

# Palace Brothers, There Is No-One What Will Take

Beneath a flow of water  
You'll find yourself angling  
You'll find the hallmark wetting

To spoil, you'll leave the days catch,  
While you drift off to sleep

Hey, my baby  
Don't drift away  
Not on a sorry stow ole pal o' mine  
Don't let eyebrows settle permanently  
Unfrowed with affection  
Unafflicted by karma, what new can I say?  
For the magic of my appearance does not exist you know

For the sake of somebody  
You must try and ride in the lives we so despise  
And through this task the bait'll glean  
Ask not advice to your day of relief  
A vision of his wife still o'er your head  
But the sky is one of many for your heart  
And the walls do they wallow?  
Which you've just been doin'  
I've had vision on the skillet  
To fish which is your art