

The Sainte Catherines

"Prophet Of Doom"

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How can I pretend there's no end sitting in this boat
All alone on the sea just something drifting by
I always will remain somewhat grim about the future
But here I can dream I'm floating by your house
And the water turns to gras and disappears Somewhere
out in space there's a tree
With someone underneath seeking shade from their
sun
That I can't even see, I'd like to see their face
In alien moonlight but now all around, the sea begins to
stir
I'm reminded where I am they disappear
A mile or two below solid ground is waiting for me now
At least I will return to what I'm made of
How can I pretend there's no end sitting in this boat
All alone and the sea will swallow me
I always will believe we still have a future of some kind
But now floating to your door Floating to your door and
the water turns to grass
Floating to your door

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