

What I need
Is good advice
Cooked on plates of ground meat
Rubber hands and silly friends
Pasted on my wall.

Someone salt
A sweet sea soup
That I could swim in proudly
We might swim like laughing ducks
In your pink light glow

There we go changing kin
There we go again

My hands can make yours
Warm again
If not absorbed in blankets
Are you in need of teen angst
And nibble on your neck?

And if I had volcano boots
For swimming in volcanoes
Do you know the origins of laughing ducks?
Oh what's a matter with those birds

There we go changing kin
There we go again

What you need's a
Happy farm
With happy goats and sheep

What I need's a
Happy arm
To swing ya 'round like father