

# Shanty Of The Whale

Kt Tunstall

There's a jar of salt water, sits behind my eyes. If I tip to far over, you'll see it's no lie It's been there as long as I remember myself and trickles a little, when I'm by myself

I wove a great story, to tell all who'd hear Of murder and theft, and a message so clear If for all of the glory, your heart is the cost That jar of salt water, will be shattered and lost

But a foul wind was blowing, so mean and so still Stirring the fate, to make real of my tale And I like a boat, on a langourous sea Was blind to the dangers, that hankered for me

The killer, he hooked me, and reeled me in I looked in his eyes and saw nothing within As soon as I saw him, I knew I would die Two moonless black oceans, in sockets bone dry

My bones for the doorframe, my skull for the wall A loft on a placard, on a prominent wall My skin for a blanket, to scare winds so wild My heart on the table, my teeth for the child

But what if the water, salt secrets I held Unkindly discovered, as here I tell I see through the walls, so I'll sing it myself My salt water sits, in a jar on the shelf