Kendra Smith, Drunken Boat

Down to the sea in a drunken boat No one can get to her tearing up the words she wrote Down impassable rivers What does she care for a crew Light as a cork she is dancing On the waves of the deep sunk dead Moonlit lantern idiot eyes Delirious rhythms that catch her at dawn Black perfumes that drag her and drug her Under the bottomless spiralling sky Nighttime breathes in ominous fortune She thinks of the calm before stroming And hears Ma's silent warning Down to the sea in a drunken boat No one can get to her tearing up the words she wrote On a drunken boat she is sailing Down to the sea she's singing Nothing is quite as it seems And no man on earth can be hid from her dreaming