

Bogmen, Treasure Isle

The treasure hunt is over, the x is just an x,
there's nothing underneath it, man am I depressed,
The swells are making me homesick,
they rock me into a dream,
I never get to see you,
I could use a bath.

The flies come in on the South wind,
the North wind brings the croupe,
the East wind, strange aromas,
to live upon our sloop,

I had to leave the country,
the spirit left the body,
I searched the world to find it,
it's all a bunch of shit,

We play connect the dots with stars at night,
take midnight swims and wait for the sharks to bite,
darling, no delights,
I've chewed a million limes to date,
kissed whales and handfed skate

Ah the sea, the mighty sea, lonely sea, hallow sea

It can be found in the kitchen,
can find it in the stove,
sitting in your bedroom next to you my love,.
you've been such an angel and I've been such a skank
You have every right dear to make me walk the plank

A life is not a life at all unless it's lived with love,
and the sea is not a mother,
nor breeding ground for doves

In a dream you stand astern on the water
and call for me to come back soon,
I say that it's too soon just yet,
each day you sank an inch,
it was your hope that kept you up

The treasure hunt is over,
the 'x' is just an 'x',
but now there's something beneath it,
she's in a wedding dress...