

# Aqualung

## Novalia

Sitting on a park bench  
Eying up little girls with bad intent  
Snots running down his nose  
Greasy fingers smearing shabby clothes, hey, Aqualung  
Drying in the cold sun  
Watching as the frilly panties run, hey, Aqualung  
Feeling like a dead duck  
Spitting out pieces of his broken luck, oh, Aqualung  
Sun streaking cold, an old man wandering lonely  
Taking time, the only way he knows  
Leg hurting bad as he bends to pick a dog end  
He goes down to a bog and warms his feet  
Feeling alone, the army's up the road  
Salvation a la mode and a cup of tea  
Aqualung, my friend, don't you start away uneasy  
You poor old sod, you see it's only me  
Do you still remember  
December's foggy freeze  
When the ice that clings on to your beard  
It was screaming agony  
Hey and you snatch your rattling last breaths  
With deep-sea diver sounds  
And the flowers bloom like  
Madness in the spring  
Sun streaking cold, an old man wandering lonely  
Taking time, the only way he knows  
Leg hurting bad as he bends to pick a dog end  
He goes down to a bog and warms his feet  
Feeling alone, the army's up the road  
Salvation a la mode and a cup of tea  
Aqualung my friend don't you start away uneasy  
You poor old sod, you see it's only me  
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You poor old sod, you see it's only me  
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Eying up little girls with bad intent  
Snots running down his nose  
Greasy fingers smearing shabby clothes, hey Aqualung  
Drying in the cold sun

Watching as the frilly panties run, hey Aqualung  
Feeling like a dead duck  
Spitting out pieces of his broken luck, hey Aqualung  
Oh Aqualung

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