

An Pierl, Fish

Fish in the sea, swims backwards to me
He knows all about my desires.
Sea turns to grout, some clouds cried too loud.
I'm tangled in coralloid wires
Maybe I'm drowning, pretend I don't notice
I just can't admit I like drifting down there
Hey Mr.Wind, why don't you blow things
Over, over
But instead he blows the coals.
While with the waves he goes
Ripple babble babble ripple babble...
Cut the crap, come on and
Flow me home
Things are sure to straighten out
Once more.
Fish in the sea looks sideways at me,
He thinks that I smell a bit fishy.
Maybe I'm drowning self-pity takes over
while Mr.Wind whistles a song in my ear.
As before
Won't do it no more
do it no more
Said that before.