

Jazz Ordinaire

The Most Serene Republic

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

When it comes, they slip its jug and pours
By the way, the carnal rain, of course
[Incomprehensible] one talk to document its travel
Drip, drip, drop and then around againHow strange, it's getting harder
For water to clean us offDon't you squint to see to watch my hand move
Move up your arm and past your fuming eyes
You're not in tears, at least I think you could be
Trading years I tried to camouflageHow strange we're dancing harder
As water tames off the townTo me you'll be a legendary, truth, truth, truth, truth
To me you'll be a legendary, truth, truth, truth, truth
To me you'll be a legendary, truth, truth, truth, truthBreathing in all the past skin made by the wars

Lyrics provided by

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