

Shawn Mullins, The Sea

I met him on the cliffs
of twin rocks oregon
he was sittin on his bedroll
lookin just like richard brautigan
I thought he was an old man
he wasn't but 37
he said he'd been ridin trains
for 15 years
drawin portraits
to keep his belly full of beer
and it looked to me like he'd died
and missed the plane to heaven
but he was a nice ol' guy
for a younger man
he had a bottle of mad dog
he held in his hand
that he waved around a lot
to make his point
and I listened as he told his tales
of wine and women and county jails
and we finished off that bottle
and smoked a half a joint
he said "I came here to watch the sun
disappear into the ocean
it's been years
since I smelled this salty sea"
he turned his bottle up and down
and I saw him lost
and I saw him found
he said "I don't know
what i've been lookin for, maybe me..."
Well, I told him I too had been
travelin around livin out of my van
from town to town playin for tips
and whatever records I could move
I said "I don't reckon i'll be
makin it big,
you know it's hard to get rich
off a tout of coffee house gigs"
and he said "yeah, but ain't it a blessin
to do what you wanna do..."
and I told him "yeah, I pulled off here
to watch the sun disappear into the ocean
it's been years
since I smelled this salty sea"
and he turned his bottle up and down
he saw me lost and he saw me found
and I said
"I don't know what I've been looking for, maybe me"
I said "it's getting kind of late
better be heading down the interstate
can I give you a lift
to san francisco bay?"
he said "nope, I think I'm just
going to sit here and rest
and maybe wait on the
tokyo-montana express
I might just lay here
and dream my life away
i'm gonna sit right here,
i'm gonna watch the sun
disappear into the ocean
it's been years, it's been years
i'm gonna turn my bottle up and down

you can see my lost
and you can see my found"
I met him on the cliffs
of twin rocks, oregon
he was sitting on his bedroll
looking just like richard brautigan
just like him