

Indigo Girls "Winthrop"

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When we get back to Winthrop
Few miles from the airport
On a plastic chair
On a deck where my friends live

I watch the takin' off airplanes
I watch the ocean waves crashing
I knew with all of this movement
Something's got to give

Down at the high tide
Passed down through the family
The fishermen gather
To complain about the catch

Then they talk about time
Then they talk about tides
The pull of the moon
And the coffee deep night black

And I listen to them
And I listen to you
And for someone there is something
Never coming back

But for all that we've been through
For all that we've promised
Your wayward direction seems insensible

Words fall off like breathless fish
All flopping and scattered
And hearts picked over deemed dispensable

Down at the high tide
And were there for our last meal
The broken loaves are still enough for all

When we talk about time
We talk about tides
Under the moon
With the deep night coffee black

I hear the dim roar
Of the last flight out
And for someone there is someone
Never coming back

Talk about time
We talk about tides
Under the moon
With the deep night coffee black

So when I hear the dim roar
Of the last flight out
And for someone there is someone
Never coming back

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