

Lowt-ide Fins

Stove

Sit me in the way, motor on and drink you say?
I read it on the page insisting you're a special age
Fit you in the side and settle for a comfort ride
and metal with your open stride when you
inflicted me to float inside
Then you embrace my hand; shriveled in the sand
and walk by your mirror again After all we've done, everything under the sun
It's shining on your face; the shade is all you long to chase
Met her outside; sometimes i wish i ever tried
Drowning in the safe lowt-ide when you
were better off a fishy man
Then you will change my hands, fins to swim in sand
You drop off some flippers instead Please them, do tricks for them
Seasoned and filtered friends
Wash off the scaley ends
Sun rays he never sends

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

Lyrics provided by

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