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

Strange days ahead Superstition dying in my head

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