Seaweed Sheets

Astronautalis

Amongst the tires and broken trees,
all washed up on rubble beach.
You were the best lover I never loved,
tucked beneath the seaweed sheets.
Little scraps of shells and sand caked around your shaky hand,
as the little fingertips slide inside my belt loop again.
Your matted hair and sappy stair lost inside the haze of the sun,
stumbling in a three legged race,
you lean on me the whole way back home.
You can never guess what you find washed up on a shore,
on the sunny day after a storm.
I left her there in bed that day,
to watch a hotel hauled away on the back of trucks.
Among stacks of bricks, lithographs of seaside scenes
flap in the breeze the canvas ripped.
I guess I'm scared to wake up next to her
or maybe I'm too scared to ever fall asleep.
Comfortably coiled in a tide pool at the edge of the beach
I watch the world wake up as the sun leaves a land of the stucco bleached,
my stomach rocks with waves, a smile is tossed on my face,
cement feet drag me neck deep, sometimes a bit of trouble is great.We, we lost it all again,
till everything came back again.
floating in, floating inWe, we lost it all again,
till everything came back again.
floating in, floating in
We never leave a ransom,
we fill your car wash up with drugs,
we drink our beer in the shower,
we leave your house without locking up.
Round here the days are just packed,
with same smirking faces and the same haircuts.The city's a boarding school with rigid hemlines and golden rules
a grid of pictures yellow light highlighting chosen few.
Look we made the news again, me and my old friends... YEAH RIGHT!
I'm sick, she's a communist, he's pissed were all monuments
to the greatest hair-dos of the modern age.
Lets escape, we can smoke cigarettes and comb the woods for dirty magazines,
sneak out ruin or shoes and hide from no one inside the (BREATH).
When they fill us in on exactly what me missed,

we'll never talk about the nervous little breaths.
Tomorrow when we're retracing our all our shake little steps,
We'll never tell a soul that we kissed.
We'll never tell a soul that we kissed.
We'll never tell a soul that we kissed.
We'll never tell a soul that we kissed.
We'll never tell a soul about this.We, we lost it all again,
till everything came back again.
Floating in, floating inWe, we lost it all again,
till everything came back again.
Floating in, floating inWe, we lost it all again,
till everything came back again.
Floating in, floating inWe, we lost it all again,
till everything came back again.
Floating in, floating in, floating in, floating inWe washed our feet in the ocean but they never came clean.
I picked some sand up in my hand to watch it all leave.
The wrecking ball did fall, you kissed me on the mouth,
we rolled around in your sandy bed... until I finally snuck out,
we lost a lot in that hurricane, again till everything came back again...
floating in, floating in, floating in, floating in.We washed our feet in the ocean but they never came clean.
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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