

## Lost At Sea

Anna von Hausswolff

My babe ain't coming home, he's lost at sea.  
Called me on the phone; "Come after me!".  
Trapped upon a border of life at sea.  
And desperately he's calling me.  
He says to me, he says: Baby come and rescue me!

The map is far long gone and I can see a pattern.  
Troubles weigh upon my head, and it's far from fun.  
My Babe ain't coming home, he's lost at sea.  
And desperately he's calling me,  
he says to me, he says: Baby come and rescue me!

I don't know how to call and I don't know how to answer.  
I'm stretching out my arm for him but it's not enough  
I never get it wrong and I can sense a pattern.  
Still, constantly he's calling me,  
he says to me, he says: Baby come and rescue me!

Oh, is it true? You're out in the blue?  
I can't stand waiting for you.  
And your sailor friends they say that you've made up your mind,  
and that you won't be coming home this night

ooooooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhooooooooooooohhhhhhhhhhoohohohohohohohohoo  
oooooh

Baby, please! Stop calling me! 'Cause baby you are confusing me  
.