Plenty of Girls in the Sea

There's plenty of girls in the sea And plenty of seeds in a lemon The trick is in trying to stay free When it's never that great to begin with The surgeon performs precise little cuts But he's never perfect, he's thinking too much And it's really no comfort to me There's plenty of girls in the sea

There's plenty of girls in the sea And plenty of those are not women As soon as you get yourself free Then somebody stops you from swimming The lifeguard admits, his whistle in hand That it isn't the muscle, and it isn't the tan No it's whatever you want it to be There's plenty of girls in the sea

Ah the passionate painter will say with a brush: "It's best to accept it and not make a fuss Just cause the grass isn't green" Yeah, there's plenty of girls in the sea

There's plenty of girls in the sea And plenty of clowns in the village The trick is to try to be free And tend to the void, don't just fill it The bartender concedes, from inside his vest That none of the best ones were ever the best So keep it short, simple and sweet Cause there's plenty of girls in the sea Whenever you want there to be

MGMT