

And throw the fishermen lines close the shipyards and mines  
Leaving only the water we still have old wives tales  
About the old days deep lonely waters the old days  
The old days deep lonely waters the old days  
We climb hills all the time the riddles in our minds  
And this I don't mind but the hills in our minds  
Can not be measured in miles and it's 'Catcher In The Rye'  
Feed the fishermen lies beat a bibliophile  
It's an even colder climate there was rhythm and rhyme  
The rhythm dies but the rhyme is alive  
Rhyme is alive rhyme is alive  
The rhyme is alive rhyme is alive rhyme's alive  
Play real life monopoly it has real people real lives  
That game for unarming the family of young and old  
Now getting caught cold the small and wry smurf that says  
As he'll vote he's saying it's we have sin are you in  
We'll have to fight for them again soon and it's the deluxe game  
With \*morality clean\* they own the water the whole company  
They own they own this country the whole fucking thing  
Throw the fishermen \*lines\* close the shipyards and mines  
Leaving only the water we'll still have old wives tales  
About the old days deep lonely waters the old days  
The old days deep lonely waters the old days  
The old days see they \*can\* for there they go the old days