

Uncle Ho, Out On Your Own

You are out on your own.
You got yourself free.
Have you been caught by the offshore breeze?

You are out on your own,
Am I getting you down?
Hey, I don't want to get you down.

All these beautiful things
You are waiting for,
They slumber on the ocean floor.

To very strange things
I am host.
Where will you be when you need me most?

You are burning it now,
You are burning it now.
I have piled it all up, it is burning now.

I hope you are well
And your sleep will be sweet
Among bivalves and sea anemones.