

Martin Sexton

"Over My Head"

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I'm looking out into the ocean
This boy in a boat that I am
Through the haze I can catch a glimpse
Of the damage that's been done
Miles like minutes they pass as I row
And I count them in my head
Further and further I seem to go
From the home that I once made
I raise the anchor, raise these tired hands
And no direction and my pockets full of sand

I'm over my head

And the first few days of this journey
Friends and strangers came aboard my ship
Until the gifts of their passing
Crowded my quarters with gold
I've got no room for them anymore
For I fear I might go under
My anchor is tangled in weeds down below
As I heed the distant thunder calling me
Raise the question that's in front of me
Clear as the sun I feel through the haze I'll never see

I'm over my head on the crazy ocean
I'm over my head on the stormy sea
I'm over my head with a clear commotion
I'm over my head and it's killing me

I'll raise my bow to the winds that blow
Face the storm face to face as I know
She's banging hard on my cabin door
So I face my fear face to face and what's more
She's in front of me, she's in front of me
But then she's gone for just awhile
And I'm crying

I'm over my head

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