

# Anthony Green, The Fisherman Will Be Bewildered

I fall for what these sounds feel.  
Like a cancer, so do I stop? No.  
I wish I could witness a bad dream.  
All that forgave them.  
My disease is I like to kiss her.  
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My disease is I like to kiss her.  
My disease is I like to kiss her.  
My disease is I like to kiss her.  
My disease is I like to kiss her.  
You fall for what these sounds bring.  
Like a cancer, so do I stop? No.  
I wish I could witness a bad dream.  
I say all those kinds of things.  
You say on this day.  
What time we've got to pay.  
So just so I can.  
What time to say.  
And for once I stay.  
On my way without you.  
On my way without you.  
On my way without you....