

## **The Mad Conductor "Cot In A Wormhole"**

Visit "[Cot In A Wormhole](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A fish pitched up by an angry sea  
I gasped on land, then I became me  
A product of the sun coughed up on the beach  
In black chinos cut off below the knees  
With a salt parched throat I struggled to talk  
To lone angler positioned on the rugged old dock  
Lost in the bucket of worms with mad slack on the reel  
No other concerns but a meal  
As it, ha ha, what is to be will be  
And no cares of ours can arrest the decree  
Of this outlaw cyclone my feet lost feeling  
And brushstrokes of madness encompassed the  
ceiling  
The sheriff rose up from the dirt so I split  
He fired mad shots but I didn't get hit  
I hopped off the dock and swam passed the reef  
Back to the coral abode where I can sleep

Oh yeah, all right  
Oh now what a wonderful sign when your lost in a  
castle (plathar?)

Well my minds a marble on the deck of a ship  
In the bermuda triangle when the record storm hits  
One day I'm gonna slip n slide off the plank  
And then they'll hit the off switch on my oxygen tank  
Til I'm out of my element seemingly unconscious  
Down in the well again dreaming as my thoughts sink  
Deeper and deeper and deeper into the bucket of  
worms  
I got no concerns

My mind my soul my body  
We all feel the same  
Yeah we all feel alright, oh yeah  
Oh yeah, alright, woah now what a wonderful sign  
When your lost in a castle, castle, castle

Visit [The Mad Conductor](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

