

# No Ship

Jay Brannan

there's no ship in the harbour  
there's no horse in this town  
not one dick left in the city  
that can verb this stubborn noun  
tom this harry down  
your dollar's at the bottom of a bottle  
i bet the farm on the top of this well  
we both pop lies to sleep at night  
choose heaven or hell  
win no prize nobel  
win no prize nobel  
win no prize

i gotta lotta little puzzle pieces  
but not a lotta box top to spare  
more candy store than trojan war  
i'm no super spy  
just some gap-tooth guy  
just some gap-tooth guy

i need a little direction  
is this a riddle or scam?  
i stared right in the eyes of love  
cut & fade to black  
love never looks back  
love never looks back  
love never

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