

## **Barbra Streisand F/ Vince Gill**

### **"Tread Water"**

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DOVE:

I was walking on the water when I saw a crocodile  
He had daisies in his hat, so I stopped him for a while  
He delivered me a message, a message to soothe my  
stage  
What it was was more than plug-up dosage  
More than DAISY age  
Conversation drew a rule,  
Which the crowd will roar by millions  
Mr. Crocodile said, 'Dove, you must look  
For now the villains try to hold you underwater  
But one thing we all must heed  
Sony Walkmans keep us walking  
De La Soul can help you breathe when you tread water'

As I walked along my journey,  
I thought 'What have I just learned?'  
In a flash I saw commotion  
There was movement in these ferns  
Silently the silence came, was it the end of my world?  
I shouted out in fear, 'Who's there?'  
'It's me,' said Mr. Squirrel  
'I've searched for you all over, now you're found,  
No time to waste. We must find the Preacher Man,  
We must find the P.A. Mase. All my population's dying,  
And we're all in tune to doom.  
Like the Daisy, I need water  
I need chesnuts to consume.'  
'Mr. Squirrel,' I said, 'I'm sorry,  
But the problem can't be solved  
If there's no one here to help, and no one to get  
involved  
Always look to the positive and never drop your head  
For the water will engulf us if we do not dare to tread  
So let's tread water'

POS:

Now one weary day I woke, my alarm said 'Plug time's  
up'  
Filled my bath up with the water, gargled with my  
gargle cup

As I bathed I felt a presence, and I'm sort of ticklish  
I looked down and then around and I heard,  
'Hi! I'm Mr Fish. How do you do? As for me,  
I'm in tip-top shape today, cause my water's clean  
And no-one's menu says Fresh Fish Filet  
See I look past all my worries, which is something you  
must do  
Though you're fed up, throw your head up  
With this advice ffrom me to you  
And that's to tread water'

As my day went unexplained, time was finding nothing  
fun  
As I walked along the sidewalk, I heard,  
'Psst, excuse me, Plug One.'  
From my Soul, De La that is, I hollered  
'Yes, are you talking to me?'  
'No alarm meant,' he said, 'Let me introduce myself.  
I'm Mr Monkey.'  
'Mr Monkey, I pledge you slap of five,  
Now how does your problem meet?'  
He said, 'My bananas are at their ripest, but they all  
Stand at three feet. My swinging hand is bandaged up.  
Could you help me with this chore?'  
I brought him down to the Native shop  
And bought him copies of the De La score  
Which assisted well in his elevation  
Now all bananas is at his grasp  
He decided with this accomplished,  
He would put me on to the path  
He to my to live by the Inner Sound, y'all  
Which would bring me health in showbiz  
Then to use them, not abuse them  
And then in the words that got me to 'em  
And that is to tread water

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