

Presidents of the United States of America, The "Aqualung"

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Sitting on a park bench --
eyeing little girls with bad intent.
Snot running down his nose --
greasy fingers smearing shabby clothes.
Drying in the cold sun --
Watching as the frilly panties run.
Feeling like a dead duck --
spitting out pieces of his broken luck.
Sun streaking cold --
an old man wandering lonely.
Taking time
the only way he knows.
Leg hurting bad,
as he bends to pick a dog-end --
he goes down to the bog
and warms his feet.

Feeling alone --
the army's up the rode
salvation Åf la mode and
a cup of tea.
Aqualung my friend --
don't start away uneasy
you poor old sod, you see, it's only me.
Do you still remember
December's foggy freeze --
when the ice that
clings on to your beard is
screaming agony.
And you snatch your rattling last breaths
with deep-sea-diver sounds,
and the flowers bloom like
madness in the spring.

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