

Ocean

Fruit Bats

Still waiting around for some mystical shift
In the winds, sonic leaves
Don't go just yet
Cigarette fingers are shaking the knees
A bit blue, kind of tired, but not broken

'Cause back when I needed someone to tuck me in
Like I was some orphan kid
And you drove me to the ocean
Then you picked me up and dipped me in
You picked me up and dipped me in

Anticipating a magical bend in the rose, so
Hang on, take it slow
You go back [?] and you're hangover is gone
Another dawn at the edge of the known world

Didn't see the mountains 'till the age of twenty-four
Corpses lead and huge
We're still babies on the borderline
Watching it all tumble into view
Watching it all tumble into view

And I still believe that you're my ocean
Please believe that I believe that it is true
Believe me when I tell you that I do