

## **Teenage Fantasy**

### **"Whale Bones"**

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I was born to a very simple family  
We would scrape and save to rebuild our name  
I met a girl who believes in me  
And I believe in her  
And it's only on Thursday morning  
We sail away!

Do you hate the feeling of life on the open sea?  
The wood is rotting underneath  
Does the salty breeze trigger your memory  
Of whale bones and coming home?

Do you hear it? The sea is calling  
'Cause these hands were meant to retrieve the net  
My breath grows tighter and tighter  
When I think of you!  
You better keep your hands off my lady...

Do you hate the feeling of life on the open sea?  
The wood is rotting underneath  
Does the salty breeze trigger your memory  
Of whale bones and coming home?

Of whale bones and coming home...

We will have to burn some time  
For the holidays  
We will swim with ocean life  
And the manta rays  
We have waited all our lives  
For these golden days

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Thanks to Razvan

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