Oil in the Water

John Joseph Brill

There's oil in the water
There's an itch I can't scratch
I can't shake the thorn that caught ya
And it always seems to catch

Do you still get my letters? Is every syllable a torture?
Do your eyes still get childish when the sun comes out in Autumn?

There's oil in the water
There's a breath I can't get back
And my tongue can't take the weight of
Every insult rushing back

Do you still like my records? How I put it on wax?
Or do you hate how my fictions make whores of my facts?

There's oil in the water
There's oil in the water
There's oil in the water
There's oil in the water

There's oil in the water
There's iron on these lips
Your kisses used to barter
Time spent 'twine your hips

You found some new fingers to fumble at your fastenings
Are you amused by fresh platitudes of love everlasting?

There's oil in the water
There's a ribbon of red
And you should really blame St. Christopher
For these ideas in my head

Do you still get my letters? Is every syllable a torture?
Do your eyes still get childish when the sun comes out in Autumn?

Oh, there's oil in the water
There's oil in the water
There's oil in the water

There's oil in the water

Do you still like my records? How I put it on wax?
Or do you hate how my fictions make whores of my facts?

Oh, there's oil in the water
There's oil in the water
Well, there's oil in the water
There's oil in the water
There's oil in the water

Lyrics Submitted by Highlander-Grogg

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