

Swampland

Scientists

every day at dusk when the sun fades
my mind returns to the everglades
a place alive with green mangroves and vine
shotguns and snakes, alligator wine nobody knows so they never think to visit
where the atmosphere's so thick that you could kiss it
I've never seen copper heads darting from their graves
a once mighty oak's red roots... in decay
In my heart there's a place called swampland
nine parts water - one part sand
In my heart there's a place called swampland
nine parts water - one part sand
rangers jet through on their hovercraft
me I take it slowly... using a raft to them it's the home of the hungry piranha
to me it is sheer nirvana
In my heart there's a place called swampland
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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