

## Riendeau "Don't Tell Edwin"

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Another night out at sea,  
And I carry myself along like a wounded clipper ship.

We're adrift in a sea of copies,  
Trying to keep ourselves afloat.  
Six bodies, one determined vessel.

And I will not fall into cliches of which you cash in.  
You play your part so well.

The look and the fashion,  
Recycled sounds dominate my ears.  
Our ship could stand alone,  
But we'll keep our friends and never change.

Onward we sail,  
Onward to uncharted latitudes.  
Built on your confidence and a home to come back to.

Thirteen, thirteen ways to conform.  
Ride the popular wave,  
Digging in another ship's catch.

And we are not the first.  
We will not be the last.  
We can only be ourselves,  
To the best of our ability.  
We do it for us, for them, for you.

Tonight we'll follow the sky,  
A million tiny flames,  
But two shine so bright.

And you've made this all worthwhile,  
So thank you.

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