

Robert Post

"Big Boat"

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How many scars
How many stars
Need I count back home to you
I'll always keep sailing
In all the winds you make

They were always true
All the lies made up for you
You're always asleep
When I am on date with the moon
A man feel unloved
Hungry and out of line
The longer he walks
Less he knows 'bout where to stop

So big boat tell me
How it feels to know every corner
Of my little swimming pool

Thousands of fools
Do believe
Love is ending there
They close her eyes
And she is dead to their world
Always a chance
The dishes may not break
Be always aware
The heart is the one who can

Past is on fire
Never turns to ash
Remember your future
It may last

So big boat tell me
How it feels to know every corner
Of my little swimming pool

There's too many things that affect
There's too many things affecting this
There's too many dreams affecting me

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