

Play Crack The Sky (live)

Brand New

We sent out the SOS call
It was a quarter past 4 in the morning
When the storm broke our second anchor line
Four months at sea 4 months of calm seas to be pounded
In the shallows off the tip of montauk point
They call them rogues they travel fast and alone
One hundred foot faces of God's good ocean gone wrong
What they call love is a risk Cause you will always get hit out of nowhere by some wave and end up on your own
The hole in the hull defied the crews attempts to bail us out
And flooded the engines and radio and half buried bow
Your tongue is a rudder It steers the whole ships sends your words past your lips
Or keeps them safe behind your teeth
But the wrong words will strand you
Come off course while you sleep Sweep your boat out to sea or dashed to bits on the reefs
The vessel groans the ocean pressures its frame
Off the port I see the lighthouse through the sleet and the rain
And I wished for one more day to give my love and repay debts
But the morning finds our bodies washed up thirty miles west
They say that the captain stays fast with the ship through still and storm But this ain't the Dakota and the water is
cold
We won't have to fight for long this is the end
This story's old but it goes on and on until we disappear Calm me and let me taste the salt you breathed while
you were underneath
I am the one who haunts your dreams of mountains sunk below the sea
I spoke the words but never gave a thought to what they all could mean I know this is what you want
A funeral keeps both of us apart
You know that you are not alone
Need you like water in my lungs
This is the end

Songwriters

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