

It was a year + half ago
 that we came where he walks today
 to the Mammals park in Sacramento
 filling out our resumes
 Oh what we got ourselves into
 Oh what has come + gone

and I had no idea
 as we sat on the Capitol lawn
 We went there just like pigeons or vagrants
 and just like creatures do we threw our innocence on the fire

When I lived in San Francisco
 I was from nose to thumb
 it was a dozen years ago for Buddha had come
 Oh what ~~was~~ set in motion - what would trail + die
 see a self there pattering as minutes muffled by
 little dirt + see when I went the mountains to clear the
 That there where the earth was born + thrown my innocence

When I dropped out of college - I stood on the open road
 and praised the freedom of the coast + stumbled to the Fast Lane
 Oh what highways + what houses
 what loneliness + friends
 and back toward Texas - never be the same again
 into the girls who split town with the Angel that they had skipped
 heard them roar off on his bite their innocence

Born + raised with parents and also in my own home town
 all I knew was there like glue my childhood to survive
 Oh what there would be lasting - what we built of lives and then
 it only makes us sad now if we're trying it
 Oh Innocence is here and rules and stalks like the
 and watches as we grow + throw our innocence on the

When I lived in San Francisco
Ideas from nose to thumb
It was a dozen years ago for Buddha had come
Oh what ~~was~~ set in motion - what would trail & die
see a self there pattering as minutes muffled by
a little dirt & see when I went the mountains to clear the
That there where the earth was born I'd known my innocence

When I dropped out of college - I stood on the open road
and praised the freedom of the coast & thumbed to the fast lane
Oh what highways & what houses
what loneliness & friends
I turned back toward Texas - never be the same again
like the sparrow who split town with his angel shadow that he slipped
I heard them roar off on his bike their innocence

Born & raised with parents and also in my own home town
all I knew was there like glue my childhood to see
Oh what there would be lasting - what but a few lines on their
It only makes us sad now if we're trying it
Oh transience is here and rules and stalks like the M.T. sign
and watches as we grow & throw our innocence on the fire