

There'll be time to get by to get dry after the swimming pool
There'll be time to just cry I wonder why it didn't work out
There'll be time to fish fry for letters by yours truly
Yours truly

Someone in my dictionary's up to no good
I never find the very special words I should
So I have another party with a water glass
And I sit on all your actions it's a birthing game
And I'll bet he needs a shower cause he's just like me
And the soldiers in the painting know your secret face
Well your parrot told me just how I can make you smile
Gonna let you do your thinking if you need awhile
But what I gave you made him get mad
A little bit funny how a thing like that
Could travel from one mouth in through another
And the next thing you know you gotta hear it from your brother
and
The words they sting like a stump of old wasps
Remember when I said go throw the rock in there
And we ran through the woods to our good house
You forgot about the things that he could say like
I don't think that I like you anymore
Well I found new feelings at the feeling store
And I can't find you at our kissing place
And I'm scared of those new pair of eyes you have

So I duck out and go down to find the swimming pool
Hop a fence, leave the street and wet my feet I'll find a swimming pool
Cause when I'm snuffed out I doubt I'll find a swimming pool
Hop a fence, leave the street and wet my feet I'll find a swimming pool

But I don't wish that I was dead
A very old friend of mine once said
That either way you look at it you have your fits
I have my fits but feeling is good
Confusions not a kidney stone in my brain
But if we're miscommunicating do we feel the same?
Then either way you look at it you have your fits
I have my fits but feeling is good

You gotta give a little you gotta get a little bit