

## Dance of the Manatee

Fair to Midland

Take a little dive into the shallow or spy what do you see,  
I see the tortoise and the hare in a rat-race,  
And it fits like a glove under my sleeve,  
Just wait till then,  
Their heads are the heaviest of operation,  
He has still not lost imagination,  
I can hear him mouth the whole ending,  
Just wait till then,

We marys had ourselves a ball,  
Oh, yes we did,  
We marys had ourselves a ball,  
I must admit,

Hang us those limbs, hold no virtue,  
Those told to hold: Project on my cue,

Until we fall.

Whether a he or a she, put your mouth where your money is,  
Are the birds of a feather that clever,  
If I knew I'd keep locks; that's a given,  
Just wait till then,  
Their heads cast shadows like skyscrapers,  
Still small enough to fit up their asses,  
To put it all into perspective with definition,

We marys had ourselves a ball,  
Oh, yes we did,  
We marys had ourselves a ball,  
I must admit,

Hang us those limbs, hold no virtue,  
Those told to hold: Project on my cue,

Oh, take a gander the bigger they are the harder they fall,

Not needy you'll see, not needy,  
And I come with open arms over trees,  
Not needy you'll see,

Listen to proven guarantees while you're rollin' up the sleeves,  
Beatin' on your chest,  
But we can keep it in a jar when it's comin' cats and dogs for days,  
We marys had ourselves a ball and I guarantee,  
And what they've done for you, they've done for me.