

Love Among the Sailors

Laurie Anderson

There is a hot wind blowing it moves across the ocean and into every port. a plague. a black plague. there's
danger everywhere and you've been sailing. and you're alone on an island now tuning
Id you think this was the way your world would end? hombres. sailors. comrades. there is no pure land now no
safe place and we stand here by the pier watching you drown. love among the sailors.
Among the sailors. there is a hot wind blowing plague drifts across the oceans. and if this is the work of an
angry God I want to look into his angry face. there is no pure land now. no safe place
Come with us to the mountains. hombres. sailors. comrades.

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