

Plimsoll Punks

Always

When I chip through your candy coating
You're stuffed with insulation
Just strawberry ice cream floating
With a sprinkle indignation
Cherry under knot of shoestring
Conflate and agitate

You're a plimsoll punk
You're a plimsoll punk
And you're getting me down, getting me down, you're getting me down
Getting me down, down, down, you're getting me down
Getting me down, getting me down, getting me down
Plimsoll punk

Your posture's blocking out any possible light
I can hardly see
This conversation spirals into a fight
I can barely breathe

Who ran from roman candles
Underneath a willow weeping
Do the tealights on your mantel
Illuminate that summer feeling
You're the seashell in my sandal
That's slicing up my heel

You're a plimsoll punk
You're a plimsoll punk
And you're getting me down, getting me down, you're getting me down
Getting me down, down, down, you're getting me down
Wrecking my brain, trying to escape, getting me down
Plimsoll punk
Plimsoll punk

Your posture's blocking out any possible light
I can no longer see
This conversation spirals into a fight
I can barely breathe

Getting me down, getting me down, you're getting me down
Getting me down, down, down, you're getting me down
Getting me down, getting me down, you're getting me down
Plimsoll punk
Plimsoll punk

Plimsoll punks