

Sakes Alive

"Our Mistress The Sea"

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Bottoms up!
We're on a sinking ship
That's rotted through;
Weighed down by the six billion people
Who make up this crew
All affected with the tyranny
Of sunken treasure and salary
But the fool's gold's false
And now we're stuck
We're dropping off...

When caught on the airs of a siren's song
You're bound to hit either storm or rocks
And they're calling us
For all of us
We're at the edge on plastic waves
That tend to reflect our decay
Not a single lighthouse shines
We're all alone

[Chorus:]
There's an ever increasing risk
That you might have to give a shit
That this world's an ugly mess with our excess
I'm not sure if it will be okay
Will it be okay?

From the oil fountains to clear-cut trees;
Vacuumed oceans and jungles paved -
I don't want any part of these things
But I've come to realize most everything
And that no matter what the intent to the sea
We all taste the same

[Chorus:]
There's an ever increasing risk
That you might have to give a shit
That this world's an ugly mess with our excess
I'm not sure if it will be okay
Will it be okay?

Bottoms up

We're dropping off

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