

Mermaids

I Am Kloot

Does it feel like religion
Does it crush your old ideas?
Well fold me in paper
I've got some here
And show me the warrant
To which I will attest
put me in handcuffs I'll give it a rest

The light through he windows
Casts doubt on the mermaids
And they sing at the bottom of the sea

You've run out of business
In light of what you want
You've come wielding plastic
And gone straight to the front
You've rejigged and counted, it's a mountain not too much
I'll give you my credence if that's not enough

The light through he window
Casts down on the mermaids
And they sink to the bottom of the sea

You're reading the letters that no-one ever wrote
I'm moving through something
I travel in hope
So read me the warrant, to which i will attest
Put me in handcuffs ill give it a rest

The light through he window
Casts down on the mermaids