

America's Cup

Pond

Once again I'm slipping into my feminine ways
Pump creatine and skip leg day
Jump as four titans emerge from underground
Debating would you rather be burnt or drowned

Pump fists drunk on the stench of fraternity
Haloed by memories of benching eternity
Head polished to a mirror for Athena
Goodbye Nana A and stay strong Nana Tina

Before the America's Cup
It was sailors and junkies
Pescatores and bikies
Before the America's Cup
Never heard of methadone
Never called the shelter home
Never went to bed alone
Alan was a rolling stone

Once again, I'm slipping up to my hominid gait
Kiss soil, crack vertebrae
I'm cocksure as a man jumping off a cliff
Top heavy head, cigarette and a quiff

Slunk back drunk to the den of uncertainty
Crying a fantasy of bleeding maternity

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Tip-toe, going on some gospel
Oh oh, sea air, join a ship in Minsk
The way I see it, don't care in Tex
Ocean Network Express

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