

## The Boatman

Balthazar

Well it was yoyo, I suppose,  
I play like fashion comes and goes.  
I can't set my mind on you.  
Yes I lied about those lovers,  
That they were just some kind of cover  
For the nights we used to share.  
I've seen this water a lot before,  
Still I cross it once more.

I shook the hand of the boatman  
Who would take me back along the bridges I burnt  
The bridges I burnt  
The bridges I burnt by now

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There are taking bets,  
Living all around our bed,  
For I can't see my thoughts on you.  
And I reduced them to a scratch.  
You know, just some pre-fucked-up match  
For the nights we used to share.  
But I don't believe I care.

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