

## Lesser Oceans

### Fences

She asked 'hows Seattle' in some motherly talk,  
Its okay, its mostly grey,  
I think I'm just leveling off.

And sometimes I think I'm running around,  
Like a dog with no song, no song.  
And I'm following some flickering lamp,  
In the fog, the fog.

I know, I know, that I'm getting older.  
I don't think they really like me.  
If I could stay just a little longer,  
They might be giving up new greys.

Think back, to the time we drove  
To Park Slope for a walk  
It's okay, it's far away  
I just think I'm measuring ours

And sometimes I think you're writing this down  
for the songs, the songs, the songs  
and it's something that you don't really feel  
but it's ours, it's ours, it's ours

I know, I know, that I'm getting older.  
I don't think they really like me.  
If I could stay just a little longer,  
They might be giving up new greys.

Pa-pa-pa-pa, I'm getting old, I'm getting older  
Pa-pa-pa-pa  
Pa-pa-pa-pa, it's getting cold upon your shoulders  
Pa-pa-pa-pa

I know, I know, that I'm getting older.  
I don't think they really like me.  
If I could stay just a little longer,  
They might be giving up new greys...