Cast Anchor

Atlas Losing Grip

Once I had this urge to go sailing
Leaving the shore in a boat of wood
Sailing, sailing on, all alone

I will cast anchor a place where it's calm
And stay for a while
Sit back and wonder how things are down under
And smile

Not the urge to go somewhere else
Not the urge to blow away
Not the urge to travel far
But the urge for standstill

I can imagine the fine weather
Sunrays playing between kind waves
A jumping fish says hello
And the birds are singing

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