

Fairbanks, Alaska

Larkin Poe

Holy Mary on a chain round the rearview
Dust before him dust behind
He's got thirty dollars and hopes for a clear view of the open
sky

Florence, Alabama is a long ways away from
Fairbanks, Alaska where he longs to be
Val is for a good fight he's racin' with the sun
To sail the open sea
A fisherman to be

And he calls himself a lover
With his nets in the morning tide
But with his knife in the back of his brother
He's got a devil inside
Oh, come and cleanse me ocean
Come and cleanse my eyes
Oh, rock me now sweet ocean
Wash away the pain inside
God god god, ya know why I tried

See the moon through the glass of the windshield
See the sun rise through the after glow
One foot on the gas one stuck in a past
That tries to override the hope he feels inside

And he calls himself a lover
With his nets in the morning tide
But with his love in the back of his brother
He's got a devil inside
Come and wash me ocean
Come and cleanse my eyes
Oh, rock me now sweet ocean
Wash away the pain inside
God god god, ya know why I tried