

James Taylor, Boatman

Hearts were exploding around us as we drifted south down the bay.
The gray up above and gray down below left us with nothing to say.
So we drifted along in silence till the tickle of life trickled in.
And the rhythm began in the hiss of the sand, we were catching fire again.

Oh boatman, I am the river, I am the mountain and the sea.
Oh boatman, taker and giver, can you deliver me? I would forever run free.

Yeah, we finally caught up with legends, we were walking along side by side.
We worked out a plan to go out hand in hand, the long trail just wasn't that wide.
The water around us was freezing, we just laughed and threw ourselves in.
And although we were old, the sting of that cold pumped up the feeling, here it is again.

Oh boatman, I am the river, I am the mountain and the sea.
Oh boatman, taker and giver, can you deliver me? I would forever run free.

Oh, I'm a message in a bottle drifting along on a deep blue sea.
Waiting for some foreign shore, ready for something to be.

No longer afraid of falling, we cut the strings to the sky.
We found lever ground and we put ourselves down, amazing we all didn't die.
We took each moment as given, by second they came.
The ice and the sun and the thundering guns, good God I was finally sane.

Oh boatman, I am the river, I am the mountain and the sea.
Oh boatman, taker and giver, can you deliver me?
Oh holy roller, I am the river, I am the mountain and the sea.
Oh boatman, taker and giver, can you deliver me? I would forever run free.