

Wire "Marooned"

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An unwilling sailor adrift from Artic waters
As the water gets warmer, my iceburg gets smaller
As he pours more petrol on, he feels no fear
As the flames get nearer, its thought gets clearer
A blue-white polar bear arrives at the end
Diverting his attention, his feelings froze over
I'm only a runaway AWOL at the logical start
Not present in the present, overboard with limited
future
And I'm standing alone still getting a thrill
While the ship is afloat, he's losing his boat

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