

# Sugar Shack

## Phish

Standing on the edge of a cliff  
I start to slip  
Don't mind if I slide off  
Now I feel my mood start to lift  
I find my grip  
And the screaming fades away below  
I grab myself and spin me around  
I start to sprint  
I climb down to steadier ground  
If I could bushwack it on back to the shack  
Behind those hills  
I'll find the world is finally still  
Run through pale dark words to  
That sugar shack  
Breathe warm steam and hide  
In that old sugar shack  
Boiling heat  
Maple steam  
Frozen Snow  
Then it Flows  
When you leave  
Your maple dream  
Wait 'till spring  
To go again  
Mosaic of lies  
I tried to arrange  
In ways that sheltered the blame  
I thought I might have made off clear  
With all of the loot  
I plucked and ate all the fruit  
Then I started hearing the yells  
As shattering plates  
Drowned out by your slithering stares  
I was followed and chased and caught and tied up  
By the hate  
Right until I made my escape  
Run through pale dark words to  
That sugar shack  
Breathe warm steam and hide  
In that old sugar shack

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>