Feast - Famine

Surfer Blood

I've put on a front before
but now I'm spread so thin,
and all my wildest dreams
are bursting at the seams.
So one wrong word from you
can really make the teardrops flow.
Some bow before they break;
some break before they bow.
Sometimes I feel lost and lonley in my skin,
there's no equilibrium
its feast or famine.
All we need is drier land,
some thirsty soil.
Before the oceans boil
and the vapor and the salt divide.
People ask me "J,
why do you let things get to you?"
Like earwigs on a plant;
like pebbles in your shoe.
I'm sad to see you go but I am
sure you'll be ok.
Its never black or white,
your wildest dreams are grey.
Sometimes I feel out of touch with who I am.
I can't see no symmetry,
its feast or famine.
All we need is drier land,
some thirsty soil.
Where we can build an arc
before the wicked world flows over.
You'll find me in the morning
raising the sails,
all covered in scales
and seaweed for hair.
All that we were
and all that we know
is far below in the algae and in the mud.
The valleys will flood,
the glaciers

are overripe and begging to be pruned.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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