

# Robert Post, Big Boat

How many scars  
How many stars  
Need I count back home to you  
I'll always keep sailing  
In all the winds you make

They were always true  
All the lies made up for you  
You're always asleep  
When I am on date with the moon  
A man feel unloved  
Hungry and out of line  
The longer he walks  
Less he knows 'bout where to stop

So big boat tell me  
How it feels to know every corner  
Of my little swimming pool

Thousands of fools  
Do believe  
Love is ending there  
They close her eyes  
And she is dead to their world  
Always a chance  
The dishes may not break  
Be always aware  
The heart is the one who can

Past is on fire  
Never turns to ash  
Remember your future  
It may last

So big boat tell me  
How it feels to know every corner  
Of my little swimming pool

There's too many things that affect  
There's too many things affecting this  
There's too many dreams affecting me