

# In The Belly Of A Whale

Danny Michel

I built for you a satellite.  
Strung with the finest thread,  
a crown for your pretty head.  
2 tons of string run out mid flight.  
Rope burn all blister blue,  
I lost my grip and I lost you.

Chorus:

In the belly of a whale,  
my broken hull and tattered sail.  
The salt and coral baby blue,  
it took the place of me and you.  
But now I'm married to the sea,  
there's nowhere else I'd rather be.  
I don't think about the coast,  
I don't think about my home.

While all the world slept through the night,  
I crept down to the shores.  
Untied, awoke the oars.  
I'll drift away into the night.  
Some say you'll see my ghost,  
down in the waves along the coast.

Chorus:

Oh molars crush me gently,  
sweep me off your falls.  
What a sorrow feeling,  
what a perfect sound.

Chorus:

I don't think about the filth,  
I don't think about the war.  
I don't think about the greed,  
and I don't care about the score.

Well I hope they never ever come,  
I hope we're never ever found.  
Alone in the dark,  
we'll never make a sound.

'Cause I'll be sitting on your teeth,  
and I'll be drinking from your tongue.  
I fell asleep in your ribs,  
and I'm breathing through your lungs.