

## Picture of Perfect Youth

Feeder

Left out in the sun to dry again  
Washed up on a shore line south of Spain  
Gazing up with telescopic eyes  
Planetary life above the skies

Oh my god, she's my obsession, my obsession  
Here she comes, she's a picture of perfect youth  
Here she comes, lifting me up to the moon  
Here she comes, she's a picture of perfect youth  
Here she comes

Drifting on a boat in emerald seas  
Pulling on the strings inside of me  
Tasting salt as waves dive over me  
Twisting on a rope of memories

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If you could only see that I'm sinking like a stone  
The sea is getting colder every second as I go  
It's like breathing underwater but I just can't let you go

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