

## Steeple

Dispatch

I heard a story about a boy, who was swept off the deck  
the sweeping tide swept the sea over his neck  
but it did not end there, the boy began to swim  
and dared to the sea that dared to invade him

did you ever want to know me  
did you ever feel like I could  
it's a silent steeple that carries us down  
it's a silent steeple

but the sea wouldn't so much as reply  
so the boy swore to the ships that were fated to die  
red sky at night, sailors take delight  
red sky in the morning, sailors take warning  
sail on, take it back, sail on, take it back, sail on, take it  
back

we were going with the wind in our hair  
and we didn't want to look back 'cause if we did We would not c  
are

and if we all were to die now  
well it wouldn't be that bad  
'cause the boy in the waves said he'd give us everything, every  
thing he had  
to go on and trace that scar, like we did ten years before

sail on, take it back, sail on, take it back, sail on, take it  
back  
sail on, take it back, sail on, take it back, sail on, take it  
back