Sea Shanty

Quasi

Repair the hull, replace the sails.
The monkey wrestles with the ghost
And a thousand pleasures form a thin veneer
Over lack of hope.
The captain was rightly murdered by the crew
But now they don't know what to do -
Drifting on the murky Sargasso of the everyday.
Work and slave and skimp and save
And you can buy yourself a bigger cave
And a thousand little cruelties we agree to pretend to ignore.
The ghost has got the monkey by the tail
And all they both can do is wail.
And you and I go drifting by the abandoned vessels of he everyday.

Songwriters
SAMUEL J. COOMESPublished by
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