

# Kalypso

## Sweet Billy Pilgrim

The tide will tug at my hips  
And the salt will dry upon my collar  
I'll have splinters for oars  
And I'll break her heart in fourteen places  
She'll make light of it all  
As I lay her low  
Oh Kalypso - Tell me to go  
We'll sleep to the creaking of timbers  
The pitch and yaw of empty vessels  
I'll plot points on a curve  
Oh my mutinous heart  
I can't overthrow  
Oh Kalypso - Tell me to go  
Maps that end where they begin  
Will guide us through these bitter winds  
Through seven years of sad goodbyes  
Two tiny ships on vast horizons

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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