

## **This Is Hell "Dearest Midge"**

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I'm writing this while on the high seas  
And I mean higher than the days we spent shooting the  
breeze  
This ship is rolling quite a bit  
But you know me, I'll never get sick (never get sick)  
I wish I could tell you where I'm going  
But I think it's pretty clear (think it's pretty clear)  
I wish I could tell you I'm sailing home  
But that is not the case I fear (never get sick)  
That's not the case (never get sick)  
Dead last in this race  
Ten months since I've seen your face  
Lord how I miss you...  
This ship trudges away from the center of my heart  
And if not for these cards I'd be fucking dead  
This ship trudges away from the center of my heart  
And if not for these cards I'd be fucking dead

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