

Losing My Grip

I met a friend on the street the other day
Stopped me at the corner of the junction to LA
I asked, "Is it going to rain?"
He replied, "Not on Saturday"

I met a street on my friend the other day
Everywhere I looked was my best friend lay
I asked, "How do you are?"
He replied, "Tired and run down"

Chorus:

Now you see it's not just me
Losing my grip on reality
All of us on this wobbly bus
Careening toward some destiny
And now I hear you plan for me
To be with you for eternity
So you see it's not just me
Losing my grip on reality

I met a dog on the street the other day
But as I approached he looked the other way
I asked, "What do you see?"
He replied, "Sir I am blind"

Lead

I met a horse on the street the other day
Standing on one leg and kicking at his hay
He asked, "May I have a ride?"
I replied, "Fifty cents a mile".

Chorus