

# Call Me Ishmael

Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly

It's one of those times that I,  
Can't seem to find the words or thoughts,  
These hazy eyes, the perfect partner to my weary mind,  
And its not been a matter of days  
In fact its felt like an age since I last sat down or,  
Saw a town that wasn't linked by shores.

And fatigues soon ignored,  
As your feet hit the board, or as the beat hits the  
floor,  
These are the moments that we live for,  
The ones who constantly try, to appease our nine to  
fives  
They are the ones that justify, all the things that we  
forsake.

You are not your job, and you are not the clothes you  
wear,  
You are the words that leave your mouth so speak up,  
speak up loud,  
For none of us want to sit,  
In evaluations taking notes for hours,  
We're all sick and tired of waiting, lets set sail.

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Why do we look to the tide when,  
We find that our minds are getting stale,  
Why does it bag me this place on the waves,  
And are we looking for meaning, from demeaning,  
The soul destroying task,  
We do all the time on the shore.

And as I picture you on the television,  
Talking all the seller hook past all the people  
walking,  
Its about then that I realise that your the same as me,  
So call me Ishmael, we are all striving for,  
The thing that makes this grind worth surviving baby,  
I won't wait long for one little moment,  
Where our dream's to feel alive.

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