

Who Could Understand A Turtle?

Lemuria

I'm in the other car
Riding impatiently in the back seat
You're in the turtle-top caravan
Somewhere in this traffic jam
I know I hurt your feelings
And I can't find you, navigating
We'll never share our private skin
But I can't imagine never sharing our songs again
We'll be to dekalb soon
And I'll let you know how much I love you

I want to let you know how your hits feel to my strum
How you're the cookie, and I'm your crumb