

## Set The Sails

Dan Mangan

You decide to be alone  
And hell it's cold enough to hibernate  
So let her drift into the snow  
It's where she chooses how to operate  
It might be time to pack her in  
Set the sails and just get all the way  
Maybe east or something  
The west was overrated anyway  
And the storms coming down  
These old walls are wearing thin  
There's an ache to this town  
And something's gotta give in  
When digging for gold, and coming  
Out dry  
Just a matter of time  
Just a matter of time

So you decide to be alone  
And sometimes loneliness

Can be your friend  
So let me drift into the snow  
It's where I'm tempted most to make amend  
We can wash our hands of all of this  
And we can hide behind shit eating grins  
It's probably something I missed  
I wasn't listening when I should have been  
And the storm's coming down  
And these old walls are wearing thin  
There's an ache to this town  
And something's gotta give in  
When digging for gold  
And coming out dry  
Just a matter of time  
Just a matter of time