

When We Become

Clem Snide

There will be laughs and also joyful twirls
Your painted toenails kicking in the sand
Lazy fish crisscrossing and the seas
Will lay their golden eggs right in their hand

When we become
When we become
When we become what we're running from

The storm clouds swallowed by the ocean sway
Will smell like watermelon and cut grass
We'll build a bonfire with whatever's dry
And leave our cold, wet bodies where they lay

When we become
When we become
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