

You Were My Fiji

John Vanderslice

Oh we kissed only once,
In your stripped out apartment,
You sold your furniture,
So we kissed on the carpet.

It's like a whaling ship
Oh, is being on tour you know,
Next day you gotta set sail
In your 350 Ford

You were my fiji,
O believe me
Those hours with you they
Only expand
O you, you were my fiji
O believe me
But I fell in love with
Somebody else's sand
Somebody else's dry land

You're a stripper now,
In new orleans
Fucking whale sank my van and
Took my shipmates into the sea.