

Catcher Song

Great Lake Swimmers

Well the ropes are taut
And the stories have all been caught
There's a frost-cover drawn on the shore
And the catcher still seems to want more
Through the real and through the unreal
Not what you see but what you feel
And what transpires here
And what I hear transpires
And it falls, falls, falls
And it falls, falls, falls
It rises up, it rises up
And it falls, falls, falls
I just want to break even
I just want to pass on through
Like a ghost through a household tune
Under the light of the early dusk hues
Navigating and dealing extremes
Is not what at first it seems
And I keep my ship tight and true
For the next time that I will see you
And it falls, falls, falls
And it falls, falls, falls
It rises up, it rises up
And it falls, falls, falls

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