

Patrick Park, Silver Girl

That howling wind, it comes
Knocking on her door.
You know I want her here,
But it wants her more.
She's a sad-eyed silver skinner,
With worn & broken decks.
And you can hear her moan,
As the main sail sets.

She says, "Hang on silver girl,
It's going to be alright, now"

"Alright I'll throw you over",
Comes the ocean's pounding roar.
All she ever wanted,
Was someone to adore
Now the wind it swings around again.
And she turns the boat to stern.
Sometimes you have to sink,
Before you learn

"Hang on silver girl,
It's going to be alright"
"Hang on silver girl,
It's going to be alright, now"

Now the paralyzing cold,
Tells her, "This is it".
But she can't go down,
On a sinking ship
But the wind is out of breathe,
And the northern gales subside.
She gets her first sleep in days,
Under starry skies.

"Hang on silver girl,
It's going to be alright, now"