

Murder City Devils, No Grave But The Sea

#Every time I put my oars in your water#
#I do it for the sailors#
#Who have no grave but the sea#
#Who have no grave but the sea#
#Sail away from the sirens when the light goes black#
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#Every time I put my oars in your water#
#I do it for the sailors#
#Who have no grave but the sea#
#Who have no grave but the sea#
#With head on hands#
#In name and blood#
#With head on hands, in name and blood#
#Sail away from the sirens when the light goes black#
#Sail away from the sirens when the light goes black#

#What would you say, Jim Hawkins?#
#To you Ann Bonnie?#
#What would you say, Ann Bonnie#
#If you could speak for yourself?#
#I can hear you singing#
#On the rocks#
#I can hear you clearly on the rocks#

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#In name and blood#
#With head on hands, in name and blood#
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