

Amphibian

Laura Stevenson and the Cans

A E D E A D A

A E D E A

A E D A E A  
the salt in the swill, it builds bridges around me

A E D A E  
and as for the villains it burns up holes in the soles

F#m E  
of all the dirty feet, yeah burn em up to smithereens

A E D E A D A

A E D E A

A E D A E  
the water is stained, with oranges and greens

A E D A E  
mosquito planes, and prehistoric submarines

F#m E  
all in smithereens

A E  
battered by the bruisers of the neighborhood the neighbor  
F#m D A D A  
hood they try to break the shells

A E F#m D  
oh the neighborhood, the neighborhood, they try to break  
A D A  
the shells

D A F#m E  
and they ll go seining amongst the krill and all the killies

D A F#m F E  
while entertaining thoughts of fishing me out

A E D E A  
but I am amphibian, oh what a lucky state to be in

D E A  
when you try to push me in

D E A E D  
or pull me out to dry up on the shore, oh

**A** **E**  
2 oxygens, 2 hydrogen 1 oxygen

**D E A D E A D E A D E A**  
oh H2O, oh O2, I breathe both without you

**D E A D E A D E A D E A**  
H2O, oh O2, I breathe both without you