

City Sirens "Fluid"

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Let me tell you the story of a guy,
Who disappeared and no one knows why,
No one cared to say goodbye
Or she'd a tear drop from their eyes

He live in a cottage on the beach
Sat down and always smoked weed,
Played his guitar, always in a trance
Singing and making plans

Some would say a bit of a musical drone
But judgment restricts because he's always alone,
And that's the way it goes

This venom is called music, so soak it in ad use it.
To unleash the monster within
Never pick and choose it,
Let it flow through you like fluid, both outside and in

He always kept to himself,
Didn't care about love or his wealth
Guitar in hand, a strap on his back,
This venom had his life out of whack

Like a drug he injected sharp after flat,
As music slowly became the spine in his back,

That place he disappeared to, a place in the sky,
It's neither heaven or hell, a musical paradise

This venom is called music, so soak it in ad use it.
To unleash the monster within
Never pick and choose it,
Let it flow through you like fluid, both outside and in...

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