

# Slipped Dissolved And Loosed

Lambchop

Well, I'm not so well acquainted  
With the topography of your mind  
I need a detailed description  
A representation of some kind

And I lost my balance  
And toppled into a shallow pool  
Marched in a torchlight parade  
Hair styled into a Tony Curtis

The blackbird sang the sun to bed  
The blackbird sang the sun to bed  
The blackbird sang the sun to bed  
The bonds of heaven are slipped, dissolved, and loosed

Like schoolboys  
The had swarmed round a single able-seaman  
He slinks like a cat in the night  
His belly dragging to the ground

Leaving an anchorage in haste  
He detached the carriage from a moving train  
The cool silky stuff of his shirt  
Slipping over her skin

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