

The Bonney Anne

Firewater

The city cries tonight
Streets are wet with tears
I've walked along these shores
Thirty-seven years

My eyes are drowned tonight
Throat cannot sing
I drift into a monsoon sky
On troubled wings

Aboard the Bonney Anne
Aboard the Bonney Anne

You lie alone tonight
In a bed of wood
Just try to dream about
Days that were good

The moon you knew is rising behind
The sweet smoke of death
Aboard the Bonney Anne tonight
I can feel your breath

Aboard the Bonney Anne
Aboard the Bonney Anne
Aboard the Bonney Anne

After all this cheap suspense
And torture by degrees
The rain comes down like a reminder
Of everything that's free

We wander through this world
Of misery and shame
Maybe we'll meet someday
Wrapped in sheets of rain

Aboard the Bonney Anne
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