

## **Bananafishbones**

### **"Come Sin"**

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Sun, all our dreams are dreams of fun handing out  
the water gun shoot me and I'll drink you into the shade  
I'll shrink you finally we're done and stare up into  
the sky, flat on our backs we lie in quicksand slowly my  
hand flies up and away with the yellow bird driven by  
wind, I think I'll come to sin with all this heaty windy  
skin around my neck and what glory the sand in my  
pants reminds me of Doreen Sand, we cannot fight  
getting tanned all the limits banned into the  
night flight's right no fight there goes the sun into the  
the nightlife Yeah

Whang I sing while the others swing like a beam of light  
through a bottle Souzie swings her phoney rings  
Time, bugs crawling up our spine and the memory is  
mine I'm a grain of sand in your hand so hand me mine  
yeah that would be fine Heat, I kiss the blisters on your  
feet a lizard's eye I great I'm afraid there's no aid 'til we  
get laid into the nightlife time's right no flight  
Whang I sing while the others swing like a beam of light  
through a bottle Souzie swings her phoney rings  
I think I'll come to sin with all that heaty windy  
skin around my neck and what glory the sand in my  
pants reminds me of Doreen, mocking  
photography shocking in the sand with me. Sand in my  
pants.

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