

Neutral Milk Hotel, Sinking Ship

Sinking ship-

How long can you hold still?

Your illness spills against my face

Sinking ship-

How long can you hold still?

Oh, can't you feel the coming waves?

A perfect Sunday portrait of my mother painting horses all alone

Of lovers and of leaves still believing they are free to come and go

Sinking ship-

How long can you hold still?

Your illness is all that you are

A portrait of my father as a baby sleeping underneath the stars

A small pill of forgiveness I am giving to myself

It's what I need

A small gift of fulfillment I am hoping you will open and receive

Sinking ship-

How long can you hold still?

Your illness fills this empty room

A portrait of your lover softly drowning in the water

A perfect Sunday portrait of my mother sending signals through the drum

A portrait of my sadness finding shelter in the safety of my home