

Postal Blowfish

Albert Hammond, Jr.

Noticing the change, we are taking time
Everybody knows, everybody's fine
And we'll figure out purpose in the end
Unless we have to jump, unless we have to win Hold your tongue, brace yourself
Give me a kiss, show me what I missed Can I find a phone? Can I drop a dime?
Can I get a loan, running out of time?
And I'll have a toast to what it's all about
Unless they move us out, unless they move us out Hold your tongue, brace yourself
Give me a kiss, show me what I missed Seven dog legs hung to dry, it works that way
Postal blowfish makes me cry, it works that way
Begging on the nail, don't fail to clue me in
[Incomprehensible] frogs and crabs begin

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