

Perfect Fishing

Good Morning

Lately

I've watched the light shine through ya all day
Perfect fishing in the month of May
Content without a word to say

Baby

Sometimes the sun feels wasted on me
It's getting down to when it's 30 degrees
You know I'd do it any way you please
The seconds are unraveling in every line of thought
I was left wondering, how was I so young?
But then I feel so old

It's perfect fishing in the month of May
The light winds of Tanqueray
The minutes distorted in every word I say
While you were sleeping, I was creeping 'round the room
Wishing I felt high again

Oh

Ah

No, no, no, nah