

Fretblanket "Hammer And Tongues"

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Walk with me into the ocean,
Plenty more fish in the sea,
Fill your tired lungs with the water,
Floating in the aquamarine.
Watch me as I enter the whirlpool,
Sailing on the deep sea swell,
Pass the time of day with the pondlife,
They have their opinions as well.
Swimming through my days in the water,
Water pick these old bones clean,
Bury me deep in the sea floor,
Another making waves machine.
Losing track, sinking back
So long - I'm gone
Swimming with the tide in the gulf stream,
Cruise the north Atlantic drift
Floating on your back in the starlight,
Breathing in the ocean's mist.
Falling as the water protects you,
Sleeping on your own sea bed,
Everything you wanted has left you,
And everything you live for is dead.
Losing track, sinking back
I could wait and catch a wave if I wanted to be saved,
Ride the southwest wind to shore, or dig my heels in
ocean floor,
Though I may have lost some strength I could show my
face again,
But I've made this place my home, and I'm much safer
on my own,
And no-one's gonna find me here...
I could wait and catch a wave if I had wanted to be
saved ride the south west
Wind to shore - I could walk the golden mile with a
sorry sort of smile or dig
My heels in the ocean floor - Though I may have lost
some strength I could
Have shown my face again but I've made this place my
home - And you've broken
Me in two and I just don't know what I'd do and I'm
much safer here on my
Own...

So long - I'm gone

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