

# If the Hudson Overflows

## Goldspot

What's the use in worrying about  
The ways in which the world might come to end  
When all along  
There's been a book  
On the side of the bed  
You never read, it's there  
Many years from now  
I know you'll hear me somehow  
When our bodies free our souls  
The places we will go  
What's the use in worrying about  
The ways in which the world might come to end  
When all along  
There's been a sign  
On the side of the road that you never knew was there  
Many years from now  
I know you'll hear me somehow  
When our bodies free our souls  
The places we will go  
And a tide rolls through our doors  
Darling sail, sail with me  
To another shore.  
I know it's hard enough baby  
To keep my head above water  
But I know you're strong enough, baby  
To stay afloat a bit longer  
The places we will go  
And a tide rolls through our doors  
Darling sail, sail with me  
To another shore  
Well, many years from now  
Many years from now  
All the places we will go  
The places we will go  
The places we will go  
The places, the places we will go

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