I Just Wanna Be Like You

I just wanna be like you
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Carve my name into a tree
Take it back, set it free
I just wanna be like you

Martyrs stumble in from last night's mass
Their eyes are crossed, their tea time's long gone past
Their fingers try to grasp
The grains of sand between grass
To melt it down and stain and make it glass

Authors write themselves into a hole
Just to fill it with the liquid of the soul
Pour a cup of diamonds in a bowl
Then relax and make it coal
An artist without self imposed parole

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Dead men always know a quiet place
According to their wills they'll leave a trace
If in God there isn't grace
There are no flowers in the vase
Dying is one way to hide your face

Everybody likes to blame their world
Their ropes are frayed, the sails have come unfurled
There's too many pretty girls
There's too many skirts to twirl
Why does seafood always end up eating pearls?

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