The Sea Of Cortez

The Promise Ring

When the motor stops, I can't sleep.
There's nothing so quiet as a boat under anchor,
And the black amnesias in heaven are lighting the Sea of Cortez.
All the wishing sounds,And kissing sounds are all missing sound in a boat alone,
Without a spring after winter and a fall over summer.
Is there anyone else alive outside?
So vulgar to send these brakes to the bend on the empty blue side of the moon.Where you broke your body,
You kept on wandering
And I'm still listening but your still drowning.
You broke your body,Before I could get to you.
The dew soaks the deck like the breeze hits your neck,
And its morning when your hair finds your eyes.
Mourning eyes.California can't see the sun rise.
We're both firesigns dragging our line's line,
Only magic to have a crack in the wire.
And California won't see another Sunday,As the poets say, "the ice will bar the way".

Songwriters
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