The Boat (Live at The Grist Mill)

Chuck Ragan

Some days we're ripped and torn away
From the shore and tossed to a watery grave
Set adrift in the depths of the drink in the hands of the gods we curseWe call for help when no one's around
Shot down fleeting thoughts never make a sound
Set adrift in the depths of the dark in the heart of the sea where we wishI feel it in my bones when the storm is close
Then await for the rain and the wind to blow
As dark colors fill the sky I'm drenched I'm feeling so alive
Eyes closed tight my ears open for the boatWe all carry the tune we love
Think of home when the waves and the going get tough
Hold our breath and go down with the wish of just one last kiss to rest

Songwriters
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