

## **Brand New**

# **"Play Crack In They Sky"**

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We sent out the SOS call  
It was a quater past four  
In the morning  
When the storm broke our second anchor line.  
Four months at sea.  
Four months of calm seas  
Only to be pounded in the shallows  
Off of the tip of Montauk Point.

They call them rogues.  
They travel fast and alone,  
One hundred foot faces  
Of God's good ocean gone wrong  
What they call love is a risk,  
Cause you will always get hit  
Out of nowhere  
By some wave and end up on your own.

The hole in the hull defied the crews attempts  
To bail us out.  
And flooded the engines and radio  
And half buried bow.

Your tongue is a rudder.  
It steers the whole ship.  
Sends your words past your lips  
Or keeps them safe behind your teeth.  
But the wrong words will strand you.  
Come off course while you sleep.  
Sweep your boat out to sea  
Or dashed it to bits on the reef.

The vessel groans  
The ocean pressures its frame.  
Off the port I see the lighthouse  
Through the sleet and the rain.  
And I wish for one more day  
To give my love and repay debts.  
But the morning finds our bodies  
Washed up thirty miles west.

They say that the captain  
Stays fast with the ship  
Through still and storm.  
But this ain't the Dakota.  
And the water is cold.  
We won't have to fight for long.

This is the end.  
This story's old  
But it goes on and on  
Until we disappear.  
Calm me and let me taste  
The salt that you breathed  
While you were underneath.  
I am the one who haunts your dreams  
Of mountains sunk below the sea.  
I spoke the words but never  
Gave a thought to what they all could mean.  
I know that this is what you w

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