

Stop Sign

by Chad Smith

Indian summer night with windows open
Woke from my slumber to hear
Two bike riders talking about the stop sign
It became clear, I had it figured out alright
Answer to my life's riddle in the middle of night

She invented a drink, a batch of dry Michael Caine
Tool dropped the ratchet to catch it in my bicycle chain
Ripped off a sandal, flipped over the handle bars
Slipped off the channel, tripped into the cars
Light a candle next time you visit the house of stars

Maybe this is a sign you should stop
Afraid to swim yet sober as dolphins
Pray for them the October orphans
Made sense then, should have written it down
But I fell back to sleep instead

