

Kan Mikami, Lesson 3 Card

Hey seagull, seagull, hey seagull
And you uncouth sailors, you
The holy man will purify
Your oily penises

That thief who spent half his life banged up
Is waiting for you on the hill

Seagulls, seagulls, sea, sea, blue, slum bricks
Rolling your tobacco so slowly
Give us a wink

That direction
You pointed to
The gentle slope
Of all our dreams

That direction
You pointed to
The eternal road
I chose myself