

## Gregory Alan Isakov

### "That Sea, The Gambler"

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Cursed your captain and stowe me below  
Hold me amongst all your cards.  
Oh we were sea bound, and aimless at best,  
Clutching to the wheel and those charts  
But that sea was just a gambler at heart.

Oh there we were, the sun hit the starboard  
And we were as free as we could be.  
We waited for land, oh we waited for thee,  
We aimed to stay calm and cool.  
But that sea was just a gambling fool.

Come to me Mary come, you know you once were  
queen.  
The ocean is holding all the kings,  
And tossed aside the weary.

How I'd love to steer you straight into those waters  
While those daunting clouds above began to pour  
And when we're found, we'll kiss that ground  
And roll around on that lovers floor

Come to me Mary come, you know you once were  
queen.  
The ocean is holding all the kings,  
And tossed aside the weary.

The ocean is holding everything  
And tossed aside the weary.

Oh that dreadful, gambling sea.

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