

# Poseidon

Deep down in that ocean  
Way down where those little fish hide  
There's this big, big kinda of guy  
Sits, and thinks about what's in the sky

What ya doing up there?  
Why you always throwing all that stuff where I am?  
Now I'm thinkin I gotta come out of my place  
You've been running, running, and killing your race

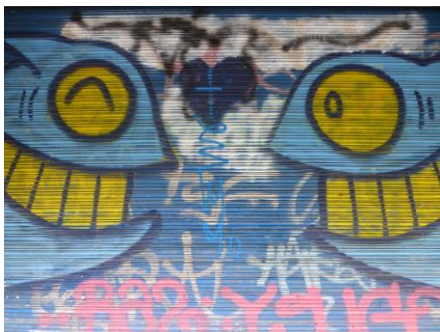
But I'm going to live in my ocean,  
and I'm not going to buy, no more bacteria,  
no more down here going to die for the sake of pollution!  
Where my little fish hide

I'm begging you no more, you better start trying  
Take Better care of this place, stop fucking around  
You better stop messin, messin, and stop messin around  
What's wrong with your brains, what's wrong with you guys  
Sittin here and telling all of your lies, one right after the one  
Tearing with lightning and playing with guns

It's not so much more funny, you can run or you can hide  
No, no nothing, nothing funny, you're, you're a real small guy  
I'm telling you, you better, you better understand  
You're living in my ocean now and I've got the hand

To wipe you away and make you go somewhere else  
Wash you away to somewhere else, and make you say goodbye  
And I'm just that, that, that sort of guy, to make you go away  
You you might, you might just have to say

I'm sorry for all that I've done  
And if you don't say I'm sorry  
I've got nowhere to run  
And I'm going to tell you, GOODBYE



Written by: Will Charles  
Good Farmer Productions