

Arab Strap "Loch Leven"

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The rain pissed down on Leven's shores. The sane rain would rain on superstores and set off car alarms in our street. Let's burn our clothes and hunt our meat. A day of skies, a day of feasts, we fell to bed, to grunt like beasts. We could live in your wee car, we could never go too far. A flash of sun between your thighs, a perfect black shape to protect my eyes. A swooping hawk, a dying tree. "Fuck me," says he, "fuck you," says she. If I'm a clown, then you're a mime but I'm sure that we'd be friends in time. The selkie put her skin back on and swam away, back to her own.

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