

Jerry Cantrell, Castaway

Written by Jerry Cantrell

Day break, wind is blowing strong
No escape, caught on a reef in the storn
Castaway, licking his cracked lips sore
Patient, waits, hoping the rats reach the shore...yeah...yeah
Yesterday, seems a lifetime now
Remembering those he left and how
Out in space laughing at all below
Island stage, plays to his thoughts and ego...yeah...yeah
Dusk fall, fading sun no fire light
Memories amplify his plight
Gathering, searching for shelter above
Feel the sting, choking on hoarded love...yeah...yeah
Thin, cold, tired...castaway