

Gregory And The Hawk, The Point Sometimes

Get rid of the ocean
If you ever wanna see me again
Our shores are separated
With or without a boat

And you know that nothing lasts forever
And depending on the weather
I'm a changer
And I know that if November had been deader
If we'd hidden a bit better
We'd be strangers

And this breeze blew in
With a glitch in the tide
Disguised as storm free
Begging you please to take a ride
Well soften your sails and take a ride
Open your wings and let her fly

And I can't see the point sometimes
You're a rock, I'm a gull
Might be okay to stay if you could hold me
But you got no way to do so
And you know
That as the water rises
Possible perch shrinks in size
And I'll take off

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