

# Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, Stove By A Whale

Something'.

Sailin' on the sea --

It's teal --

Your meal was alright, but not the captain's voice --

It made me shake and squirm.

Not in what you hear, but feel --

Surrealy thrust between what accents mean and what you think they should.

And I'm not talkin' 'bout just bein' a mile up in the air

And I'm not talkin' down to people who are livin' there

But stateside at the quay

You fear the nearness of that

Auld familiar distance between everyone and you

The distance keeps us safe

From waves of subcutaneous problems

That our governments and our accents and our parents have us swimmin' in until all that sin has so

Through and through and through and through and through

And I'm not talkin' to the people who've been in jail

And I'm not talkin' 'bout just wanting to belong somewhere

And let's not talk about the color of your eyes or your hair

I'm talkin' 'bout talkin' 'bout the color of the sea from way up there