

F-Stop Blues

Jack Johnson

Hermit crabs and cowry shells
Crush beneath his feet as he comes towards you
He's waving at you

Lift him up to see what you can see
He begins his focusing
He's aiming at you

And now he has cutaways from memories
And close-ups of anything that
He has seen or even dreamed
And now he's finished focusing

He's imagining lightning
Striking sea sickness
Away from here

Look who's laughing now that you've wasted
How many years and you've barely even tasted
Anything remotely close to
Everything you've boasted about
Look who's crying now

Driftwood floats, after years of erosion
Incoming tide touches roots to expose them,
Quicksand steals my shoe,
Clouds bring the f-stop blues

Look who's laughing now that you've wasted
How many years and you've barely even tasted
Anything remotely close to
Everything you've boasted about
Look who's crying now