

Carrier Pigeon

Surfer Blood

Looking back, back at his mother
But she had vanished
Yeah, she was gone
Cast off amongst the shoppers
Right where she vanished
In aisles remote

In a universe with room to grow:
Try and find my way in the dark
But we can't even see who we are

Drifting far from the harbor
Without a paddle
Without a prayer

Crying in outdoor furniture
Almost colliding
With shopping carts
When you're ready, when you're ready
When you're ready, when you're ready

In a bloated universe we're lost
Try and find my way in the dark
Try and find the keys to my car
And the world is tipping over
The salt of the earth is blowing in the solar wind

Reunited once again
I love you son and I love you mother more
My plates are expired
I'm writing rubber checks in grocery stores
I drove all night and my eyes are tired
I bit my nails to the quick before I reached your door

When I was seventeen I had a beatific vision
That I flew away on the wings of a carrier pigeon
Out of stagnant humidity
Out of growing complacency
From a brackish pond to a raging sea
From a certainty to no guarantee

I know you swam upstream for most of your life
Dodging the grizzlies. My sister and I
Thank you for all the sacrifices you made for us
But it's a different world than the one you knew
And kids gotta do what they gotta do
And maybe there were things that were shitty about the old world too

Yeah, the old world (Yeah, the old world)
Yeah, the old world too (Yeah, the old world too)
Yeah, the old world too (Yeah, the old world too)
And, the old world too (Yeah, the old world too)
Yeah, the old world too (Yeah, the old world too)
And, the old world too (Yeah, the old world too)
Yeah, the old world (Yeah, the old world)
Uh, uh, uh, uh