

Free Range Moth (adapted for acoustic guitar)

by croc E mores

free as a free range moth blinded by de-light  
i turn to my shadows for reflection  
for reflection on a healthy week of hell in paradise  
i wake up jetlagged from my dreams  
only to be chased by plastic bags and cornered by the wind  
in a hungry country sentenced to heart burn

free as a free range moth blinded by delight  
i'm still waking up a daredreamer learner lover  
with vertigo for supreme adventure  
balance becomes a dangerous possibility  
when my home is an edge that's getting sharper everyday  
all i can afford to know all i can afford to hear is:  
my bottom line is a tightrope i can trust  
my bottom line is a bass line on a double bass string  
a tightrope i can trust...can i trust....can i trust we can trust

praise praise for all that we receive that we don't see  
praise jah mystery  
praise jah mystery mercy  
praise jah rain seed here to help us cry  
here to help us cry ourselves back alive  
our tears are ripe so lets cry the rivers back alive  
there's resurrection in a river rhythm oh jah  
praise jah re-bearth-quake  
praise jah ground gone gong  
we are songed upon  
the ancestors are blowing in the wind  
the ancestors my friend are blowing in the wind  
a waft of cinnamon...not another spice girl like eминem

praise praise for all that we receive that we don't see  
my bottom line is a tightrope i can trust  
my bottom line is a bass line on a double bass string...a tightrope i can trust  
i can trust...i can trust we can trust