

## Oceans Of Sadness

### "Build Us A Rocket Then"

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Spin the wheel my kiss of fortune  
Ah, your solitude's a high pitched whine  
Let go of the medicine  
Or you'll be sucking it until you die

And I thought this could be my time  
But you pulled the rug from under me  
I've hardened in this ageless shame  
Of swinging from your coattails

Now I'm back to good old ball and chain

Oh, wonderful  
Let the water pour  
How right you were  
With your entourage of kissing snakes  
A simple matter of give and take

Oh, and pour your mind out of the vase  
Wall to wall, winner takes all  
But I want to see the lightning strike you

Return with this sickness  
Turn the kick in his head  
My word is woeful in his rant  
I imagine you'd like to call it soulful

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Kick in the doors, you can  
Suck open sores, you can  
Build us a rocket  
The least you can, the worst you can  
Send us all on our way

