

## Rogue Wave "Medicine Ball"

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I fell too soon from a hot-air balloon  
Dnd I don't know what it teaches  
It's the moment of my weakness  
I've had enough of your sermonized speeches  
It's the food that I wanted

Out on the evening  
6 months ahead  
With styrofoam deepness  
Of a medicine ball  
A trappist monk  
Shares his spritual secrets  
Cornered the market on her English  
El Diablo put syringes on the beaches  
Sucked the juice out of its sweetness

Out on the evening  
6 months ahead  
With styrofoam deepness  
Of a medicine ball

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