

Hunting Trip

Captain, We're Sinking

Next to your favorite tools
A thermos keeps your warm
Wearing hand-me-down boots
That your father had worn
You wear a winter hat
And with your freezing hands
You keep your finger on the trigger
But you just sit and stare
At the grass moving in the morning breeze
You said the dirt felt softer down on your knees
And now you look at your hands
And they start to shake
And now you look at your hands
And they don't look the same

In the pickup truck that your father died in
You have pictures of your brother playing with his three kids
And then you look at your hands
And they start to shake

And then you look at your hands
And they don't look the same

You're red-eyed on the ride home
Back from your mother's house
Where she was on her seventh glass
And now you're filled with doubt
That you'll ever be something in her eyes
Something so much more
Than just the reason that she started drinking for

You can't ever go back
I know you want to
I know you want to
You can't ever go back
I know you want to
I know you want to

It was on that hunting trip when you were a kid
You lost your father
Now you can't hide from it