

# 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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