

# Steve Kilbey, Amphibian

On to the next dream we run  
But still I feel like I've been stung  
With all the phrases I've been sung  
All the puppets I've hung among  
I can't forget their stupid eyes  
Their vague attempts to patronize  
The very nonsense I despise  
While sizing up their pig sty's prize  
Amphibian baby, I hardly know your name  
But ever since you came in me  
I haven't been the same  
You've got your certain method  
Time is up your sleeve  
Old age crawls inside your bod  
And waits for me to leave  
I must have left my keys somewhere  
I must have left my drink somewhere  
I must have left my drugs somewhere

I must have left my clothes somewhere  
I must have left my flesh somewhere  
I must have left my bones somewhere  
I must have left my soul somewhere  
Don't bother to count, the money's all there  
Amphibian baby, I've dealt with you before  
Your gills and pills won't pay my bills  
I'm showing you the door  
The rain is beating harder  
The fabric that we weave  
Blow my cover of a grotesque fish  
And waits for me to leave  
I need some words, I just made this up, I can't be sure.....  
It's me in that picture....  
There I was, out here....  
Wrote me a letter, so many letters.....  
It all seems so long ago...