The Belly In The Fish

Page France

Little dove to the belly of the fish
You'll get used to it
I cracked your egg to hear you chirp again
Now I'm losing it
It rains the most on the head of the weatherman
I boast the ghost who was spit out of his own skin
Now you look like me chasing rabbits
Up and down the trees
Soon my habits will find you my darling
Underneath the leaves

I feel so big my own two feet can walk
On the waters back
I shut the gate to watch you wait
Oh God
Felt so good I had to stop
Before I got to carried away
I laughed. ha ha
It's the joke I shouldn't play
Now you look like me chasing rabbits
Up and down the trees
Soon my habits will find you my darling
Underneath the leaves
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