Primitive Man

Fruit Bats

Oh, the time that you broke down and told me that one dream
Your eyes a bit misty and so sincere
Where the rivers were veins so relentlessly pumping
And the sky was a monster made out of tears

I recall when you woke up and told me another
Of huge uncontrollable helium hands
And an antelope's heart and a quiver of arrows
were the gifts that you got from the primitive man

Or the time you were screaming and sweating and crying
Dreaming of a ride in a leaky raft
Down the rivers, the veins so relentlessly pumping
Deep into the heart of the primitive man

One two three stop

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written by ERIC D JOHNSON
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