

# Format, If Work Permits

So the wind that blows across your room  
Carried cheap perfume onto your dresser  
It rained for jewelry and for credit cards  
Two tickets to a film I don't remember  
One day you'll kiss your rabbit's nose, pick up the phone  
To find I've been turned over  
And you'll grab that piece of gold  
Only to find that the smell has taken over  
Now all the things you had, they aren't the same...  
As what you hold

I'm standing in a room,  
It's filled with older folks pleading "baby listen"  
And I scream as loud as anyone,  
But when asked to make a point I tend to whisper  
Now highways turn to tidal waves  
They're asking me to export all of your insecurities  
But that wind that blows across your room  
It's gonna set the sails, and send me back to you

Sometimes, when sailors are sailing  
They think twice, about where they're anchoring  
And I think, I could make better use of my time on land  
I'll drink less  
Cause lord knows I could use a warm kiss  
Instead of a cold goodbye  
I'm writing the folks back home to tell them

"Hey I'm doing alright";

It's a shame what your father did to your brother's head  
He smashed it with a telephone  
And your mother got scared and locked the door  
You were only four, but lord you remember it  
So now you're scared of love  
I'm here to tell you love's not some f\*\*king blood on the receiver  
Love is speaking in code  
It's an inside joke  
Love is coming home

Sometimes, when sailors are sailing  
They think twice, about where they're anchoring  
And I think, I could make better time of my time on land  
I'll drink less  
Cause lord knows I could use a warm kiss  
Instead of a cold goodbye  
I'm writing the folks back home to tell them  
"Hey I'm doing alright";

Yeah I'm doing just fine  
And if she seems as lonely as me.....  
Let her sink.  
Let her sink.  
Let her