

Mother Hips "Seaward Son"

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Roll in the waves and watch it blow salt on your mind.
It's just a case of overly working, you'll be fine.
When your ship comes along to right all your wrongs.
Say goodbye to anyone else you try, seaward son.
You duel with your blade all those things that cut
deeply at your heart.
But when the sharpness fades, your guard goes down.
They'll cut you all apart.
Then your blood speeds to fire.
What's left to love retires, seaward son.
(Dry dock. Cellar door. Open heart. Hardwood floor.
Piece of cake. Tommy lift. Left to rot. Let it drift away.
Water fowl. Nasty draft. Balsa wood. Aftermath. Picture
frame. Birthday gift. Crank'em down. Let'er drift away)

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