

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.)