so clean? You know, I just can't seem to find my soul in this striving. And why not play to a dream? You know, this world is too green for all this baaaaad driving. What's the rush? Dip your brush into this twilight. There are leaves upon the skylight, trace your hand, trace your hand. Mr. Red, he shot a head, he shot a head inside a circle. On a bad day who would you kill? Take a stand, trace your hand. There's always the sky, let it hear what you're saying, for all that you are saying. And let it take you apart, to the elements of praying. Til we are only playing to the firmament. Til we are only playing to the firmament.