

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]