

Sailor's Grave

The Falcon

Mother can you hear me?
Words freeze in frosty gasps.
I ate the dogs long ago, don't know if I can last.
I been talking to myself, wallowing in dirt.
I ain't much for company but this shit really hurts. So give me situation, give me Puck and Judd.
I hate those motherfuckers but at least they're pumping blood Daddy I got scared and you had to stop the car
while the blood ran out my nose
And you went into the bar.
I ain't clever, I ain't brave. I got nothing left to say.
I am but a sailor, this is but a sailor's grave. I ain't clever, I ain't brave. I got nothing left to say.
I am but a sailor, this is but a sailor's grave. Oh. We all march forward, just singing songs of war
With our painted volleyballs riding on that painted horse
And our voices echo over the sand
Wandering these deserts where the windmills run the land I ain't clever, I ain't brave. I got nothing left to say.
I am but a sailor, this is but a sailor's grave. I ain't clever, I ain't brave. I got nothing left to say.
I am but a sailor, this is but a sailor's grave.
I ain't clever, I ain't brave. I got nothing left to say.
I am but a sailor, this is but a sailor's grave. I ain't clever, I ain't brave. I got nothing left to say.
I am but a sailor
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