

Sea Child

Hot Tuna

Daily things fall off like water,
Falling down like summer rain;
We see each other in confusion;
Wonder why we came today.
Sittin' lonely in our prison,
Lookin' out for ways to sail;
What we'd be without confusion,
In our less uncommon way.
Through your hair across my eyes,
The twilight shafts in soft surprise;
Reminds me once again how nice,
It is to be with you.