

## Murphy's Law

### "Ten Thousand Miles From Shore"

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Twenty-five miles south of Sable Island  
On four steel columns  
Rising from the cold sea below  
With our drilling tower rising  
And a jagged grey horizon  
Lord I feel like I'm ten thousand miles from shore

We're drilling far below  
For what they call black gold  
To keep your Chevy running  
And your house from getting cold  
Far away from loved ones  
Who wait for us at home  
Lord I feel like I'm ten thousand miles from shore

Last week on the Vinland  
The whole thing nearly blew  
You try not to think about it  
Lord what else can you do  
Last year the Ocean Ranger  
Lost all the souls she bore  
Lord I feel like I'm ten thousand miles from shore

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