

# 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 along I'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 oil So take me to your king  
I hear he's the man to see  
And I will cross his palm My first born for a song  
My first born for a song  
My first born for a song  
My first born for a song Somewhere 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 here Between 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 end So take me to your king  
I hear he's the man to see  
And I will cross his palm My first born for a song  
My first born for a song  
My first born for a song  
My first born for a song Take me to your king  
I hear he's the man to see  
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