Ocean

Dirty Projectors

I am the West wind
I am the sea gull
I dance on the waves
As they break on the shore line
The moon is my sorrow
The moon is my lantern
I search for you so long
These dark lonely beaches
Oh, where can you be?
This restless sea
These empty nights
Have swallowed me
Look for something
Softer illusions
Soothe these vicious schemes
There is the old one
The wise one, the gold one

I am the hunger
The ache of the fiction
And nestles in bones
That he left for the vultures
Death is my secret
A child, my illusion
And life is the suffering
That brings men to know me and
Oh, where can you be?
This raging age
This rotting life is misery
Lost in your body
Cave of you screeming
Longing to be free
Then you have broken
The spine of your madness
Come over here to me

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