

Trash Can Sinatras, Iceberg

I can see them coming beating paths to my door
Come to see me running my natural course - Iceberg
At glacial pace - an unusual case
Took to the streets, icebreaker sleek
Through thaw and freeze, my life's a breeze
Matches tobacco, turn ashwarm and charcoal
Iceberg, eventually steam
The continent I seem - Just iceberg