

Dan Mangan "Set The Sails"

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You decide to be alone.
And hell is cold enough to hibernate
so let her drift into the snow.
It's where she chooses how to operate.
It might be time to pack her in.
Set the sails and just get all the way-
maybe east or something.
The west was overrated anyway
and the storms coming down.
These old walls are wearing thin.
There's an ache to this town.
And something's gotta give in
when digging for gold, and coming
out dry.
Just a matter of time.
Just a matter of time.

So you decide to be alone
and sometimes loneliness

can be your friend
so let me drift into the snow
it's where I'm tempted most to make amend
we can wash our hands of all of this.
And we can hide behind shit eating grins.
It's probably something I missed.
I wasn't listening when I should have been
and the storm's coming down.
And these old walls are wearing thin.
There's an ache to this town
and something's gotta give in
when digging for gold
and coming out dry.
Just a matter of time.
Just a matter of time.

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