

Sweet Billy Pilgrim

"Kalypso"

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The tide will tug at my hips
And the salt will dry upon my collar,
I'll have splinters for oars
And I'll break her heart in fourteen places.

She'll make light of the dark
As I lay her low.

Oh, Kalypso,
Tell me to go...

We'll sleep to the creaking of timbers,
The pitch and yaw of empty vessels,
I'll plot points on a curve
Over all her tender navigations.

Oh, my mutinous heart
I can't overthrow.

Oh, Kalypso,
Tell me to go...
(Are there no heroes or gods anymore?)

Maps that end where they begin
Will guide us through these bitter winds,
Through seven years of sad goodbyes,
Two tiny ships on vast horizons.

Maps that end where they begin
(Oh, my mutinous heart)
Will guide us through these bitter winds,
(I can't overthrow)
Through seven years of sad goodbyes,
(She'll make light of the dark)
Two tiny ships on vast horizons
(As I lay her low).

Oh, Kalypso,
Tell me to go...

