

The Ship

Ben Weasel

My ship's coming in,
And I'm watching it from within.
My brain says move ahead,
Even though the waves are crashing in my head
In my head, (something)
On my heart and my head's screaming for a break, a break
The undertow is dragging me away
My brain is water, my brain is beating fast.

My ship's lurching in,
And I've lost most of your crew,
The sky's folding in,
And the water's freezing,
My ship's coming in.

Attached, so awkward little arms and legs
I crash and float on frigid
Water's towards the land at last, oasis, tears fall
I hold out my hands, hopeless tears fall
I hold out my hands.