

Me Without You "Messes Of Men"

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'I do not exist'
We faithfully insist
Sailing in our separate ships
And coming in tiny caravel
Tiring of trying, there's a necessary dying

Like the horseshoe crab
In its proper season sheds its shell
Such distance from our friends
Like a scratch across a lens
Made everything look wrong

From anywhere we stood
And our paper blew away
Before we'd left the bay
So half-blind we wrote these songs
On sheets of salty wood

You caught me making eyes
At the other boat men's wives
And heard me laughing louder
At the jokes told by their daughters

I'd set my course for land
But you will understand
It takes a steady hand

To navigate adulterous waters
The propeller's spinning blades
Held acquaintance with the waves
As there's mistakes I've made

No rowing could outrun
The cloth low on the mast
Like to say I've got no past
But I'm nonetheless
The librarian and secretary's son
With tarnish on my brass

And mildew on my glass
I'd never want someone so crass
As to want someone like me

But a few leagues off the shore
I bit a flashing lure

And I assure you, it was not
What it expected it to be
I still taste its kiss
That dull hook in my lip

Is a memory as useless
As a rod without a reel
To an anchor ever dropped
Seasick yet still-docked

Captain spotted napping
With his first mate at the wheel
Floating forgetfully along
With no need to be strong

We keep our confessions long
And when we pray we keep it short
I drank a thimble full of fire
And I'm not ever coming back

Oh, my God!

'I do not exist,' we faithfully insist
While watching sink the heavy ship
Of everything we knew

If ever you come near
I'll hold up high a mirror
Lord, I could never show you
Anything as beautiful as You

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