

Fair To Midland, Dance of the Manatee (Demo)

Take a little dive into the shallow or spy what do you see?
I see the tortoise and hare in a rat-race and it fits like a glove under my sleeve,
Just wait 'till then.
Their heads are the heaviest in operation,
He has still not lost imagination.
You can hear him mouth the whole ending,
Just wait 'till then.

We Marys had ourselves a ball.
Oh, yes we did.
We Marys had ourselves a ball,
I must admit.

Hang us those limbs hold no virtue.
Those told to hold, project on my cue.
Until we fall.

Whether a he or a she, put your mouth where your money is.
Are the birds of a feather that clever?
If I knew I'd keep locks, that's a given,
Just wait 'till then.
Their heads cast shadows like skyscrapers.
Still small enough to fit up their asses, to put it all into perspective with definition.

We Marys had ourselves a ball.
Oh, yes we did.
We Marys had ourselves a ball,
I must admit.

Hang us those limbs hold no virtue.
Those told to hold, project on my cue.

Oh, take a gander at the bigger they are the harder they fall.
Oh, take a gander at the bigger they are the harder they fall.

Not needy you see, not needy,
And I curse my open arms over trees.
Not needy you see.
Not needy you see, not needy,
And I curse my open arms over trees.
Not needy you see.
Not needy you see, not needy,
And I curse my open arms over trees.
Not needy you see.
Not needy you see, not needy,
And I curse my open arms over trees.

Listen to proven guarantees while you're rolling up your sleeves, beatin' on the chest.
But we can keep it in a jar, when it's comin' cats and dogs for days.
We Marys had ourselves a ball,
And I guarantee,
That what they've done for you, they've done for me, they've done for me.

Hang us those limbs hold no virtue.
Those told to hold, project on my cue.
Hang us those limbs hold no virtue.
Those told to hold, project on my cue.