

Sean Watkins "26 Miles"

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Twenty six miles to my left, and not a single man,
There's not much in front of me, below are feet and
sand
So I turn and I sit and stare, in my lap this pen and pad
I watch the water rise and fall, recede and then
advance

I don't know which way I'll go, first the voice inside me
says OK
I don't know which way I'll go, then the voice inside me
says no way

The water's warmer than it looks, not much cooler than
the air
My ankles say to walk out further but my head just
wants to stare
So I sit myself down in the spot where I've been for the
last hour
And wait for the sun to break the clouds, was I smart or
like a coward?

I don't know which way she'll go, first the voice inside
me says away
I don't know which way she'll go, then the voice inside
me says she'll stay

I wanted to walk in waist deep, and fall blindly on my
back
Let white and green surround my body, three feet
above the sand
But I laid back and fell asleep, woke up staring at the
sun,
I don't know if I will today, but so far it has been fun

I don't know which way I'll go, first the voice inside me
says OK
I don't know which way she'll go, then the voice inside
me says to wait

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