

A pox, a pox, upon this ground
I'd give it up just to burn it down
And if they die here, you can blame it on me
I've been setting up gravestones in my hometown
I wish I had been born at sea
Then you wouldn't care, and you wouldn't know me
Ebb and flow, they just won't carry me home
It's only water and air as far as I can see

Ah-ooh, ohh
Ah-ooh, ohh
Ah-ooh, ohh
Ah-ooh, ohh

There was a time when you would let me know
Because your words weren't taken by your indigo
And I could write it all down in a matter of lines
To read back what we had from a previous time
My ancestral passage here was written down each year by year
But the map is too old, see, they've forgotten the roads
And so we're living by the creases

Ah-ohh, ah-ohh
Ah-ohh, ah-ohh
Ah-ohh, ah-ohh
Ah-ohh, ah-ohh

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