Just Stay In

Annuals

The Gulls of the Atlantic Ocean calling my home collect on a telephone, like a family boy locked up for the crimes that he done like a father dies for his son. They say, "where ya been, we ain't see ya face and we've been so hungry" See we were living off your loveliness, your kindness. oh tell me where ya go... seems like times been so busy singing out lies and cooking up apple pies and though I know theres no difference to you I still kill if I die or if I just stay in.

Gulls of The Atlantic Ocean, I'm so sorry!

You see I've been dropping bread crumbs in every pocket I comes across and looking for you. You see my minds been so busy retracing lifes ties to old peace and new alibis and I know theres no difference to you my feathered friends if I die or if I just stay in.. No just stay in!

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