

ICICLES MELTING

Lyrics and music by Mark Osier

Fish without bicycles are like the stars within the skies
As Mother Earth reaches out her hand to touch the sun

And armadillos look like speedbumps but that doesn't mean they have no souls
So semi-trucks are actually mass-murdering machines

Creative writing (like this song please buy my album)
Is the highest form of literary art that there can be

So I'll raise my voice in song - singing now the songs of whales
And adding my own words to them so you'll know what they mean

I looked out my window once - staring at the autumn leaves
Their red and orange told me that my pancakes had all burned

And this is the verse that I get all angry
Because the world isn't how I want it to be
So I'll sing loud in a minor key
And claim that nobody cares but me
But all I did to change it was to write this little song
Let me play it now for you

(Instrumental)

Now this song is over now so I'll go back up to my room
And remember that a dying dream sounds like icicles melting