

Fishy

Philmore

Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever find her
The one that God's chosen for me
And what if I find her but she
Doesn't like me
I guess that disproves destiny
But I should know better, the sea is
Much wetter
With plenty of fishies to see (for
You and me)
And I know my Father has scoped
Out the water
And picked out a fishy for me

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