

Harper Roy "Sail Away"

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Well the bozos talk of dawn
But it feels like Monday morn
On the washing lines
We still fight for what we fought
But it's getting kind of short
With these futures on our heels
And our sails in fresh winds and new signs
As we sail away...
You may sometimes misconceive
Seeing elders quietly leave
And accusingly
Poiting say they failed
While in turn yourselves hang nailed
On the landmarks of your own dreams

Every tide rushes out losingly
As we sail away...
Well the morning slowly rose
We were gone as first light froze
All the nightmare stars
While the ghosts of former graves
Gentle whispers in the waves
Fleeting shadows in the sails
Shift their sands through old hands into ours
As we sail away...

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