

Laura Zocca

"Little Boats"

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We're all little boats sailing across the sea
All trying to devote ourselves
To something out of reach
Some are brave enough to go in different directions
Others find the ways to tough
So just follow with protection
If a storm should soon arise
Tell me, where would you go
Everybody lives, but everybody dies
Tell me, who's to know what the tide may bring
What's in store for the weather
Ordinary man or a king
We're all just the same, no worse, no better
There's anchors in the ground
Some we didn't choose to drop
But still they hold us down, force it all
To come to a stop, it's in the hands
Of the ocean, whether we get a second go
Sailing though the way we've chosen
The way we've decided on our own
If a storm should soon arise
Tell me, where would you go
Everybody lives, but everybody dies
Tell me, who's to know what the tide may bring
What's in store for the weather
Ordinary man or a king
We're all just the same, no worse, no better
So when tomorrow's sun comes around
Will you rise or drown, even if
The anchors fall to the ground again
If a storm should soon arise
Tell me, where would you go
Everybody lives, but everybody dies
Tell me, who's to know what the tide may bring
What's in store for the weather
Ordinary man or a king
We're all just the same, no worse, no better
We're all little boats, sailing across the sea

