

Gay Dad "Us Roach"

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Strange days ahead
Superstition dying in my head

I've been planning my escape
Long term complication
Won't you take the time and listen to the story?
You could feel the mellow way we feel the you
Won't you ride the stormy weather?
To a time when just was going just to care

Strange days ahead
Superstition dying in my head
Sail on sailor, go between her
Wanna pay enough to heave her
Feeling, running, soul unclustered
Full of lively, sit on mine

Way away to a greater unknown
But you never cross this way again
No, no

Get it up, for another ten quid I can fuck you up
It's so beautiful

No, no, no, no

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