

At the Sea

I Am Kloot

One day, where the shoreline breaks,
We'll write in sand all our mistakes,
For the sea to wash away,
And you shall sit with me.

And the car crashed, some one night stand,
A cocaine nose job, numb right hand,
Expecting some kind of reprimand,
It's way too late for that.

Fortune hasn't robbed me blind,
But caressed the corners of my mind,
It came to see what it could find,
Before I slipped away.

For I walked the shores of its afternoons,
Beneath the sky still hung with jewels,
Caressed by clouds and bloody fools,
Who have so much to say.

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At the sea.