

A Day at the Fair, Monday Morning

Long before my stomping grounds got trampled on,
I sat and felt the greatest song,
That every painter, every poet, couldn't create,
And the words they open doors,
From what my parents had wished for,
When they had a child and raised a kid that came to this,

And how good does life feel in times like this?
And how good is my shot before I close my eyes and miss?
These feelings exist,

Let it rain on Monday morning,
Right before the world's awake,
I will lie there and just think about the weather,
Let my blood beat from my chest,
And put my veins up to it's test,
I will breathe in and know what it feels to feel alive,
I'm alive,

About the time the treehouse built fell on the lawn,
We sat and heard the first of songs,
That every rocking chair and shoebox would create,
It's a world that's grown to be,
So careless with it's memories,
Only benevolence can capture what I mean,

But how good's this picture when the backgrounds gone?
And I still feel great about standing tall when everything went wrong,
And I am all alone,

Let it rain on Monday morning,
Right before the world's awake,
I will lie there and just think about the weather,
Let my blood beat from my chest,
And put my veins up to it's test,
I will breathe in and know what it feels to feel alive,
I'm alive,
Yeah, I'm alive,
Well I'm so alive, yeah, yeah,

Let it rain on my rooftop,
So I can hear the sounds,
Of passing winds through blowing trees,
Says I'll see you around,
When the seasons can say things,
That I never can,
When words describe nothing,
When I come home again,
Well I guess I must of lost it,
In line of my luck,
That says this is your life now,
And you're done with growing up,
Well I missed my mark,
And I miss the trees,
And I miss lying in bed today,
To picture these things