Waterbirds

Tennis

Still dreamin' of the thick and green.
Salty marsh bed by the tidal stream.
Look down the ?, sleepin' deep in the brush.
The night brings the hush I can hear the current
Beatin' by the leaves of the Cypris trees.
The insects chirpin' underneath the leaves.
When you kiss me, you really kiss me.
Tell me how-ow-oo-ow can you resist me?Did we ever really leave?
This is all I really need.
Did we ever really leave?
This is all I really need.

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