

# If I Had a Boat

James Vincent McMorrow

Golden, golden, golden river run  
To the East then drop beneath the sun  
And as the moon lies low and overhead  
We're lost

Burn slow, burning up the back wall  
Long roads, where the city meets the sky  
Most days, most days stay the sole same  
Please stay, for this fear it will not die

If I had a boat, I would sail to you  
Hold you in my arms, ask you to be true  
Once I had a dream, it died long before  
Now I'm pointed north, hoping for the shore

Down low, down amongst the thorn rows  
Weeds grow, through the lilies and the vine  
Birds play, try to find their own way  
Soft clay, on your feet and under mine

If I had a boat, I would sail to you  
Hold you in my arms, ask you to be true  
Once I had a dream, it died long before  
Now I'm pointed north, hoping for the shore

Splitting at the seams  
Heaving at the brace  
Sheets all billowing  
Breaking of the day  
Sea is not my friend  
And everyone conspires  
Still I choose to swim  
Slip beneath the tide

Once I had a dream  
Once I had a hope  
That was yesterday  
Not so long ago  
This is not the end  
This is just the world  
Such a foolish thing  
Such an honest girl

If I had a boat, I would sail to you  
Hold you in my arms, ask you to be true  
Once I had a dream, it died long before  
Now I'm pointed north, hoping for the shore