

# Lost Coastlines

## Okkervil River

Packed and all eyes turned in  
No one to see on the quay, 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 prow to wave by  
There might not be another star, further 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?  
You decide what her dance might mean to it  
Ruining the place where the ensuing melee 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 Lord And we sail out on orders from him  
But we find the maps he sent to us don't mention lost coastlines  
Where nothing we've actually seen has been mapped or outlined  
But we don't recognize the names upon these signs And every night finds us rocking and rolling  
On waves wild and wide  
Well, we have lost our way, nobody's gonna say it outright  
Just go la, la, la La, la, la  
La, la, la  
La, la, la  
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