

Traveler Blues

"ALL HANDS"

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Every time the water breaks and soaks me to the bone

I remember what I left behind by sailing off alone

Pitch and yaw through hurricane, my position is
unknown

And the bell rings seven times

Salted brine, I drink it down and breathe it through my
nose

No sign of land but I hang on and do my best to close

But the swirling tidal undertow keeps pulling me below

And the bell rings seven times

All hands left on deck

An icy rest is waiting at the bottom of the sea

She's tried her best to take me as I struggle to get free

But while I have a breath to breathe, she isn't taking me

And the bell rings seven times

All hands left on deck

No hope of rescue

No hope of dry ground

The siren calls all souls on board

To follow her down

Swirling silently beneath the noise and light up there

Push past the frozen arms and legs, ignore the lifeless

stare

I grab a line that pulls me up for a precious gasp of air

And the bell rings seven times

All hands left on deck

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