

Swingin' Utters "Beached Sailor"

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Off all the blessed intervals that defined ourselves as
one I may remember only the last, as it's the interval
you won I've thought about it and I just don't know
(don't know quite where to go) I've been trying to relax,
but can't remember how (a bit of rest is what I need
now)

I've been a sailor, but a sailor who has never left his
land who's tried to occupy an unstable mind with
ridiculous daydreams

now come the testing times where I dip my small toe in
though the deepest waters freeze, if I jump in I'll be
free I'm all along, and that's just as well (Without you
facts do tell) fond whispers of unfound secrets, I still
cant hear them so pray tell

I can't accept it, (I'm a beached sailor) cause I don't
understand it (I'm a beached sailor) I'm lying stranded,
(I'm a beached sailor) like a beached sailor

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