

# Christmas Crack

## Vanguard

There are new things in my eyes  
That they must be told  
I met an ancient world  
But it hit me  
So rude end free I gotta unfurl my tongue  
Immediately  
Be with a face in the sea  
Being small  
And hopefully. I must New places I've been round, love  
And it hurts me to tell you  
Been blind a cigarette-me-up  
And it hit like old feeling  
Down to the seaside we walked  
One thousand smiles  
Foreign whisper  
Foreign whisper Get on my boat, love  
There are new seas to be found  
Gorgeous, headache, you appear  
As the craziest thought of man Help me I gotta shoot my aim  
It must flow petry inside my veins  
They must spit and turn my eyes to the underground  
Where I find sweet taste  
And you know what I mean Get on my boat, love  
Let's sleep till we find the land of our pa  
Cause this lonesome road takes us somewhere  
But surely not the way home  
Your smile is such a chill  
But it shows me here's our last rendezvous We're brown of sin  
The sand is my best friend There are new things in my eyes  
That they must be told

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

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