Standing Eight Count

Jakob Dylan

In which direction are we going?
How many runaways are we stowing?
Over the black sea with your arms around me
In whose honor have we gone missing?I am too hungry to imagine
A different ending to this famine
In the building chaos of calendars and clocks
I missed a mark somewhere and I got us lost
It's a standing eight countOut on the darker shore less waters
Comrade do you think we'll go under?
On which horizon is my lover waking up?
You pass this bottle and then I think too muchI lean your body up against me
And make believe that you still want me
The swell of white caps and a silver streak of light
Here on the bowline we pay dearly for our size
It's a standing eight countLessons will come, wisdom will wait
Whatever it does, it's too late
What good are we now?
Our backs on the ground
Our faces both bloodied and bowed
When we oughta know better by nowThe flat and troubled, shapeless earth
It stretches further then you've heard
There's no love like our love
And none older, none as cursed
You hurt the ones you love
And we couldn't do much worseHow many fingers am I showing?
How many tears are you withholding?
There's beads of sweat pouring in our eyes
If it were blood, we wouldn't know it
It's a stand, it's standing eight count

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/