

A New Shore

Steven Page

As captain of this band of merry sailors, I'm a black mark
I'm a failure, but before you watch me drown
I'm relinquishing command for something I don't understand
This man's about to turn his whole life upside down I set a course for a new shore
It looked the same as the one before
And I forgot what I'd been sailing for
And why I thought this time would be different I do most of this by feel and let go of the wheel
The constellations do the navigation on their own
Whilst yearning for adventure dreading censure in absentia
I would rather be at sea than be alone I set a course for a new shore
It looked the same as the one before
And I forgot what I'd been sailing for
And why I thought this time would be different Of the charts we drew, they said
There wasn't anything but fairy tales
I told them it was you, I told them
You were everything a fairy tale could be The boat sails by
The shore remains and so do I
I swear this time will be different I settled here on the new shore
My lips were blue and my legs were sore
And I forget if I was pushed or I jumped overboard
And after all this time, what's the difference? Land, ho!
Land, ho!
(Land, ho!)
Land, ho!
(Land, ho!)
Land, ho!
(Land, ho!) Land, ho!
(Land, ho!)
(Land, ho!)
Land, ho!
(Land, ho!)
(Land, ho!)
Land, ho!
(Land, ho!)
(Land, ho!)
Land, ho!
(Land, ho!)
(Land, ho!)
Land, ho!
(Land, ho!)
(Land, ho!)

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