

The Boat (live)

Chuck Ragan

Some days we're ripped and torn away

From the shore and tossed to a watery grave

Set adrift in the depths of the drink in the hands of the gods we curseWe call for help when no one's around

Shot down fleeting thoughts never make a sound

Set adrift in the depths of the dark in the heart of the sea where we wishI feel it in my bones when the storm is close

Then await for the rain and the wind to blow

As dark colors fill the sky I'm drenched I'm feeling so alive

Eyes closed tight my ears open for the boatWe all carry the tune we love

Think of home when the waves and the going get tough

Hold our breath and go down with the wish of just one last kiss to rest

Songwriters

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