

Beached Sailor

Swingin' Utters

Off all the blessed intervals that defined ourselves as one I may remember only the last, as it's the interval you won I've thought about it and I just don't know (don't know quite where to go) I've been trying to relax, but can't remember how (a bit of rest is what I need now)

I've been a sailor, but a sailor who has never left his land who's tried to occupy an unstable mind with ridiculous daydreams now come the testing times where I dip my small toe in though the deepest waters freeze, if I jump in I'll be free I'm all along, and that's just as well (Without you facts do tell) fond whispers of unfound secrets, I still can't hear them so pray tell I can't accept it, (I'm a beached sailor) cause I don't understand it (I'm a beached sailor) I'm lying stranded, (I'm a beached sailor) like a beached sailor