

Owl City, Captains And Cruise Ships

I am stuck in L.A.
Through the week and cant get away
And you're alone on the pier
In West Palm Beach on your holiday
Stormy night, reawake
the stomach ache that ive acquired
from feeling down, things look grim
and im so sick of being tired
apartment lights go dark
and its depressing but what can i do?
the midnight streets feel dead
when i am so used to driving with you
brighter lights fill the night and
bluer skys reflect in your eyes
As I inspect and analyze
All of these dreams I dont recognize
if you're still up when the ships
in the port prepare to set sail
comb the beach and put those blue flowers up in your ponytail
inside my head you're voice is still resounding but what can i do?
Empty rooms feel cold when I am so used to being with you
Count the stars, watch the waves absorb the summer sun
and think of me
when you explore hidden coves and tiny island chains throughout the sea
Can you still, hear my voice, when Im outside from over the phone
For what its worth, darling dear, I wish you were here Cause I feel alone
when you were home we'd sing but since you've left I dont hear anything
Though I feel so sad, I cant believe things are really that bad
Old captains and brand new cruise ships
Sailing over the briney sea
When I crashed my beloved desk job
And swim through the depris
Ill cut loose leave this mad house all for the atlantic blue
Ill stroll down your treelined driveway, and sail the ocean with you