

The Romantic Ocean

Dads

My fibonnaci sequence,
my golden ratio,
my "nightswimming" piano piece,
my white tulip covered in winter snow. You make me feel so tall.
You make me feel so adult,
like I could conquer everything,
or maybe just anything at all. I remember sunsets in cities
that I've never lived in
but god damn, those days,
we were living it.
You are more to this than skin and familiarity,
you are the ease of relief,
you are the sought out ring of clarity. I saw: the crevasses of the moon's craters
(I've loved in the distance of layers)
The earth I used to consider steep
Now I push my boulder up to earn my keep.
I need the waves of the romantic ocean,
the fucking crest of the romantic ocean,
your whisper welcome my ship along,
to feel like I could be depended on. Like I could be depended on.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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