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 detatched the carriage from a moving train
The cool silky stuff of his shirt
Slipping over her skin

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