

Piebald, Giving Cup

Believe, believe that's how they teach you to breathe

But what do they expect when they say decide

You say it's your right

Well it's mine too

You say you go out every night

What's a boy to do?

Are we waxing or waning or is that just the choice of the moon

Or do we need mooring tie yourself to the nearest tree

Everyone is tumbling yeah

Adjust your straight-ahead

A sharp edge needing blunting

Make it round as a ball