

# Sunken Treasure

## 3Ds

There's rows and rows of houses  
With windows painted blue  
With the light from the TV  
Running parallel to you But there is no sunken treasure  
Rumored to be  
Wrapped inside my ribs  
In a sea black with ink I am so out of tune with you  
I am so out of tune with you If I had a mountain  
I'd try to fold it over  
If I had a boat  
You know, I'd probably roll over And I'd leave it on the shore  
I'd leave it for somebody  
Surely there's somebody  
Who needs it more than me I am so out of tune with you  
I am so out of tune with you For all the leaves will burn  
And autumn fires and then return  
For all the fires we burn  
All will return Music is my savior  
And I was maimed by rock and roll  
I was maimed by rock and roll  
I was tamed by rock and roll  
I got my name from rock and roll

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