

Frou Frou

"Filthy Water"

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Icebergs are scraping big holes across the bottoms
Of luxury liners across the crooked seas.
Mantises are praying in the dirt in fields of garlic.
Ooh, filthy water.

Purple mountains and golden hills and silver boulders,
Where wagon ruts fill up with water that rolls away.
The thought of the distance is a big old weight off your
shoulders.
Ooh, filthy water.

Honeycombs drip with royal jelly up in the tall pines.
The stinger digs in & it burns like a forest fire.
Suck out the poison w your mouth you're sure to be
fine.
Ooh, filthy water.

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