

Shells

The Gandharvas

What's in your coconut?
Nothing but marbles
Rolling around a shell
Better give them a spill Under the bright blue sky
Oh, what a pretty high I'll pile 'til that exile
And spill 'til that spirit
Flies back home What's in your low water?
Nothing but turtles
Piling up on their shells
Overcoming themselves Under the bright blue sky
Oh, what a fatal high Now, I'll pile 'til that exile
And spill 'til that spirit
Flies back home

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