

Out to Sea

Fit For An Autopsy

The old man is gone, I hope he's drifting out to sea
He always loved to swim away
First the bottle, then the drugs, then the apathy
Maybe he'll find an island with a sycamore shaded tree
Just like the one in our yard
Just like when it was him and me

Everything you love lets you down
Every wish sails away, every ounce of hope drowns
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