

# Lesser Oceans

## Fences

She asked 'hows Seattle' in some motherly talk,  
Its okay, its mostly grey,  
I think I'm just leveling off. And sometimes I think I'm running around,  
Like a dog with no song,  
no song.

And Im following some flickering lamp,  
In the fog, the fog. I know, I know, that I'm getting older.  
I don't think they really like me.  
If I could just stay a little longer,  
They might be giving up new greys. Think back, to the time we drove  
To Park Slope for a walk  
It's okay, it's far away  
I just think i'm measuring ours  
And sometimes I think you're writing this down  
for the songs, the songs, the songs  
and it's something that you don't really feel  
but it's ours, it's ours, it's ours

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