

Chris Pureka**"Dryland"**

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Well I slide through the days
Or drink them like water
Hope I'll wake up again
To a sparrow song
I'm holding myself
Waiting and waiting
In the belly of a boat
Praying for dryland

Well the key that's in question
I tied it to the end of a kite-string
On a windy day
Well, you can have it if you find it
But the last time I saw it
It was heading north to the mountain-lands
And here I am
Here I am

Turning in circles
Watching the hour hand passing me by
All these saltwater days
Until it finally seems like the north star
Is returning to the night sky
To my night sky

So I made a little room
Up on the top shelf
And I won't hold that place
Dog-eared anymore
No, which is to say
Life just goes on dear
Which is to say
Sometimes I miss you like hell

I'm holding myself
Waiting and waiting
In the belly of a boat
Praying for dryland

I can slide through the days
Or drink them like water

Hope I wake up again
To a morning song

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