

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