

## **A Little Orchestra**

### **"East Coast"**

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A straight white line through the east coast night  
A voice on the telephone  
An old man passes from us  
Let's get these bodies home

The coastal road splits the morning air  
Takes the salt out of the waves  
Hold my hand, kiss me  
Before we run out of days

And if I pass away from you  
Throw me to the sea  
Don't look back at the darkened waves  
That take me underneath

An old man at the end  
Of all the things he's done and seen  
The old man at the edge of the sea

Half the world is on its knees  
Waiting for the light  
The other half is tooled up  
Spoiling for a fight

And the east coast night  
And the summer haze  
Is all you'll ever need  
Young men rise, old men fall  
But never really leave

And if I pass away from you  
Throw me to the sea  
Turn your back on the darkened waves  
That rise up to claim me

A straight white line  
Through the east coast night  
In the early summer haze  
An old man and his grandson  
Have a parting of the ways

If I pass away from you  
Throw me to the sea  
Don't look back at the rising waves  
That take me underneath

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