

# Where There's a Will, There's a Whalebone

## Islands

The morning I set sail on a whalebone  
the gale. force winds made the sky grow  
and I was far out in the ocean  
when I cut the roof of my mouth on the potion  
down down down went the femur  
I let my backbone slide in the ether  
laying low in a tropical hideout  
if anyone finds out; I'll turn their lights out  
subtitle: where there's a will there's a whalebone (way to go) you'll  
never know  
I set sail that morning and I may not come back  
know lay low  
in a hideout just to bust you- tropical  
it's neurotic and exotic  
with yet another broke down (bone) incidental  
not accidental  
when facts track the mental  
even within movement they know, even with the solitary movement  
words get arranged for maximum deployment  
words mean will  
where there's a whalebone then there's a  
tale gone wrong  
young gang on a boat  
it's the same song  
same quote  
nature stretches it out note by note  
It'S a new state, you don't know the nomenclature, the governor has status with  
the cutting apparatus  
and that is half the battle  
they can't think of how to absorb us, they can't thing of how to solve me  
let's see  
a cancerous mix of young pirates for kicks- signed,  
seated C.(L.)(T.)G.  
in congealed blood  
this is all on the surreal  
don't appeal to the side where the law resides  
after all that, it's a separatist homicide  
rappers try to cultivate carbon monoxide  
you tried to get entranced by the folks that try to get us by hap-happenstance.  
busdriver: frame our press shots with a whale sternum  
and a dolphin femur, band breather lab tech with a solvent

in a broken beaker, yell in boom mics and moonlight as a coffin cleaner  
then poolside I food fight with Hollywood anorexics  
I'm in a crew of pallbearers and ambidextrous foosball players  
we got pool hall flair, remove all layers of industry pretension  
and augmented physical attributes  
because I'm blanketed in nude doll hair  
but with these styles we're shrewd on-air  
so we've been annexed to an annexed isle  
by the radio programmer, half - man reptile  
that church of satin bible study tutor choir boy  
prefers the works that are uninspired and coy  
but uhh Driver's ploy is to show a lot of follow through  
wearing a monocle coming out a fiery void  
collecting style in rental late fees  
they never return it after the test drive  
infatuated by a robots breast size  
we ain't entertained by balloon animals  
marooned on our tropical safe haven  
everyday is a paid vacation  
In the evening I arrived on a wishbone  
so I wished all the stars would go home  
but one was a dog with its tail drawn  
it wagged (laughed) as it shed, now its long gone  
I remember the flavour  
but I made a choice to stay here  
laying low in a tropical hide-out  
if anyone finds out, I'll turn their lights out  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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