

Tadpole

Tristen

anchor in the shaky ground
I'll make you chase me all around
before I string you up upon the flagpole
love is not a playful thing
unless I have you on a string
now you'll see the way
now you'll see the way
now you'll see the way we catch the tadpole
when the tide is turning green
it makes the other froggies seem
to be another lily pad to dream on
please my love do not be cross
if the stream should turn and toss
your feet could barely reach
your feet could barely reach
your feet could barely reach a rock to lean on
throw your rocks and sticks and pebbles, stones
find your weapons aim them at my bones
I'm still here if you're needing something to destroy
so hate me, hate me oh boy
hate me, hate me oh boy
hate me, hate me oh boy
wild things you cannot own
well they can always change your tone
without the little tadpole ever knowing
how the currents come and go
the waters turn from hot to cold
depending on the way
depending on the way
depending on the way
the wind is blowing
through your rocks and sticks and pebbles, stones
find your weapons aim them at my bones
I'm still here if you're needing something to destroy
so hate me, hate me oh boy
hate me, hate me oh boy
hate me, hate me oh boy
oh boy

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

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