

Lost At Sea

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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

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