

Death Cab For Cutie

"Rocking Chair"

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Hang around, Willie Boy,
Don't you raise the sails anymore.
It's for sure, that I've spent my whole life at sea,
And I'm pushin' age seventy three,
And there's only one place that was meant for me.

Oh, to be home again,
Down in old Virginny,
With my very best friend.
They call him Ragtime Willie.
We're gonna soothe away the rest of our years.
We're gonna put away all of our tears.
That big rockin' chair won't go nowhere.

Slow down, Willie Boy,
Your heart's gonna 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 Virginny,
With my very best friend,
They call him Ragtime Willie.
I can't wait to sniff that air,
Dip'n snuff, I won't have no care,
That big rockin' chair won't go nowhere.

Hear the sound, Willie Boy,
The Flyin' Dutchman's on the reef.
It's my belief that,
We've used up all our time.
This hill's to steep to climb,
And the days that remain aren't worth a dime.

Oh, to be home again,
Down in old Virginny,
With my very best friend,
They call him Ragtime Willie.
Would-a-been nice just t'see the folks.
Listen once again to the stale jokes.

That big rockin' 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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