

St. Christopher

Nowherebound

Saint Christopher

Verse 1:

When I got lost in Austin,
Torn asunder, left for dead.
My future grave as gallows,
My past a bloody red.
I ran into an ancient friend,
From two lives past before.
Who told me over whiskey,
That he too had run ashore.
So I inked an anchor on my arm
And drew blood for the sea.
We threw the dice into the wind,
Saint Christopher and me.
And where the dice they settled,
We didn't care to see.
Till I was in a river.

Over Horizon,
It stretches out as far as eye can see.
A firebird rising,
Well, that'll do for me.

Verse 2:

The Ship she sailed like nothing else
That we had seen before.
She was a gilded phoenix,
The Devil's paramour.
But darkness veiled horizon
Hardly gave us time to think.
The blackest black of tempests roared
and She began to sink.
As tears diluted ocean
And hearts ruptured inside,
The bravest souls were waylaid
By the pull to break and hide.
And lone upon the shattered deck,
Saint Christopher and I

â€Took the ride.

An ocean rising,
Its tireless waves have come to bury us at sea.
I close my eyes and listen to her breathe.

Verse 3:

The sky was black as polished jet,
The waves a salty sting.
The troughs a plunge straight down to hell,
The crests where angels sing.
And just about the time I thought
Our ship would fall apart,
Saint Christopher produced a pen,
And plunged it in his heart.
And Oâ€™er salt and wood and iron and steel
The blood did flow.
Its words commanding silence,
The violence overthrown.
And though the squall has left its scars
Etched deep into the boneâ€™
On we goâ€™

Over horizon,
That line we'll never cross yet always strive to meet.
A new reprise, Saint Christopher and me.

Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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