

# 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#  
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#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#  
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#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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