

# Mermaids

I Am Kloot

Does it feel like religion  
Does it crush your old ideas?  
Well fold me in paper  
I've got some here  
And show me the warrant  
To which I will attest  
put me in handcuffs I'll give it a rest

The light through he windows  
Casts doubt on the mermaids  
And they sing at the bottom of the sea

You've run out of business  
In light of what you want  
You've come wielding plastic  
And gone straight to the front  
You've rejigged and counted, it's a mountain not too much  
I'll give you my credence if that's not enough

The light through he window  
Casts down on the mermaids  
And they sink to the bottom of the sea

You're reading the letters that no-one ever wrote  
I'm moving through something  
I travel in hope  
So read me the warrant, to which i will attest  
Put me in handcuffs ill give it a rest

The light through he window  
Casts down on the mermaids