

Ted Leo & The Pharmacists

"Stove by a Whale"

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Something'.

Sailin' on the sea --

It's teal --

Your meal was alright, but not the captain's voice --

It made me shake and squirm.

Not in what you hear, but feel --

Surrealy thrust between what accents mean and what
you think they should.

And I'm not talkin' 'bout just bein' a mile up in the air,
And I'm not talkin' down to people who are livin' there;

But state-side at the quay,
you fear the nearness of that auld familiar distance
between everyone and you.
The distance keeps us safe
from waves of subcutaneous problems
that our governments and our accents and our parents
have us swimmin' in
until all that sin has soaked us through and through
and through and through and through.

And I'm not talkin' to the people who've been in jail,
And I'm not talkin' 'bout just wanting to belong
somewhere,
And let's not talk about the color of your eyes or your
hair.
I'm talkin' 'bout talkin' 'bout the color of the sea from
way up there.

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