Flotsam and Jetsam

Alan Menken

Doing nothing, stuck in the mud, just pumping the blood.
The water level's getting low, something ugly's going to show.If only I could touch you, I guess you'd be alarmed.
If only I could touch you, I don't mean you no harm.If only I could touch you, like the wind can touch the sail,
If only I could touch you, darling, now that words have failed.
Oh, flotsam still afloat,
Oh, jetsam thrown out of the boat.Oh love, my love, nothing here is what it seems.
We both know it; Christ, you show it...
Oh, oh my love.

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