

Fair To Midland, Dance Of The Manatee

Take a little dive into the shallow or spy what do you see,
I see the tortoise and the hare in a rat-race,
And it fits like a glove under my sleeve,
Just wait till then,
Their heads are the heaviest of operation,
He has still not lost imagination,
I can hear him mouth the whole ending,
Just wait till then,

We marys had ourselves a ball,
Oh, yes we did,
We marys had ourselves a ball,
I must admit,

Hang us those limbs, hold no virtue,
Those told to hold: Project on my cue,

Until we fall.

Whether a he or a she, put your mouth where your money is,
Are the birds of a feather that clever,
If I knew I'd keep locks; that's a given,
Just wait till then,
Their heads cast shadows like skyscrapers,
Still small enough to fit up their asses,
To put it all into perspective with definition,

We marys had ourselves a ball,
Oh, yes we did,
We marys had ourselves a ball,
I must admit,

Hang us those limbs, hold no virtue,
Those told to hold: Project on my cue,

Oh, take a gander the bigger they are the harder they fall,

Not needy you'll see, not needy,
And I come with open arms over trees,
Not needy you'll see,

Listen to proven guarantees while you're rollin' up the sleeves,
Beatin' on your chest,
But we can keep it in a jar when it's comin' cats and dogs for days,
We marys had ourselves a ball and I guarantee,
And what they've done for you, they've done for me.