

The Captain

The Knife

Coming home after a long, long walk
Coming home after a dozen of walks
Coming home after a long, long war
Coming home after a dozen of wars

We are out of wind
We have pockmarked chin
We have lots of water
We turn the other cheek and we win

One thousand stories and there's always more
We've been offered one more lap to go
In my hand I hold a key
It's dear to me cause I know where it leads

We are out of wind
We have pockmarked chin
We have all this water
We turn the other cheek with a grin