

Longboard Blues

Dionysos

I'm Philéas Smog I'm killing the fog
With my nose and the nose of the longboard
Two glasses on the back of my board
The first one in mint the other one in whiskey

Tasting the mint and tasting the whiskey

I let my tears and the rain making a race
To fall into the back, back of my neck
I'm alone like a dying horse and its eyes bleed
The first eye in mint the other one in whiskey

Tasting the mint and tasting the whiskey

For the longboard blues...

Tasting the mint and tasting the whiskey

And I love to roll through the streets full of birds
And I steal the pigeon wings
I'm a bird, I'm a board, I'm flying horse
Tasting the mint and tasting the whiskey

For the longboard blues...

Tasting the mint and tasting the whiskey

For the longboard blues...