

# 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