Coppertank Island

Fair to Midland

Ladies and gentlemen We are in a little bit of a predicament He said take your time But didn't back his words Heroes and holy ghosts Which one of you steps On the others' toes And then risks his neck like It's a moving target? You?

Was that just you being stubborn? Can't you say pretty please? Wasn't it an eggshell carpet That brought you to your knees? If the right built the anchor And the wrong have set sail I'm a whale, I'm a well, I'm a whale

Busy bees and worry worts

We are not in the business of fireworks Or turning heads That whistle in the dark Sitting ducks and guinea pigs Are the first to catch word Of straws in the wind don't stop them Remember this it's just two cents Two cents never made you rich

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I've shown my white feathers..!

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