

Eightball % MJG F/ Suave Circle

"Mermaids are Seasluts"

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I am nothing but a shell of the man I once was
So you can put me to your ear and actually hear
yesteryear's ocean
I was in shape then
A much better built body of water with infinite waves
and fathomless depths
Where you could have deep sea fishing for
compliments
And caught plentiful schools of reassuring comments
Now all you get is the boot
You fell for the bait and got hooked on what you
thought I was
Now we're both struggling to win this tug of war of the
worlds
Where we breathe the same air, it's just done
differently
And I'm tryin to figure out ways to have comfortably
survive outside your element
Compromising intelligence
I dabbled in watered down thoughts that filtered in
from the main stream
I'm offering mind altering ideas that make the most
quiet natured brain scream
from exposure to the types of things that won't
necessarily make you happier
They'll just give you a greater range of emotions
And I can feel myself getting lured into deeper oceans
of ??
Where people think they're as safe as cartoons simply
because they speak in bubbles
A sanitized safe-haven where you could face Satan and
have his faith straightened
His new goal would be to dethrone Poseidon and have
Neptune's place taken
They'd swashbuckle with their pitchforks
While Lucifer shit talks and rips forts of coral reef
For relief they be like "bitch walk"
From this oversized aquarium that daddy kept cleanly
to unhealthy degrees
Writing suicide notes with invisible ink on
transparencies

And posting them to the glass boundaries that
surround the seas of change
Strangely enough, while bringing back the real
I could sense intense resistance so I had no other
choice but to cut the line
I'm not saying you're overly naive
I just think you should get into the habit of seeing when
strings are attached
Fortunate for you I'm compassionate enough to throw
back what I catch
If it's underdeveloped and needs time to grow
Though I'm remorseful of the pain I've caused you
And I want to kiss your lips better
I sympathize with the sorrow by stroking the scar
of my own traumatic experience with my
excommunicated tongue
Say I know exactly what you mean when you say it hurts
too much to talk
I've been there; I don't plan on returning cause
No matter how much distance I kept or how long I
waited for my wounds to heal
They'd re-open with the slightest flashback
So I sued time for malpractice
That bastard's a hack with a rusty scalpel and barbed-
wire stitch thread
Instead of seeing things clearly, they're pitched red
And there's this glitch in my head that's got me
thinking contradictions, it said:
"There are more fish in the sea
Whether you hear me not or you listen to me
Whether you listen to me or hear me not
There are more microorganisms in my teardrop"
But fear not, I'd never sink as low as to make my ears
pop
And I imagine now you only want to swim with members
of your own league
And you don't need me meddling, sending sonar
signals
High pitched notes are symbols, my voice has grown
far
But ripples are only caused when you cast stones
But you shouldn't throw rocks if you live in fragile
fairytales

Girl: "This really means something to me; I'll always
treasure it as a token"

Guy: "No you won't, cause this is for the girl who loves
me

The girl who cares about me for who I am, not what I
look like

I just wanted you to know you'd be missing

You think I don't appreciate art, you think I don't
understand fashion
You think I'm not "hip", you think I'm pathetic
A nerd, a lard-ass, fatso, you think I'm shit
Well you're wrong, cause I'm champagne
And you're shit, until the day you die
You, not me, will always be shit"

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