

## **Fiery Furnaces, The "Blueberry Boat"**

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Pontoon put-put with the tape on ten  
Dixie cup pink wine in the Labor Day sunshine  
I'm sliding the sunfish up through the wakes  
Coming up too quick, making mistakes

Quiet climb the chrome ladder in the front  
While they're all yawning, under the awning  
Astro turf green hot to the touch  
Sneak open the cooler, they've got too much

Past Taipei, through the Taiwan straits  
We sailed on in, me and my mates  
It was my first time running my own ship  
But my buddies didn't care they didn't give me no lip  
So many times we've been side by side  
But I never carried a load with so much pride

You see I'm from Grand Rapids and up my way  
We grow the best blueberries in the U.S. of A.  
And when we pull into old H.K.  
The little markets'll have something special next day

At dawn I had a scotch and made them switch off the  
porn  
'Cause there's nothing that's dirty about the ocean in  
the morn

The radar said nothing and nothing crossed my mind  
When they came starboard side up from behind

Down below deck sip the south island sec  
Think when last put in port, I was sorting the sort  
And then a girl caught my eye, as she was waving  
goodbye  
Tell me my dear, I said warm and sincere, who do you  
know on the ship  
And then she curled up her lip  
I don't know no one there yet, but just wait, see what  
you get

Pop the top and drink your drop we'll never go home

Curse and cry and why oh why we'll never go home  
We'll never go home

The radar said nothing and nothing crossed my mind  
When they came starboard side up from behind  
I never saw them coming even though it was light  
They beat two of my men simply out of spite

And then they came back to the helm, kicked me over  
and said  
Do what we say or we'll kill you and your men  
I looked back at those pirates with their beady little  
eyes  
I gathered my courage and I could see their surprise  
When I said, Go ahead you could cut my throat  
But you ain't never getting the cargo of my blueberry  
boat

It's sad and it's cold at the bottom of the sea  
But at least I got my blueberries with me

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