

MGMT, Plenty of Girls in the Sea

There's plenty of girls in the sea
And plenty of seeds in a lemon
The trick is in trying to stay free
When it's never that great to begin with
The surgeon performs precise little cuts
But he's never perfect, he's thinking too much
And it's really no comfort to me
There's plenty of girls in the sea

There's plenty of girls in the sea
And plenty of those are not women
As soon as you get yourself free
Then somebody stops you from swimming
The lifeguard admits, his whistle in hand
That it isn't the muscle, and it isn't the tan
No it's whatever you want it to be
There's plenty of girls in the sea

Ah the passionate painter will say with a brush:
"It's best to accept it and not make a fuss
Just cause the grass isn't green"
Yeah, there's plenty of girls in the sea

There's plenty of girls in the sea
And plenty of clowns in the village
The trick is to try to be free
And tend to the void, don't just fill it
The bartender concedes, from inside his vest
That none of the best ones were ever the best
So keep it short, simple and sweet
Cause there's plenty of girls in the sea
Whenever you want there to be