

John Vanderslice "You Were My Fiji"

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oh we kissed only once,
in your stripped out apartment,
You sold your furniture,
so we kissed on the carpet.

it's like a whaling ship
oh, is being on tour you know,
next day you gotta set sail
in your 350 Ford

you were my fiji,
o believe me
those hours with you they
only expand
o you, you were my fiji

o believe me
but I fell in love with
somebody else's sand
somebody else's dry land

you're a stripper now,
in new orleans
fucking whale sank my van and
took my shipmates into the sea.

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