

Feed Her To The Sharks

"Buck Rodgers"

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Talk about it
You dream about it
You feel that theres no place left to glow
Operatics, break the habits
You feel that theres no place left to grow
You gotta reach inside yourself and let it go
Close your eyes and drift away to some place new
Where the skies are blue brings back the child in you
Cross a lonely field as birds begin to speak
Its alright
Its ok
Blue, true
Blue, true
Cry about it shout about it
You feel that theres no sense in going on
Late november, change in weather
The cold has got a hold of you again
That river's gonna drag you down again
Close your eyes and drift away to someplace new
Where the skies are blue brings back the child in you
Cross a lonely field as birds begin to speak
It's alright
Its ok
Its alright
Blue
Nothing was stopping you
Nothing was stopping you
Nothing was stopping blue
Blue, true, blue, true, miss you
Child in you

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