

Gabriel Peter

"Flotsam And Jetsam"

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Doing nothing, stuck in the mud, just pumping the
blood.
The water level's getting low, something ugly's going
to show.

If only I could touch you, I guess you'd be alarmed.
If only I could touch you, I don't mean you no harm.

If only I could touch you, like the wind can touch the
sail,
If only I could touch you, darling, now that words have
failed.
Oh, flotsam still afloat,
Oh, jetsam thrown out of the boat.

Oh love, my love, nothing here is what it seems.
We both know it; Christ, you show it...
Oh, oh my love.

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