

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