

Feast - Famine

Surfer Blood

I put on a front before but
Now I'm spread so thin
In all my wildest dreams
The first thing I foresees
So one wrong word from you
Can really make the teardrops flow
Some bow before they break
Some break before they bow
Sometimes I feel lost and lonely, In my skin
There is no need for me to pretend
It's feast or famine
All we need is dryer land, some thirsty
It's funny she wants more, than I ever saw tonight
People ask me Jay, why do you let things get to you
Like leaves on a plant, like pebbles in your shoes
I am sad to see you go, but I am sure you'll be ok
It's never black or white, your wildest dreams are gray
Sometimes I feel out of touch with who I am
I can see no symmetry, it's feast or famine
All we need is dryer land, thirsty soul
Where we can move along
Where we can build an arc
Before this wicked world floods over
You'll find me, in the morning, raising the sand
All covered in scales, and seaweed for hair
All that we were, and all that we know
Is far below the algae and in the bambi
The valley's flood, the glaciers are over ripe
And begging to be pruned