

Fish

An Pierlé

Fish in the sea swims backwards to me
He knows all about my desires

Sea turns to grout some clouds cried too loud
I'm tangled on corraloid wires

Maybe i'm drowning pretend i don't notice
I just can't admit i like drifting down there

Hey Mr Wind why don't you blow things
Over over

But instead he blows the coal
While with the waves he goes
Ripple babble babble ripple babble...
Cut the crap come on and
Flow me home
Things are sure to straighten out
Once more

Fish in the sea looks sideways at me
He thinks that i smell a bit fishy

Maybe i'm drowning self-pity takes over
While Mr Wing whistles a song in my ear

As before
Won't do it no more
Do it no more
Said that before