

## **Falcon, The**

### **"The Longshoreman's Lament"**

Visit "[The Longshoreman's Lament](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

For some reason this greasy dead season's running  
circles around me  
(Can you feel it now? Come on and feel it now)  
I'm like a log in the fire, and shit, I don't know what to  
believe  
(Can you feel it now? Come on feel it now)

Black soled feet and a burlap throne  
I'm gonna cry, gonna cry 'til my daddy comes home  
You really really really never know

(Can you feel it? Can you feel it?)

I'm yellow stained rotten and I'm gone and forgotten  
(It's the windpipe, they cut the windpipe)  
I fucked the whole crew now my skin's grey and  
spotting  
(Can you feel it yet? It's what we all get)

Black soled feet and a burlap throne  
I'm gonna cry, gonna cry 'til my daddy comes home  
We really really really gotta go, oh

The sailors and the prostitutes are dancing on the  
graves  
Of all the noblemen and the maidens and the slaves  
The longshore haunts are empty  
The sticky spots have dried  
I'm drowning in my skin from the tears I never cried  
Fuck the "Lord be with you's" and fuck the "Bless my  
soul's"  
Go down to the barrel and stick it in the hole

Stick it in the motherfucking hole

Visit [Falcon, The](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.