

Crash In The Jungle

By At Mission Dolores

Olive branches growing from a burning tree
Sinking deeper in the mirror
Ash and plans are dangling from your cigarette
Hands on the wheel forgot to steer

For all I know
Keep digging deeper holes
While the walls all start to crumble
When the fuel runs low
The bidding high and talking slow
Hoarding all that precious gold

Mouth of river
Safe to drink and drying up
Leaking all the words you hear
Many hands make light work for an arsonist
Breathe in the smoke to make things clear

All aboard the rocket ship looking past the moon
Before it crash lands in the jungle
Looks so far away, bound to get there soon
Less a step more of a stumble