

# Bell X1, My First Born For A Song

Somewhere in this sea of Club Milks  
Tea and ashtrays  
There is a song  
I'm in the crow's nest with binoculars  
Just waiting for one to come along  
I've seen the flare so I know it's there  
It has me tied up at a rate of knots  
No navigation, global position  
Just me and this midnight oil

So take me to your king  
I hear he's the man to see  
And I will cross his palm

My first born for a song

Somewhere in this froth  
And howling wind  
There's something worth singing  
Climb into the attic to write me a classic  
But it's not happening  
It's just Christmas up here  
Between the phone calls  
And text messages  
The air must be thick with words  
But not between us  
Shoulder to grindstone  
Switching to manual  
Keep the head down  
And I'll see you at the end

So take me to your king  
I hear he's the man to see  
And I will cross his palm

My first born for a song