

Boo

Pinback

As I set down these notes on paper,
I'm obsessed by the thought that I might be the last living man on earth.

2X2L calling CQ...

2X2L calling CQ...

2X2L calling CQ... New York

Isn't there anyone on the air?

Isn't there anyone on the air?

Isn't there anyone?

Inside this leaking submarine

The hull is closing in

The water is above my ankles

Now that I still can't get you off of my mind

I don't think that we can pull this one off

We shall see, time will tell

What is time and why does it

Taste like salt water inside of my mouth?

Someday I will sail again,

To a distant shore, far away.

I will sail again,

To a distant shore, far away...

If the line snaps,

There's no air,

Will you hold me?

If I'm asleep,

Will you wake me?

If this rises,

We hit the waves,

Will you dive back down?

Someday, I will sail again,

To a distant shore, far away.

I will sail again,

To a distant shore far away.

High hope

Something's tugging on my leg

And there it goes

Shallow water

Must be on the horizon

But still too

Far to go

Spilling blood so fast
I can't keep up much more
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go far away.
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
(2X2L calling CQ...)
Sorry, Sorry,
Can't go far away.
(2X2L calling CQ . . .)
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
(2X2L calling CQ . . . New York)
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
(Isn't there anyone on the air?)
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more
(Isn't there anyone on the air?
Isn't there anyone?)
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
(I look down at my blackened hands..)

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