Shipboard Cook

Third Eye Blind

I want to go to the ocean and send a postcard of my loneliness
Forgetting you is so elusive I'd runaway but it's always this
You're the only one I love
It's always been you
And I wish I was conscripted in the merchant Marines
Shanghaied into service of sails and machines
Just to stay alive

And my sister keeps it simple she's the shipboard cook
She can drive a line but if you take a look
She's kind of worried though

Cause I keep hoping you will find me, hoping you will find me

I'm always a ghost

I tried gypsy table wrappings and séance stunts
I keep an open mind but I think it's just a front
I want to believe it though
My sister says forget her boy that's all that you need
She's pitching magical elixir's in bottles full of mead for a broken heart
It's too late for that

So line 'em up boys here's to your youth
Sing loud enough to tell the truth
I lost myself that's why I lost you
Oh let go of that whipping post
I'm always a ghost

You're about as haunted as a darkened basement
I got all the chances of a dog In a settlement
I live by secret she'll never tell
I ride alone without them on a deep sea swell
I heard there's someone new and she starts to talk
She's the Merry widow on the Widow's Walk
And the fear is I'm no one no matter where you are
In this twisted fucked up film noir

And I'm hoping you will find me

So line 'em up boys here's to your youth
Sing loud enough to tell the truth
I lost myself and that's why I lost you
Oh let go of that whipping post
I'm always a ghost
I'm always a ghost

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