

The Biggie Sound

"We Belong in the Sea"

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There is nothing in me that you can't take away.
I'm as dead as the water in a dried up lake.

And too many kids in here have hat tops and hammers
as well.
The cellar doors blown to bits, I keep my cool knowing it
well.

Knowing it well

Inside the sea we go, a million things I wish I said have
been and gone,
They're lost.
We paint our world apart, we're closing up. We think
we've got it all worked,
But we don't.

And too many kids in here have hat tops and hammers
as well.
The cellar doors blown to bits, I keep my cool knowing it
well.

Knowing it well.

We belong in the sea.
With you.

And every thing's changing, I can't believe I'm losing
myself.
The world we rent falls to bits, the sea shows up to
prove we're in hell.

And every thing's changing, I can't believe I'm losing
myself.
The world we rent falls to bits, the sea shows up to
prove we're in hell.

To prove we're in hell.

