

Merman

Max Tundra

I'm feeling flirty
Must be you heard me
My knee is hurty
I'm nearing thirty

I'm taken to task evade
Distractions fill up my nights
"Look at the Cakes I made"
I sing through a pair of stretched tights
Continuing down the page
The queen of Haverstock Hill
Onto a marble stage
Arrives and tells us about the

Cassettes and catgut
A squealing sackbut
I toast a pine nut
And serve it in my hut

Downstairs they're playing trance again
That awful bendy guitar
Up through the floor again
It's 9 AM 'til I cry
And Time And A Word, my friend
Inspires me more than guitars
Playing in four that end
Exactly how they began

Six months without an argument
A girl with tresses like yours
Is what I always meant
I should have done this before
The second or third attempt
At making somebody mine
Seems to have worked for now
I think I'm going to be fine

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by BEN JACOBS

Lyrics Â© BUG MUSIC OBO BALATONIC MUSIC

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>