

Laurie Anderson

"Love Among The Sailors"

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There is a hot wind blowing it moves across the ocean
and into every port. a plague. a black plague. there's
danger everywhere and you've been sailing. and
you're alone on an island now tuning
Would you think this was the way your world would end?
Hombres. sailors. comrades. there is no pure land now
no safe place and we stand here by the pier watching
you drown. love among the sailors.
Among the sailors. there is a hot wind blowing plague
drifts across the oceans. and if this is the work of an
angry God I want to look into his angry face. there is no
pure land now. no safe place
Come with us to the mountains. hombres. sailors.
comrades.

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