

Eating Apples with Snakes

I met you at James Marshall's tomb
You were high on acid and mushrooms
Thought you were dying; terminal;
Thought you were falling off the edge of the world

(Chorus)

Oh I spent all afternoon
Stoned in the garden with you
Eating apples with snakes
And learning the truth

Got drunk on Bourbon Avenue
Talked to a zebra at the zoo
Said things aren't always black and white
He said this is true
But if you think too much
It'll make you blue
If you think too much
It just makes you blue

(Chorus)

Been twisted and tormented on the moon
I'm a coma cozy pilot in this cartoon,
Do think I'll be crashing soon
Do think I'll be crashing soon

(Chorus)

(Chorus)