

Big Fish

Kingfisher Sky

Sitting under an orange tree, the father, his big fish and me
Now he could tell a tale or two with his scales so silver blue
The violins are playing some old forgotten song

The clouds of silver purple grey
they go pick up my dreams and wash them all away
They're telling stories everyday
and then from town to town, they go there separate ways

The shoes where hanging in that tree, close to a big old mounta
in.
And in the end he really met his father's friend there in the f
ountain.
The violins are playing a tune I know

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They're telling stories everyday
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