

When we get back to winthrop
A few miles from the airport
On a plastic chair
On a deck where my friends live
I watch the taking off airplanes
I watch the ocean waves crashing
With all of this movement something's got to give

Down at the hi-tide
Passed down through the family
The fishermen gather to complain about the catch
They talk about time
They talk about tides
The pull of the moon and the coffee deep night black
And I listen to them
And I listen to you
And for everyone there is something never coming back

But for all that we've been through
For all that we've promised
Your wayward direction seems insensible
Words fall off like breathless fish
All flopping and scattered
And hearts picked over deemed dispensible

Down at the hi-tide
We're there for our last meal
The broken loaves are still enough for all
And we talk about time
And we talk about tides
Under the moon with the deep night coffee black
I hear the dim roar of the last flight out
And for someone there is someone never coming back

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