

Drop

Oh Sees

I'm hoping my friends come and see me
We're floating bottles on top of the sea
Under the weather, our noses full
I don't expect to see them again

Yeah, oh yeah
Again, oh yeah
Again, oh yeah
Ah...

We're rolling our eyes and sinking
Cannot undo our soft thinking
Under the cushions our fingers meet
And through the floor into the neighbor's pad

Oh yeah
Again, oh yeah
Again, oh yeah
Ah...

We're taking a drop, forward thinking
Leaving behind all the evil things
Under new love, our hearts'll show
And I expect to see them again

Yeah, oh yeah
Again, oh yeah
Again, oh yeah
Ah...