

Sand Dollars

311

I've been humming a high note
Maybe something that I wrote
Out sailing in my boat
I'm not really sure I'm still singing the same tune
I've been kicking around since June
All morning and afternoon
Now it's all a blur I've been listening to sea shells
To hear the stories that they tell
Of high times and tide swells
That have yet to occur Backsliding down the drain
Partially taking all the blame Chasing coins to fill the purse
Is it really better or for worse
Is it a blessing or a curse
To pass the buck Is it a bounty or a bust
Is it precious metal or just rust
Well it seems it's up to us
So wish us luck I kept making a U-turn
Ended up with a sunburn
But the lesson that I learned
Was worth the skin that peeled I climbed so many mountains
It's not even worth counting
All the drinks in the fountain
Before it was revealed Backsliding down the drain
Partially taking all the blame From the copper to the kettle
The stamen to the petal
We watch the value of sand dollars crumble Chasing coins to fill the purse
Is it really better or for worse
Is it a blessing or a curse
To pass the buck Is it a bounty or a bust
Is it precious metal or just rust
Well it seems it's up to us
So wish us luck

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