

## Land

Joe Henry

I never could sleep well  
out on the water  
But I'm too heartsick to be awake  
for any chatter

Days of falling gray I see  
Have risen to my knees  
And the smell of rotting clothes  
Has set into the ladder

The air has kept us drunk enough  
And the dancing pennywhistle  
Has filled us with unspoken fear  
That our course has been a certain

But if we live to touch the sand  
We won't care if we don't understand  
And none of us would dare admit  
That this has not been worth it

I bring no name with me  
And the burden is my jewel  
That I lay upon the wall  
The gate of the city

And if I finally walk on through  
I'll leave it open for you  
But don't ask for kindness or silver  
I won't have any

So I hold myself in place  
My foot against the braces  
Rest my head upon my chest  
Holding each arm with the other

And if I dream of better times  
- Ahead of me or left behind -  
I'll curse the drink that gives me hope  
And have myself another