

## Nana Grizol

# "Motion In The Ocean"

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It seems that we are clams inside our shells  
Side by side on rocks we feel the tide as the sea  
contracts and swells  
Pearls grow from the pain inside we often know so well  
So languageless, emotionless we must now find  
Some way to tell the ocean not to worry  
Ultimately all, predictably, is well

Oh fisherman, it seems you've lost your net  
Furthermore, it seems you're sinking, do not waste  
time with regret  
Most of the world is covered in that stuff which  
constitutes your sweat  
With which your body's, for a long time now, been  
marginally wet

I would tell you but I'm not so good with words  
Language makes a simple feeling seem oh so absurd  
Anyway, my songs about contentment so far always  
end in verbs  
Like "drive", or "run", or go to sleep, the damage has  
been done  
Life's not made up of things that must be lost or won  
But you can live that way if that's what you call fun

Oh karma chameleon  
Are you in tune to the voice that makes that noise  
saying your work here is done?  
And do you dream at night of thoughts inside you'll  
never tell no one  
Unless you find some way to mask them in some  
sarcastic pun?

And oh, misguided secret angel on the run  
What was so wrong with taking your wings off, a day of  
working done  
In your dreams of hell, do you have endless chores or  
are you banished to boredom?  
Now you can't decide if you believe in either one  
You can't decide if you believe in either one  
You'll not know until you've tried, and so you can't  
decide

You can't decide if you believe in either one

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