

# Oil and Water

## St. Lola In The Fields

You and I are like oil and water  
We've been trying, trying, trying  
Ohh, to mix it up  
We've been dancing on a volcano  
And we've been crying, crying, crying  
Ohh, over blackened souls  
Babe, this wouldn't be the first time  
It will not be the last time  
There is no parasol that could shelter this weather  
I've been smiling with anchors on my shoulders  
And I've been dying, dying, dying  
Ohh, to let them go  
Babe, this wouldn't be the first time  
It will not be the last time  
There is no parasol that could shelter this weather  
And babe, this wouldn't be the first time  
It will not be the last time  
We will try to believe everything would get better  
We've been lying to each other  
Hey, babe, let's just call it, call it, call it  
Oil and water  
Oil and water  
(Wouldn't be the first time)  
Oil and water  
(Wouldn't be the first time)  
Oil and water  
(Wouldn't be the first time)  
Oil

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