

Portastatic

"Sour Shores"

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Even at the end of a day run ragged
Boxed in, locked out and haggard
There was the cluster of milky lights
Over the black hills; they ring this town
And you knew they'd be comin' down
Yeah, you knew they'd be comin' down
To swing low over the maritime
So thick, and without age
There's a place where even the old and used can hide
Until the light spills out of the open door
And you feel young again at the offer of a ride

Oh yeah, here's your ride
Oh yeah, here's your ride
Oh yeah, here's your ride

Surf's up, surf's up on sour shores
Oh, on our sour shores
You may black out your windows now
But I have not forgotten yours
Rain down, rain down on rotten doors
On down our rotten doors
And in the night you step outside
And wonder what this life is for

So put your ear to the door
Do you remember how the clues were scattered

A curled note in a buried box
Bone binding cracked from the years in the ground
But not shattered
Oh, your grandfather knew what mattered
Yeah, he knew, and he left it to you
So clear your head
Forget your bed tonight
Go where the sand glows black not red tonight
It's not a happy ending
It's just an escape from the light
And it's better than you ever read
Even if it's only in your sleepy head

Surf's up, surf's up on sour shores
Oh, on our sour shores
You may black out your windows now
But I have not forgotten yours
Rain down, rain down on rotten doors
On down our rotten doors
Our wings may not be fit to fly
But you will be weightless at your core

Oh yeah, here's your ride
Oh yeah, here's your ride
Oh yeah, here's your ride
Oh yeah, here's your ride

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