

# Sail On

Ryn Weaver

I took your hand and  
Held it in my clutch  
But it was never mine to hold  
You're loving something  
Of a Mida's touch  
The ones you need  
You turn to stone

Well sail on  
Sail on, till you're gone  
And then some  
With all your broken pieces, pieces

And now you're spewing out  
Those lonely lies  
You say you've changed it all around  
But you'll be gone again  
When the winds blow  
Oh sailor, another state to claim  
With your flag upon the ground

Well sail on  
Sail on, till you're gone  
And then some  
With all your broken pieces, pieces

How do I do to let it go  
Whatever time it'll take to break you  
Burden out lives  
And sound of sirens

Sail on! (etc.)