Mermaids

I Am Kloot

Does it feel like religion, does it crush your old ideas?
Well fold me in paper I've got some here
And show me the warrant to which I will attest
Put me in handcuffs or give it a restThe light through the windows casts doubt on the mermaids
And they sink at the bottom of the seaYou've run out of business in light of what you want
You've come wielding plastic and gone straight to the front
You've rejigged and counted, it's amounted not to much
I'll give you my credence, if that's not enoughThe light through the window casts down on the mermaids
And they sink to the bottom of the seaYou're reading the letters that no one ever wrote
I'm moving through something, I travel in hope
So read me the warrant to which I will attest
Put me in handcuffs or give it a restThe light through the window casts doubt on the mermaids
And they sink at the bottom of the sea

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