

# 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