

Presi Per Caso

"Aqualung"

Visit "[Aqualung](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sitting on a park bench --
Eyeing little girls with bad intent.
Snot running down his nose --
Greasy fingers smearing shabby clothes.
Drying in the cold sun --
Watching as the frilly panties run.
Feeling like a dead duck --
Spitting out pieces of his broken luck.
Sun streaking cold --
An old man wandering lonely.
Taking time
The only way he knows.
Leg hurting bad,
As he bends to pick a dog-end --
He goes down to the bog
And warms his feet.

Feeling alone --
The army's up the rode
Salvation Ñ la mode and
A cup of tea.
Aqualung my friend --
Don't start away uneasy
You poor old sod, you see, it's only me.
Do you still remember
December's foggy freeze --
When the ice that
Clings on to your beard is
Screaming agony.
And you snatch your rattling last breaths
With deep-sea-diver sounds,
And the flowers bloom like
Madness in the spring.

Visit [Presi Per Caso](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.