

# Quasi, Sea Shanty

Repair the hull, replace the sails.  
The monkey wrestles with the ghost  
And a thousand little pleasures form a thin veneer  
Over lack of hope.  
The captain was rightly murdered by the crew  
But now they don't know what to do -  
Drifting on the murky Sargasso of the everyday.  
Work and slave and skimp and save  
And you can buy yourself a bigger cage  
And a thousand little cruelties we agree to pretend to ignore.  
The ghost has got the monkey by the tail  
And all they both can do is wail.  
And you and I go drifting by the abandoned vessels of the everyday.