

# Hawksley Workman, Organic Coast

Come to the organic coast  
All fish-eyed and blue  
To catch a monarch butterfly  
If it lets you

And you'll be lucky  
With that old sexy stocking  
And you'll be lucky  
With that old sexy stocking  
Old sexy

They're turning me into  
A hermaphrodite fish  
Hermaphrodite (Emphasis on 'Aphrodite', pronounced like the Goddess)  
Subterranea's  
Aquasexual delish

I move like a ladybug  
Like a pretty, pretty ladybug  
With one shoe  
Like a pretty, pretty ladybug  
Pretty bug

Mouth slowly, behind my ears  
Your sounds perfected  
Underneath the water

Tonight we're lovers  
We're refugees, to suffer  
The lost art of imperfection  
Of imperfection

The balloonist is stranded  
He lost his glasses  
And they burned up in the atmosphere  
And mama bird squawks to scold him  
She used to hold him  
His faith is gobbled by his fear

Oh those girls and their languages  
Oh their tricky, tricky languages  
Oh those girls and their languages  
Their tricky, tricky languages  
Tricky girls

Mouth slowly behind these ears  
That listen for gurgles  
In newly born mermaids

Tonight we're lovers,  
We're refugees, to suffer  
The lost art of imperfection

Tonight we're learning how  
Tonight we're learning how  
Tonight we're learning (not to?)  
????????????????

Tonight we're learning how  
Tonight we're learning how  
Tonight we're learning how to  
????????????????

Tonight we're learning how

Tonight we're learning how  
Tonight we're learning how  
Tonight we're learning how

Our mouths slowly behind our ears  
The sounds perfected  
Underneath the water

Ooooh, [the] lovers,  
We're refugees  
That suffer the lost art  
Of imperfection

Tonight we're learning how  
Tonight we're learning how  
Tonight we're learning how  
Tonight we're learning how  
[Repeat and fade]