Trouble In Paradise

Eileen Quinn

You are the anchor draggin' through the coral of my heart
The bilge waste pumped upon my sea,
the wreckage scattered on the beach of my life,
why can't you just let me be?
Trouble in paradise, heartache afloat,
Looks like our love is goin' down with this boat!

You are the rust stain bleedin' down the side of my hull,
the "diesel smile" on my stern,
the green scum that's growin' on my waterline,
When am I ever gonna learn?
Trouble in paradise, heartache afloat,
Looks like our love is goin' down with this boat!

You are the plastic bag cloggin' my intake hose,
the fishin' net wrapped round my prop,
overheatin' my motor and shuttin' me down,
grindin' my life to a stop.
Trouble in paradise, heartache afloat,
Looks like our love is goin' down with this boat!

You are the gas generator in my quiet bay,
the music that blares all night long,
the halyard slappin' against the mast,
clangin' away like a gong!
Trouble in paradise, heartache afloat,
Looks like our love is goin' down with this boat!

You are the reef I run up on, hard aground,
when the tide is beginning to fall.
The towboat is circling like a shark,
I paid less for my boat than the call!
Trouble in paradise, heartache afloat,
Looks like our love is goin' down with this boat!

Your are the weevils infestin' my dry stores,
the mold under my shower grate,
the stalk of bananas rottin' on the rail,
the waste that won't macerate!
Trouble in paradise, heartache afloat,

Looks like our love is goin' down with this boat!

Trouble in paradise, dry rot in the wood,
You make singlehandin' look pretty damn good!

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