

F-Stop Blues

The September Sessions Band

Hermit crabs and cowrie shells

Crush beneath his feet as he comes towards you

He's waving at you

Lift him up to see what you can seeHe begins his focusin', he aimin' at you

And now he has cutaways from memories and

Close ups of anything that he has seen or even dreamed

And now he's finished focusing

He's imagining lightning striking, sea sickness so away from hereLook who's laughing now that you've wasted

How many years and you've barely even tasted

Anything remotely close to everything you've boasted about

Look who's crying nowDriftwood floats after years of erosion

Incoming tide touches roots to expose them

Quicksand steals my shoes

Clouds bring the f-stop bluesLook who's laughing now that you've wasted

How many years and you've barely even tasted

Anything remotely close to everything you've boasted about

Look who's crying now

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>