

# Gay Dad, Us Roach

Strange days ahead  
Superstition dying in my head

I've been planning my escape  
Long term complication  
Won't you take the time and listen to the story?  
You could feel the mellow way we feel the you  
Won't you ride the stormy weather?  
To a time when just was going just to care

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Sail on sailor, go between her  
Wanna pay enough to heave her  
Feeling, running, soul unclustered  
Full of lively, sit on mine

Way away to a greater unknown  
But you never cross this way again  
No, no

Get it up, for another ten quid I can f\*\*k you up  
It's so beautiful

No, no, no, no