Come to Sin

Bananafishbones

Sun, all our dreams are dreams of fun handing out the
watergun
shoot me and I'll drink you into the shade I'll shrink you
finally we're done and stare up into the
Sky, flat on our backs we lie in quicksand slowly my hand
flies up and away with the yellow bird driven byWind, I think I'll come to sin with all this heaty windy skin
around my neck and what glory the sand in my pants
reminds me of Doreen
Sand, we cannot fight getting tanned
all the limits banned into the nightflight's right no fight
there goes the sun into the the nightlife YeahWhang I sing while the others swing
like a beam of light through a bottle
Souzie swings her phoney ringsTime, bugs crawling up our spine and the memory is mine
I'm a grain of sand in your hand so hand me mine yeah
that would be fine
Heat, I kiss the blisters on your feet a lizard's eye I great
I'm afraid there's no aid 'til we get laid
into the nightlife time's right no flightWhang I sing while the others swing
like a beam of light through a bottle
Souzie swings her phoney ringsI think I'll come to sin with all that heaty windy skin
around my neck and what glory the sand in my pants
reminds me of Doreen, mocking photography
shocking in the sand with me. Sand in my pants.

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