Steve Kilbey, Seasick

Starboard and port
Comes creeping in the mist
I'm lost in thought
Lost in the thought of this

Seasick
Seasick

The lovers flowing in
The traffic comes and goes
I'm hanging in this web
You would never suppose

Seasick
Seasick

Stern and bow
Up and down
Side to side
And around

Seasick
Seasick

The seasons fluctuate
Rivers rise and dwindle
Mouths fly past late
The inches never kindle

Seasick
Seasick

Seeeaaasick