

# Portastatic, Sour Shores

Even at the end of a day run ragged  
Boxed in, locked out and haggard  
There was the cluster of milky lights  
Over the black hills; they ring this town  
And you knew they'd be comin' down  
Yeah, you knew they'd be comin' down  
To swing low over the maritime  
So thick, and without age  
There's a place where even the old and used can hide  
Until the light spills out of the open door  
And you feel young again at the offer of a ride

Oh yeah, here's your ride  
Oh yeah, here's your ride  
Oh yeah, here's your ride

Surf's up, surf's up on sour shores  
Oh, on our sour shores  
You may black out your windows now  
But I have not forgotten yours  
Rain down, rain down on rotten doors  
On down our rotten doors  
And in the night you step outside  
And wonder what this life is for

So put your ear to the door  
Do you remember how the clues were scattered  
A curled note in a buried box  
Bone binding cracked from the years in the ground  
But not shattered  
Oh, your grandfather knew what mattered  
Yeah, he knew, and he left it to you  
So clear your head  
Forget your bed tonight  
Go where the sand glows black not red tonight  
It's not a happy ending  
It's just an escape from the light  
And it's better than you ever read  
Even if it's only in your sleepy head

Surf's up, surf's up on sour shores  
Oh, on our sour shores  
You may black out your windows now  
But I have not forgotten yours  
Rain down, rain down on rotten doors  
On down our rotten doors  
Our wings may not be fit to fly  
But you will be weightless at your core

Oh yeah, here's your ride  
Oh yeah, here's your ride  
Oh yeah, here's your ride  
Oh yeah, here's your ride