

Nautical Disaster

The Tragically Hip

I had this dream where I relished the fray
And the screaming filled my head all day
It was as though I'd been spit here
Settled in, into the pocket of a lighthouse
On some rocky socket, off the coast of France, dear

One afternoon, four thousand men died in the water here
And five hundred more were thrashing madly
As parasites might in your blood
Now I was in a lifeboat designed for ten and ten only
Anything that systematic would get you hated

It's not a deal nor a test nor a love of something fated down
The selection was quick, the crew was picked in order
And those left in the water got kicked off our pant leg
And we headed for home

Then the dream ends when the phone rings
You doing alright, he said it's out there
Most days and nights, but only a fool would complain
Anyway Susan, if you like our conversation
Faint as a sound in my memory
As those fingernails scratching on my hull

© LITTLE SMOKE MUSIC;