

By Erick Hovey

I took a trip last night  
My left brain met my right  
In a pool of smoking light  
My senses danced and drowned, and right there on the ground  
Was something, something blue  
I think it was me or you, or Elvis commin through , I don't have a clue

CHORUS:

Somebody better look up, in the sky  
Somebody better call out the camera's eye  
Somebody better write it down, thick words to wage  
Can't see the whole, can't see the page

I took a trip last night  
My left brain met my right  
Things aren't always what they seem  
You know we foam at the mouth and burst at the seams  
We play a drunken role on the natural stage  
Can't see the whole..... can't see the page

CHORUS:

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