Like Sailors

Magic Man

the eye of a single storm
it has your gaze like i recall from the olden days
why not love this rain, but it's how you feel
after all, after all

like lightning striking ground
i'll name this flood, and paint the town with the things
i've found
why not wait for rain, you'll know its real
after all,

i can do what i did; i'll fall asleep for islands

we burned up all the colors, made sure they got our names
drowning just like sailors, learning how to breathe
and all our older brothers took their notes from the
shore
shaking their umbrellas under the building roar

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