

Wojcik

"Tiny Mussels"

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There's a thousand tiny mussels(
Clinging to your body(
You steely, hollow vessel
(Floating through the party(
And people are parting like the sea(
When they see you(
Gushing, just busting at the seams(
The way it seems some people do((

But have I got plans when it's my turn(
I'll be warming my hands on the bridges I burn(
Warming my hands on the bridges I burn
(Warming my hands on the bridges I burn((

And they bow like dandelions in your wake
(I guess there ain't no limit to the shit some people
take(
But it's not exactly opaque what they see in you(
Hoping scraps slide from your plate the minute you're
through
(But I hope they'll wait and wait and wait until they turn
blue

((But have I got plans when it's my turn
(I'll be warming my hands on the bridges I burn(
Warming my hands on the bridges I burn(
Warming my hands on the bridges I burn

((And just when I thought it was safe to go back in the
water
(I bust a vein(
And the sharks are circling around me again
(Splashing and laughing and pulling out all of the
thread
(The sky is falling(
They're trying to kill ginger(
And I'm seeing red((

There's a thousand tiny mussels(
Clinging to your body(
You steely, hollow vessel(

Floating through the party
(And people are parting like the sea(
(People are parting like the sea)(
People are parting like the sea(
(People are parting like the sea)
(People are parting like the sea(
When they see you(

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