

I Write The B-Sides

Eels

I write the B-sides
That make a small portion of the world cry
I like the sea side
And singing songs that make you not wanna die
Throw a stone into the sea
And wait for it to come back to me
Better get out on the boat
'Cause someone told me that stones don't float
I like to sit out back
And look up at the squirrels in the trees
They don't like radio tracks
And they don't ever talk down to me
Throw a nut up in the tree
Gonna fall right back on me
Well these guys know who they are
And what they needs in their own backyard
Woo ooh, woo ooh
I like to play in the snow
I stick my hand in, now where did it go?
It might be mighty cold
But that's all part of not doing what you're told
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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