Semolina

The Residents

Semolina
SemolinaSemolina
Loves the seashells
At the shore she
Loves the seashellsShe can see the silver
Sometimes shining on the sea
Reflecting from the flying fishes
Wishing she could beA little piece of sand that's blown
Above the ocean's breeze
But all she has is thoughts of all
Those fingers peeling seeds
And leaving them to mold among
The women watching weedsSemolina
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Loves the seashells
At the shore she
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[Incomprehensible]
[Incomprehensible]

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