

Lost Coastlines

Okkervil River

Packed and all eyes turned in, no one to see on the quay. No one waving
for me just the shoreline receding. Ticket in my hand and thinking wish I
didn't hand it in. Cause who said sailing is fine? leaving behind all the
faces that I might replace if I tried on that long ride, looking deep inside
but I don't want to look so deep inside yet.

Sit down, sit down on the prow to wave bye, there might not be another
stop, further on the line. Look out, look out at each town that glides by,
and there's another crowd, to drown in crying eyes. And see how that
light you love now just won't shine, there might just be another star,
that's high and far in some other sky.

We sing, is that marionette real enough yet to step off of that set to decide
what her hands might be doing. Ruining the play to in the ensuing melee
escape. We packed up all of our bags the ship's deck now sags from the
weight of our tracks as we pace beneath flags black and battered rattling
our swords in service of some fated foreign lord.

We sail out on order from him but we find that the maps he sent to us
don't mention lost coastlines. Where nothing we've actually seen has been
mapped or outlined, we don't recognize the names upon these signs.

And every night finds us rocking and rolling on waves wild and wide, well
we have lost our way, nobody's gonna say it outright. Just go la la la la la
la la la la...