

Castaways

Kris Kristofferson

One day as I was sailin' on the Carribean Sea
I spied a little fishin' vessel wrapped in nameless weed
Her sails were torn and tattered and her wheel was spinning free
I told myself that little boat sure looks a lot like me

As I pulled along beside her and I climbed upon her deck
In the silence I could feel the hair a risin' on my neck
I thought as I walked through the empty quarters down below
That lost abandoned vessel was the sister of my soul

'Cause like a ship without a rudder I'm just driftin' with the tide
Each day I'm drawin' closer to the brink
Just a speck up on the waters of an ocean deep and wide
I won't even make a ripple when I sink

In the emptiness my footsteps were like echoes in a cave
That seemed to say there ain't no healing 'neath this floating grave
When I scrabbled to the deck, my ship had vanished like a dream
Leavin' nothing but the lonely waves to hear my silent scream

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