

# Sleep with the fishes

The Tiger Lillies

We sail in a ship and the timbers are weak  
Through the storm clouds the rainbows we seek

We sail for horizons that one day will end  
To sleep with the fishes on that we depend

The storm when it breaks we shiver with fear  
In our bowels we do know we'll face no new year

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The sea rips us open like a vice cracks a nut  
Like a bum is cut down by a left upper cut

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