

# Murphy's Song

Kevin Devine

I cry at her bowl, dog's dying day  
A bone in her bowl, a watery grave  
See, I am a sailor, but I'm not so great  
I keep fishin' for roadkill, passin' out on the waves  
Shimmering sea, stretched end to end  
Shivering bowl, a flickering friend  
See, that's Mr. Murphy, my leathery brave  
He's whimpering "Taps" now, for his plank-walk grade  
I've never been a joiner, no, I've quit every team I've  
been on  
Now I'm crying in my coffee, that's not sea salt in my eyes  
'Cause me and Murphy, we have been through it, and I hate watching him die  
So I wait for my wisdom, like I  
wait for my wife  
Like I wait for a story, helps me wait out the night  
Like when I was an archer, but I couldn't shoot straight  
I broke all of ma's windows, I poked holes through her drapes  
And I laugh to myself, but I can't tell you why  
The hung-over sun, sneaks back in the sky  
But Murphy went peaceful, he went decent and right  
At least better than I will, when it's my turn to die  
And I wear his collar on my wrist  
And I bury him down at the beach  
No crying, no coffin, just a body and a hole  
No praying, no singing, no saving any souls  
The only thing I'm saving, yeah  
Is a bone inside a bowl

Songwriters

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