

# Mustachio

Ovlov

Got seeds of all kinds  
Spread 'em open wide  
And I know the truth  
Of a different you

And we could be naturally  
And I find mine  
Don't wait

I've got nothing to show  
But a newer low  
Didn't you see my face  
In a different race?

And we should see the sea and free  
The weight in me  
Don't change the way you say my name  
It's fine; you're mine