

Abalone

PACKS

Fresh-cut grass and a sun-split lip
Quit lookin' at me from the corner of your eye
Red-hot blood in an abalone shell
Well, well, I think I just fell
I think I

In a half-dead tree a week from now
You'll be asking how
As you ride the wave to the corner store
You'll be asking for more

Drip, drip, drip from a ribcage sky
Feel like I'm livin' in the belly of a whale
Shrink and swell, so I hold my head and yell
Well, well, I think I just fell
I think I

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You'll be asking how
As you ride the wave to the corner store
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