

Great Lake Swimmers, Catcher Son

Well the ropes are taut,
And the stories have all been caught.
There's a frost-cover drawn on the shore,
And the catcher still seems to want more.

Through the reel and through the unreal,
It's not what you see but what you feel,
And what transpires here,
And what I hear transpires.

And it falls, falls, falls.
And it falls, falls, falls.
It rises up, it rises up.
And it falls, falls, falls.

I just want to break even.
I just want to pass on through,
Like a ghost through a household tune,
Under light of the early dusk hues.

Navigating and dealing extremes
Is not what at first it seems;
But I keep my ship tight and true,
For the next time that I will see you.

And it falls, falls, falls.
And it falls, falls, falls.
It rises up, it rises up.
And it falls, falls, falls