New South Wales

Jason Isbell

Here we sit
Across the table from each other
A thousand miles from both our mothers,
Barely old enough to rustHere we sit
Pretending both our hearts are anchors
Taking candy from these strangers
Amidst the diesel and the dustAnd here we sit
Singing words nobody taught us
Drinking fire, and spitting sawdust,
Trying to teach ourselves to breatheWe haven't yet,
But every chorus brings us closer
Every flyer and every poster
Gives a piece of what we needAnd the sand that they call cocaine cost you twice as much as gold
You'd be better off to drink your coffee black
But I swear, the land it listened to the stories that we told
God bless the busted boat that brings us backMorning's rough
It don't give a damn about the mission
Has no aesthetic or tradition,
Only lessons never learnedAnd I'd had enough
About a month ago tomorrow
Parting holds no trace of sorrow
For the bitter and the burnedAnd the piss they call tequila even Waylon wouldn't drink
Well I'd rather sip this Listerine I packed
But I swear, we've never seen a better place to sit and think
God bless the busted ship that brings us backAnd the sand that they call cocaine cost you twice as much as gold
You'd be better off to drink your coffee black
But I swear, the land it listened to the stories that we told
God bless the busted boat that brings us back

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