

Hercules

Guster

Looks like these afternoons of revery are through
What's left for me to say, what's left for me to do?
Float along and feel the water on my back
Try not to sink down to the bottom

Hollow my head, it echoes like a wooden drum
Peel back my skin and make my ribs a xylophone
Feel the water rise and fall between my bones
And then just sink down to the bottom

It's a simple love affair, dangerous and true
Her arms are all around, reaching out for you

She's a siren in the night, with streaks of red and blue
And though you've disappeared you know, she will get you through
h
She'll come to the rescue

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