

# That Sea, The Gambler

Gregory Alan Isakov

Cursed your captain and stow me below  
Hold me amongst all your cards  
Oh we were sea bound and aimless at best,  
Clutching to the wheel and those charts,  
but that sea was just a gambler at heart

Oh there we were; the sun hit the starboard,  
And we were as free as we could be.  
We waited for land; oh we waited for thee  
We aimed to stay calm and cool,  
But that sea was just a gambling fool

Come to me, Mary come; you know you once were queen  
The ocean is holding all the kings,  
And tossed aside the weary

How I'd love to steer you straight into those waters  
While those daunting clouds above began to pour  
And when we're found, we'll kiss that ground,  
And roll around on that lovers floor

Come to me, Mary come; you know you once were queen  
The ocean is holding all the kings,  
And tossed aside the weary

The ocean holding everything,  
And tossed aside the weary

Aw that dreadful, gambling sea