

Lost Coastlines

Okkervil River

Packed and all eyes turned in
No one to see on the quay, no one waving for me
Just the shoreline receding
Ticket in my hand and thinking wish I didn't hand it in 'Cause who said sailing is fine?
Leaving behind all the faces that I might replace
If I tried on that long ride looking deep inside
But I don't want to look so deep inside yet Sit down, sit down on the prow to wave by
There might not be another star, further on the line
Look out, look out at each town that glides by
And there's another crowd to drown in crying eyes And see how that light you love now just won't shine
There might just be another star
That's high and far in some other sky We sing, is that marionette real enough yet
To step off of that set?
You decide what her dance might mean to it
Ruining the place where the ensuing melee escape We packed up all of our bags
The ship's deck now sags from the weight of our tracks
As we pace beneath flags black and battered
Rattling our swords in service of some fated, foreign Lord And we sail out on orders from him
But we find the maps he sent to us don't mention lost coastlines
Where nothing we've actually seen has been mapped or outlined
But we don't recognize the names upon these signs And every night finds us rocking and rolling
On waves wild and wide
Well, we have lost our way, nobody's gonna say it outright
Just go la, la, la La, la, la
La, la, la
La, la, la
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