Lost Coastlines (Edit)

Okkervil River

Packed and all eyes turned in, no one to see on the key.
No one waving for me just the shoreline receding.
Ticket in my hand and thinking wish I didn't hand it in.
Cause who said sailing is fine?
Leaving behind all the faces that I might replace if I tried on that long ride,
Looking deep inside but I don't want to look so deep inside yet.Sit down, sit down on the proud wave bye,
There might not be another star, farther on the line.
Look out, look out at each town that glides by,
And there's another crowd, to drown in crying eyes.
And see how that light you love now just won't shine,
There might just be another star, that's high and far in some other sky.We sing, is that marionette real enough yet to step off of that set
And decide what a dance might mean to it.
Ruining the place where the ensuing may lay escape.
We packed up all of our bags the ship's deck now sags
From the weight of our tracks as we pace beneath flags
Black and battered rattling our swords in service of some fated, foreign, war.And Jonathan says we sail out on order of him
But we find that the maps he sent to us don't mention lost coastlines.
Where nothing we've actually seen has been mapped or outlined
And we don't recognize the names upon strange signs.

Songwriters
WILL ROBINSON SHEFFPublished by
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/