

The Hanks

"The Wrath Of Poseidon"

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I'm shipwrecked and hopeless when your boat arrives
You offer me water and I drink in your eyes
Beautiful and certainly sure of yourself
I question everything, everything else
So we sail away on a gentle sea,
but Poseidon is jealous and bitter toward me
All I wanted was not to think too much
I never got the chance to get used to your touch
And I know the story
Someday we'll be sorry
We traveled 'cross the ocean on a stolen wind,
and the gods gave smooth waters they'd soon rescind
I used to think the Fates had it in for me,
but I used you as much as you used me
By the time I stood on solid ground,
your gaze had grown cold and you were eastern bound
All the stories I've told over drinks,
and I've never got the chance to hear just what you
think

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