

# Drunken Boat

## False Virgins

The wind was whipping shingle through the windows in the town  
A hail of stones across the roof, the slates came raining down  
A blade of light upon the spit came sweeping through the roar  
With me head inside a barrel and me leg screwed in the floor

Mother pack me bags because I'm off to foreign parts  
Don't ask me where I'm going 'cause I'm sure it's off the charts  
I'll pin your likeness on the wall right by my sleeping head  
I'll send you cards and letters so you'll know that I'm not dead

By this time in a week I should be far away from home  
Trailing fingers through the phospor or asleep in flowers of foam  
From Macao to Acapulco from Havana to Seville  
We'll see monoliths and bridges and the Christ up on the hill

An aria with the Russians at the piano in the bar  
With ice floes through the window we raised glasses to the Czar  
We squared off on a dockside with a couple a hundred Finns  
We dallied in the 'dilly and we soaked ourselves in gin

Now the only deck that I'd want to walk  
Are the stalks of corn beneath my feet  
And the only sea I want to sail  
Is the darkned pond in the scented dusk  
Where a kid grow's full of sadness  
Let's all go drifting out into the evening sun

We sailed through constellations and were ruttet by the storm  
I crumpled under cudgel blows and finally came ashore  
I spent the next two years or more just staring at the wall  
We went to sea to see the world and what d'you think we saw?

If we turned the table upside down and sailed around the bed  
Clamped knives between our teeth and tied bandannas round our heads  
With the wainscot our horizon and the ceiling as the sky  
You'd not expect that anyone would go and fuckin' die

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At nights we passed the bottle round and drank to our lost friends  
We lay alone upon our bunks and prayed that this would end  
A wall of moving shadows with rows of swinging keys  
We dreamed that whole Leviathans lay rotting in the weeds

There's a sound that comes from miles away if you lean your head to hear  
A ship's bell rings on board a wreck when the air is still and clear  
And up above that means another angel's got his wings  
But all below it signifies is a ship's gone in the drink

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