Float

Mocean Worker

Drank away the rest of the day
Wonder what my liver would say
Drink, that's all you can
Blackened days with their bigger gales
Blow in your parlor to discuss the day
Listen, that's all you can
Ah, but don't, no don't sink the boat
That you built, you built to keep afloat
Ah no, don't, no don't sink the boat
That you built
Sick and tired of what to say
No one listens, anyway
Sing, that's all you can
Rambling years of lousy luck
You miss the smell of burning turf
Dream, that's all you can
Ah, but don't, no don't sink the boat
That you built, you built to keep afloat
Ah no, don't, no don't sink the boat
That you built, that you built to keep afloat
Singled out for who you are
It takes all types to judge a man
Feel, that's all you can
Filthy suits with bigot ears
Hide behind their own worst fears

Live, that's all you can
It's all you can
It's all you can do
No matter where I put my head
I wake up feeling sound again
Dream, it's all you can
Tomorrow smells of less decay
The flowers quick just bloom and fray
Be thankful, that's all you can
Ah, but don't, don't sink the boat
That you built, you built to keep afloat
Ah no, don't, no don't sink the boat
That you built, you built to keep afloat

Ah no, don't, oh no, don't sink the boat
Oh, that you built, that you built to keep afloat
A ripe old age, a ripe old age
I'm a ripe old age, that's what I am
I'm ripe old age, a ripe old age
A ripe old age, just do it the best I can, hey
A ripe old age, a ripe old age
A ripe old age, that's what I am
A ripe old age, a ripe old age
A ripe old age, just do it the best I can, hey
The best I can

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