

David Byrne, Pirates

(David Byrne)

A distant car, a quiet night
Like starin' at the ceiling
My sleepy eyes, you smell so nice
It's such a funny feeling
Got no idea, what time it is
Delightfully confusing
The trees outside, the morning light
Arrives, like pirates on parade
Surprise, it's pirates on parade

A ray of light, between the blinds
I lie there in a stupor
I hear a thud, and then a flush
Guess it must be the neighbors
I blink my eyes, I laugh inside
Imagine what they're saying
I see your shape and through the night
Here come, those pirates on parade
Ahoy, it's pirates on parade

Through the rough and stormy weather
On a search for buried treasure
There's an island to explore
Ev'ry wave that whispers softly
"Stay in bed, 'cause it's still early"
Dolphins frolic by the shore
And the phone never rings when the pirates are singing

Well there's 16 men on a dead man's chest
In this hallucination
The map we got, x marks the spot
We're following directions
The 7 seas, the balmy breeze
The pleasure of surrender
The end is nigh, the sun is high
It's late, for pirates on parade
Too late, for pirates on parade

Traffic noises down below me
A helicopter circles slowly
Monsters sink into the deep
Mountainous and downy billows
Float among those fluffy pillows
Maybe I'll go back to sleep
And the phone never rings when the pirates are singing

This wicked life
So what's in store behind that velvet curtain?

The night is gone
And the day is here
The stupid sun is shinin'
The moon reflects
Your hair's a mess
It's lovely imperfections

My crew and I
The clear blue skies
Sail on, with pirates on parade
Sail on, you pirates on parade