

## Sea Anemone

Jets to Brazil

The curtain's a sea anemone  
In the way it sways  
To the slow breeze  
I lie spread out on the floor  
Looking at these things  
And most of them are yours  
And it's so nice  
Sitting very still  
Without those old shoes  
I could never fill  
Starfish with it's arms out in a daze  
Staring at the stars  
Through an ocean haze  
Was I one you wished upon?  
Burned out like a lightbulb  
When you turned me on  
And it's so nice  
Sleeping here all alone  
With my ashtray and  
White courtesy telephone  
Now I'm making out the shapes  
Like the shower rod - can it take my weight?  
I will tell you I am fine  
I got some news, friend, feels like I'm dying  
Turtle on it's back in the desert sea  
And you look like a cool drink  
Just slightly out of reach  
Draw myself into the shell  
Waiting on a sign from god  
Or a nod from hell  
And it's so nice  
Sitting very still  
Without those old shoes  
I could never fill  
Now we're turning on the lights  
It's the first day of my second life  
Take my name off of the lease  
You can even keep the name it never suited me