

i can't see my hands in front of my face on a night like this i
just look back on my life and think of all i've missed i grew
up south of here in towns they tore apart for coal as if to excavate the darkest secrets of my soul

so it seems life is just a troubled sea that we sail for free don't let me drown if the rest of the world's goin' down you've got to breathe your breath in me

everybody's story is more interesting than mine it took me twenty-some-odd-years to see i'd been born blind

so i just feel my way to you i try to keep you close i'm never very good at getting what I need the most

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the darkest part of every night is just before the dawn the sun begins to rise when we admit that we were wrong

so here i stumble home to you to find the words to use it seems the voices in my head i seldom get to choose

so it seems life is just a troubled sea that we sail for free don't let me drown