

From The Stem

Joshua Burnside

Old wine, trainers, cheap wine, wine
Board games and bored southern kids
We could live here right on the shore
Right under the table
The man at the door, he is speaking in tongues
All money and war, but the hardest rain falls on the ocean
Hardest rain falls on the ocean

Weaken and claw her head
Well I don't mind just walking around
If we're lost then we're found
If the Sun killed the moon
The spot called a crown
We're all we need now, now

From the stem to the stern
I pace the deck
Trying to remember, trying to forget
How the world spins, oh the world spins
Maybe it don't

The sun it is falling into the sea
Creating a hole that will eventually
Drain the ocean and we can walk all the way home
From crab pinch to fox tooth we were born all alone
Born all alone
Born all alone