

# Captains and Cruise Ships

## Owl City

I am stuck in L.A through the week, and cant get away  
And youre alone on the pier in West Palm Beach on your holiday  
Stormy nights re-awake the stomachache that Ive acquired  
From feeling down, things look grim and Im so sick, of being tired  
Apartment lights go dark, and its depressing  
but what can I do?  
Midnight streets feel dead, when I am so used to driving with you  
Brighter lights fill the nights and bluer skies  
reflect in your eyes  
As I inspect and analyze all these dreams I dont recognize  
If youre still up when the ships in the port, prepare to set sail  
Comb the beach and put those blue flowers up in your ponytail  
Inside my head your voice is still resounding but  
what can I do?  
The empty rooms feel cold when I am so used to being with you  
Count the stars, watch the waves, absorb the  
summer sun and think of me  
When you explore hidden coves and tiny island chains throughout the sea  
Can you still hear my voice when Im outside from over the phone?  
For what its worth darling dear, I wish you were here cause I feel alone  
When you were home, wed sing but  
since youve left I dont hear anything  
And though I feel so sad I cant believe things are really that bad  
Old captains and brand new cruise ships  
Sailing over the briny sea  
When I crash my beloved desk job  
And swim through the debris  
Ill cut loose and leave this madhouse  
Bound for the Atlantic blue  
Ill stroll down your tree-lined driveway  
And sail the ocean with you

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