

# Bananafishbones, Come Sin

Sun, all our dreams are dreams of fun handing out the  
Watergun  
Shoot me and ill drink you into the shade ill shrink you  
Finally were done and stare up into the  
Sky, flat on our backs we lie in quicksand slowly my hand  
Flies up and away with the yellow bird driven by

Wind, I think ill come to sin with all this heaty windy skin  
Around my neck and what glory the sand in my pants  
Reminds me of Doreen  
Sand, we cannot fight getting tanned  
All the limits banned into the nightflights right no fight  
There goes the sun into the the nightlife Yeah

Whang I sing while the others swing  
Like a beam of light through a bottle  
Souzie swings her phoney rings

Time, bugs crawling up our spine and the memory is mine  
Im a grain of sand in your hand so hand me mine yeah  
That would be fine  
Heat, I kiss the blisters on your feet a lizards eye I great  
Im afraid theres no aid til we get laid  
Into the nightlife times right no flight

Whang I sing while the others swing  
Like a beam of light through a bottle  
Souzie swings her phoney rings

I think ill come to sin with all that heaty windy skin  
Around my neck and what glory the sand in my pants  
Reminds me of Doreen, mocking photography  
Shocking in the sand with me. Sand in my pants.