

# Sink, Florida, Sink

Mad Caddies

Not one more word tonight  
Between here and there  
We'll put a distance the size of the ocean  
So now this heart can beat a skipping rhythm  
As the cadence carries me  
I almost drift away  
Far enough to forget  
But when it comes you cannot hesitate  
And when found I will write  
An account and seal it in an envelope  
Addressed to your last known residence

Whoaaaaa  
Whoa oh oh oh ohh  
Whoa oh oh oh ohh  
Whoa oh oh oh ohh  
Whoa oh oh oh ohh

And we sink, and we drown  
And what is lost can never be found  
Well these arms did swim until the lungs pulled in  
Panic was lost in a deep understanding  
That you will see  
What is wrong with everything  
What is wrong with you and me  
They make all the right reasons to fuck it up  
You're gonna fuck it up

Whoaaaaa  
Whoa oh oh oh ohh  
Whoa oh oh oh ohh  
Whoa oh oh oh ohh  
Whoa oh oh oh ohh