

Driftwood

Ariel Pink

Oh my God, my dog's got hair, look into the canine eye
The bad breath of a cross-eyed goat
Meeting children for a Monday morning
Laughter in the hangman's eye
Look into his heart so clear, look into a heart that's right
Can't beat it off, can't beat it off at night
Tomorrow Jeannie and Jackie elope
Moved a memory to strip for tea and smoke

Driftwood blocking up the shore dam
Short dam liquid in the phone line
Driftwood clogging up the oil well
Damsel waiting in the long line
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Spiders pass along through the grass eating up my pampered eyes
And Dyer's country had a fair, Tokens gathered at the bar
Music on the TV screen never really had it all

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