Glue

Mr. Negative

Oh dear soul,
We gather in the wind,
Clap your hands, it's all just like they said
And how good it is to be with you again
Clap your hands, it's better than they said
Oh dear soul,
We're caught up in the trees,
Look at me and tell me what you see
Praise to you, praise to me
Oh dear soul,
You blow just like the leaves
And they glued us in forever
Just like they said they'd do

So we will stick together
Praise to me, praise to you
Oh dear soul,
I owe you to the breeze,
Take my hand,
There between your teeth,
And hold on hard, you don't need to speak
Praise to you, for giving praise to weak
Praise to you, for giving praise to weak
Praise to you, for giving praise to weak
Praise to you, for giving praise to weak
Praise to you, for giving praise to weak

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