

On My Way

American Music Club

Neptune's the scary soldier who always wants to show you his gun
A drum beat beyond my champagne sparkle kick and snare
From the edge of the world where the waltzes play
I'm on my way

The North Sea ferry shudders all along its iron wall
Full of soldiers who mob the bar where I'm trying to sleep
Who drink toasts to those who can't believe any more
I'm on my way

My sunsets are all one-sentence postcards
I can see you holding them in your beautiful hands
As I hold my nose to the heart I always betray
I'm on my way

Past the container port floodlights and the mountains of souls
Past abandoned sailboats, rotten sticks and stones
Past the lighthouse, the land's last shining hope
Sneaking towards the edge of the world, hoping to live beyond our sins
And you can't feel the ship move but you can see the earth spin
Into a darkness like a fist that absorbs everything we try
Maybe I'm finally about to see what's right before my eyes
I'm on my way

You should be here instead of me
You could always love your enemy
I was born with no love for anything but I can't look away
I'm on my way