

The Ticonderoga

Bowerbirds

Old ship, give me your hands.
Im the cape that came to crush and snag you on my sands.
Below the ocean, and from my point of view,
You were always drinking, and drunk well before noon,
And dreaming on my pillow of high tide.
But Id allow you.

Old friend, give me back my hands.
Im the crutch thats missing, and youre the crippled little lamb
.
Those claws will get you