

Lost At Seaflower Cove

Laura Veirs

Oh the dirty wordless fingers come again
Where the mermaid singers
Oh when I need them
Oh how I need them

Pretty words doled up on silver platters
Chanting sea shanties the words that matter
Oh how they shatter me

Tattooed sailor man pull that net from the sea
Is there something good inside there for me
Something for me
No more rusty strings not these deadened things