

Six long months at sea,  
now a warmer current brings  
echoed fragments of a song I think we wrote.  
With a worn thin book of maps  
and our faith so full of holes  
it's a miracle we even stayed afloat.  
We could taste the salt through our fingertips  
and knew the time had come,  
so we said goodbye to the lives we'd lived  
and pulled our anchor up.  
Now we scrape the barnacles from our hearts  
and we row the boat to shore, hallelujah.  
You can feel the end even as we start.  
We row the boat to shore, hallelujah.  
Just done letting go all the things I used to own.  
Now I guess the tides are changing once again.  
I got so goddamned good at navigating on my own,  
but I guess it's time to bring the old boat in.  
Well, I've worked so hard to get my sea legs,  
and I've earned these calloused hands.  
But I drank this ocean down to the dregs;  
now I'm thirsty for dry land.  
Now I scrape these barnacles from my heart  
and I row the boat to shore, hallelujah.  
I heard sirens sing themselves apart,  
so I row the boat to shore.  
I row the boat to shore, hallelujah