

Lazlo Bane, Ship On The Wall

There's a ship on the wall,
Whose mast is slowly sinking,
Majesty's galley in full,
Has left me alone thinking,
Why is it me who get's caught,
In the storm,
Having the sea rise above,
'Til I'm gone
There's a man down the hall,
Who wants to start all over,
Violin under his jaw,
Weeps on his own shoulder,
Why is it me who gets left,
All alone,
Having the sea rise above,
'Til I'm gone
It's starting to blow,
Across the seven seas,
Can stare down below,
And toss away your dreams,
And I'm not afraid,
I just don't think that I'm that way
There's a ship on the wall,
Whose mast is slowly sinking,
Majesty's galley in full,
Has left me alone thinking,
When we die from the day,
That we're born,
Rise above,
For the dawn
She's starting to blow,
Across the seven seas,
And stare down below,
And toss away your dreams
And I'm not afraid,
I just don't think that I'm that way