

Eartheater, Crushing

You're the wave crushing the shells into sand
You're the flame melting sand into glass
You're the glass holding the wine
You're the wine making me drunk
You're the drunk telling me lies
You're the lies that come to light
You're the light that I turn on
I see all of you, you see all of me
You're so sexy, you're not defensive
You're the turn on that I can't refuse
You're the fuse that detonates my body
You're the body that blows my mind
You're the mind that stays open
You're the opening of a shell
You're the shell that has a pearl
You're the pearl that's big and swollen with iridescence because you stuck around
You're a priceless kind of guy
You're a guy that eats pussy well
You're a well of reasons to keep crashing
To keep crushing on your shore
But I'm still not quite sure
I'm still not quite sure

But I'm still crushing on your shore
I'm still crushing
That's for sure
That's for sure