

# Me Without You, Messes Of Men

I do not exist, but faithfully insist  
Sailing in our separate ships  
and from each tiny caravelle  
Tiring and trying there's unnecessary dying  
like the horseshoe crab in its proper seasons sheds its shell  
Such distance from our friends  
like a scratch across a lens,  
made everything look wrong from anywhere we stood  
and our paper blew away before we'd left the bay,  
so half-blind we wrote these songs on sheets of salty wood

Caught me making eyes at the other boatman's wives,  
and heard me laughing louder at the jokes told by their daughters  
I'd set my course for land,  
but you well understand  
it takes a steady hand to navigate adulterous waters  
The propeller's spinning blades held acquaintance with the waves  
as there's mistakes I've made no rowing could outrun  
The cloth blowing on the mast like to say I've got no past  
but I'm nonetheless the librarian and secretary's son  
with tarnish on my brass and mildew on my glass,  
I'd never want someone so crass as to want someone like me  
but a few leagues off the shore, I bit a flashing lure  
and I assure you, it was not what I expected it to be!  
I still taste its kiss, that dull hook in my lip  
is a memory as useless as a rod without a reel  
To an anchor ever-dropped, seasick yet still docked  
Captain spotted napping with his first mate at the wheel,  
floating forgetfully along, with no need to be strong  
We keep our confessions long and when we pray we keep it short

I drank a thimble full of fire and I'm not ever coming back

Oh, my God!

I do not exist we faithfully insist  
while watching sink the heavy ship of everything we knew  
If ever you come near I'll hold up high a mirror  
Lord, I could never show you anything as beautiful as You