

And throw the fishermen lines close the shipyards and mines
Leaving only the water we still have old wives tales
About the old days deep lonely waters the old days
The old days deep lonely waters the old days
We climb hills all the time the riddles in our minds
And this I don't mind but the hills in our minds
Can not be measured in miles and it's 'Catcher In The Rye'
Feed the fishermen lies beat a bibliophile
It's an even colder climate there was rhythm and rhyme
The rhythm dies but the rhyme is alive
Rhyme is alive rhyme is alive
The rhyme is alive rhyme is alive rhyme's alive
Play real life monopoly it has real people real lives
That game for unarming the family of young and old
Now getting caught cold the small and wry smurf that says
As he'll vote he's saying it's we have sin are you in
We'll have to fight for them again soon and it's the deluxe game
With *morality clean* they own the water the whole company
They own they own this country the whole fucking thing
Throw the fishermen *lines* close the shipyards and mines
Leaving only the water we'll still have old wives tales
About the old days deep lonely waters the old days
The old days deep lonely waters the old days
The old days see they *can* for there they go the old days