

This has nothing to do with you  
I know where I'm going Sunday  
Windmill fish I'll move  
When the wind moves me  
I'll make a roadway from the shells  
(from my shells)  
I'm shellfish and not ready for you  
Because you're not ready for me  
I'm not ready for me ever feel that way?  
Maybe the treasure will be full of people  
And we'll share our lives one day  
This has nothing to do with you  
I'll walk blind if I want to  
Maybe I'll take a trip where all I see  
Is blue and white  
Make a boat of paper and wax  
Just enough to get there  
(I won't want to return)  
Discovered lots of clues but not the chest  
Not the x still looking for the x  
This has a lot to do with you  
Here's the note I never wrote  
Preoccupation has paid its price but...  
Believe all of this has made me  
Sick as well  
I'm shellfish I'm in the ocean  
I can't hear you  
I don't know what I know anymore  
I'm not ready for me ever feel that way?  
Triangle that consumed us like  
All those ships at sea  
What price to be opened? I'm drowning I'm breathing I'm living I'm dying  
frowning I'm smiling I'm laughing I'm trying shouting I'm screaming  
I'm happy I'm  
Dreaming my nightmares are leaving It's dark and I'm tired the pain is  
receding I'm guilty for happy the cloud will not catch me I'm falling  
again I can't let water in  
I can't build a boat to return  
(I guess I got what I asked for)  
And I'll cry when I'm glad  
(because it's not what I'm used to)  
Well here's my blue and white  
(not that different than when I started)  
I don't know I'm still young  
We'll make pirate hats and rule the sea  
I'm shellfish  
Jellyfish point of view  
I'm in the ocean I can't hear you  
You've found the x don't ever worry  
Be happy  
And we'll dream of a day  
Much like today...