

Gangway

Guster

If I can make a wish
If I can right a wrong
If I could plot a twist
We wouldn't be here long I lean into each turn
Seeking ever motion
Soon the walls, the house
The sky start shaking the clouds
The man, the seed
Gave away Swinging with my fish
Out with these lungs
Da da da da da da
They turn and leaves
Screaming out a song son I lean into each turn
Seeking ever motion
Soon the walls, the house
The sky start shaking the clouds
The man, the seed
Gave away

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