

Death Cab For Cutie "Rockin' Chair"

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Hang around, Willy Boy
Don't you raise the sails anymore
It's for sure that I spent my whole life at sea
And I'm pushing age 73
And there's only one place that was meant for me

Oh, to be home again
Down in old Virginy
With my very best friend
They call him Ragtime Billy

We're going to sooth away the rest of our years
We're going to put away all of our tears
That big rocking chair won't go nowhere

Slow down, Willy Boy
Your hearts going to give right out on you
It's true and I believe I know what I should do
Turn the stern and point to shore
The seven seas won't carry us no more

Oh, to be home again
Down in old Virginy
With my very best friend
They call him Ragtime Billy

I can't wait to sniff that air
Dip and snuff, I won't have no care
That big rocking chair won't go nowhere

Hear the sound, Willy Boy
The Flying Dutchman's on the reef
It's my belief that we've used up all of our time
And the surf's too steep to climb
And the days that we made are worth the time

Oh, to be home again
Down in old Virginy
With my very best friend
They call him Ragtime Billy

Would have been nice just to see the folks

Missing once again to the stale jokes
That big rocking chair won't go nowhere

Oh, to be home again
Oh, to be home again
Oh, to be home again
Oh, to be home again

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