

Abelha Kid**"Turn Me Towards The Light"**

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I'm a butcher and a barber
And I live down by the sea
Waiting at the harbour for the ships to come to me
Take all they can offer
And they leave eventually
And they don't return
And I never learn

You can loose your grip by degrees
Thin yourself
Misery
The fact we got from A to B
That's good enough for me

You're a barber and a butcher too
Then you know how I feel
With eyes upon the future
As the past has no appeal
This is all that's left for us
What happened to the deal?
What a sting
What a burn
Do I never learn?

You can loose your grip along the way
Got to strip some layers away
I got it wrong but I can get it right
Just turn me towards the light
Like a flower about to bloom
You must protect me
Give me room

I failed to understand you
Must you make such fuss
Too late to take the tiller
On this course we can't adjust
Time will take her hull from you
And turn it into rust
From bow to stern

But we can get a grip

What do you say?
And we could sail this ship away
We can sing a song
Win the fight
Just turn me towards the light
Like a flower about to bloom
You must protect me
Give me room
Ohhh
Give me room

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