

Sean Watkins, 26 Miles

Twenty six miles to my left, and not a single man
There's not much in front of me, below are feet and sand
So I turn and I sit and stare, in my lap this pen and pad
I watch the water rise and fall, recede and then advance

I don't know which way I'll go, first the voice inside me says OK
I don't know which way I'll go, then the voice inside me says no way

The water's warmer than it looks, not much cooler than the air
My ankles say to walk out further but my head just wants to stare
So I sit myself down in the spot where I've been for the last hour
And wait for the sun to break the clouds, was I smart or like a coward?

I don't know which way she'll go, first the voice inside me says away
I don't know which way she'll go, then the voice inside me says she'll stay

I wanted to walk in waist deep, and fall blindly on my back
Let white and green surround my body, three feet above the sand
But I laid back and fell asleep, woke up staring at the sun,
I don't know if I will today, but so far it has been fun

I don't know which way I'll go, first the voice inside me says OK
I don't know which way she'll go, then the voice inside me says to wait