

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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