

Fireworks of the Sea

White Arrows

Sand beneath your tongue
Hold your body warm.
Grip your pillow tight,
keeps you warm at night.
Papa don't say my woes,
Now I'm a whore
papa don't sell my soul
Now I'm a whore
Grass between your toes,
gusty winds that blow
Jellyfish in the sea,
Papa don't say my woes,
now I'm a whore.
Papa don't sell my soul,
now I'm a whore.
Papa don't say my woes,
now I'm a whore.
Papa don't sell my soul,

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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