

Take That, Wooden Boat

A little boy me went fishing in a wooden boat
Sitting there for hours in the cold
Patience is a virtue til we die
Then a ripple in the water caught my eye.

Sometimes we don't know what we're waiting for
That's the time to be the first one on the dance floor
We go from green to blue to go to black
Breathe deep, who knows how long will this last.

Only was last week I learnt to drive
Stole my mother's keys and drove all night
Christine never showed it's 4 am
Started up mum's car drove home again.

One year ago I kissed my bride
Now I wait to hear my baby's cry
Woman showed me all that she knew then
To cut himself down man's born again.

Christine died and now I'm here alone
What I wouldn't give to be on that wooden boat.