

Animal Liberation Orchestra "Possibly Drown"

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I hear the ringing salutations of the crickets inviting my
soul

With no responsibilities my heart feels light as I walk
toward the water with my evening bowl

Awaiting mosquitoes and bumble bees and centipedes
and slithy toads

On the trestle above the whistle blows
Carrying it's load, carrying it's load

Echo from the stereo of a passing car beneath the
overpass

As I amble toward the water front
Passed the fishing dock and the powder mill
Along the red clay path

Italian stone masons built the bridge and the aqueduct
long ago

On the trestle above the whistle blows
Carrying it's load, carrying it's load

I gotta hit the water and not the ground, but
I might possibly drown

On the tenth day of March 1891 were drowned Louise
King Conelly and Henry Cumming Lamar

Long before the days of cyber space, alien warfare and
electric cars

And as I swim in this canal I get a nervous feeling that I
too may possibly drown

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