

# Barren Sea

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## *Aquatic*

### *(verse 1)*

I saw you underwater in a Robert Hayden piece  
Matching them fish gill for gill, shinin' with your man-made sharpened teeth.  
Saw me on the pier, you rose from the water  
Did I stutter? What are you doing on Saturday night?  
Saturday night.

### *(chorus)*

I guess it would suffice to lead this submerged weekend kind of life.  
We'd get the bends on our way back up but we're never coming home again.  
We're all that's left the blind, blonde dumb smokin ' too many cigarettes.  
How do we breathe? Our lungs turn blue and our faces are black and green.

### *(verse 2)*

State lines look alright to you  
but I'm staring at the fault line Barren Sea.  
Could we somehow combine the two?  
To make some sense of you and me.