

Rooted to a Rock

Dawn morning noon evening dusk night
Time's noose around m' neck is feeling kinda tight
Dawn morning noon evening dusk night
My life's caught up in the wind like some crazed, swirling kite
Dawn morning noon evening dusk night
With myself doesn't seem like I should have to fight
Dawn morning noon evening dusk night
But something inside me's not sitting quite right

I'm not gonna drink to our health
You won't catch me reaching for any safety belt
'Cause don't you know, don't it show, when I look into my soul
I see I'm rooted to a rock, rooted to a rock, rooted to a rock that just won't roll

Bliss joy sorrow fear angst rage
I thought I'd be done spinning by the time I reached this age
Bliss joy sorrow fear angst rage
Should I try to feel nothing and become some kind of sage
Bliss joy sorrow fear angst rage
You like to show me the keys that don't fit in my cage
Bliss joy sorrow fear angst rage
Just a puppet doll on a puppet stage

I'm not gonna drink to our health
You just go ahead, you go ahead and reach for that safety belt
'Cause don't you know, don't it show, when I look into your soul
I see you're rooted to a rock, rooted to a rock, rooted to a rock that just won't roll

Rooted to a rock that just won't roll... (*interlude*) Rooted to a rock that just won't roll...

| | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| Time's noose around m' neck is feeling kinda tight | Dawn morning noon evening dusk night |
| My life's caught up in the wind like some crazed, swirling kite | Dawn morning noon evening dusk night |
| With myself doesn't seem like I should have to fight | Dawn morning noon evening dusk night |
| But something inside me's not sitting quite right | Dawn morning noon evening dusk night |

| | |
|----------------------------------|---|
| Bliss joy sorrow fear angst rage | I thought I'd be done spinning by the time I reached this age |
| Bliss joy sorrow fear angst rage | Should I try to feel nothing and become some kind of sage |
| Bliss joy sorrow fear angst rage | You like to show me the keys that don't fit in my cage |
| Bliss joy sorrow fear angst rage | Just a puppet doll on a puppet stage |

I'm not gonna drink to our health (that's what I keep telling you)
Not when this car is speeding outta control with no safety belts
'Cause don't you know, don't it show, when I look into our soul
I see we're rooted to a rock, rooted to a rock, rooted to a rock that just won't roll

Rooted to a rock that just won't roll...