

Lopez On The Runway

"Dead Sea Survivors"

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"Dead Sea Survivors"

You were stationed in the harbor of the pearl
I wrote you letters that were stained with salty waters
And I laughed at your whimsical replies
But from across the seas, I couldn't see your salty eyes

I wonder if the water fits a suitable grave
For all those sailors home under the waves
If I'll be welcomed by the other souls
Or if it's just too late to know

You remind me of Sundays
Your collar forces blood to your brain with a clip on tie
that fades in the rain
You remind me of Sundays
With communion every month, and that should make
up for all the wrong we've done

From a distance, you set fire to my eyes
With a sight I hadn't seen in a long time
Compassion sailing on a wood-trimmed boat
I will flail and fling my soul to stay afloat

The last letter you received from me
Was written by a man who spoke for me
He spoke of honor and life after death
He spoke of joy in eternal wealth

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Your collar forces blood to your brain with a clip on tie
that fades in the rain
You remind me of Sundays
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