My First Born For A Song

Bell X1

Somewhere in this sea of Club Milks
Tea and ashtray, there is a song
I'm in the crow's nest with binoculars
Just waiting for one to come alongI've seen the flare so I know it's there
Has me tied up at a rate of knots
No navigation, global positioning
Just me and this midnight oilSo take me to your king
I hear he's the man to see
And I will cross his palmMy first born for a song
My first born for a song
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My first born for a songSomewhere in this froth and howling wind
There's something worth singing
Climb into the attic to write me a classic
But it's not happening, it's just Christmas up hereBetween the phone calls and text messages
The air must be thick with words, but not between us
Shoulder to grindstone, switching to manual
Keep the head down and I'll see you at the endSo take me to your king
I hear he's the man to see
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