

When we get back to winthrop  
A few miles from the airport  
On a plastic chair  
On a deck where my friends live  
I watch the taking off airplanes  
I watch the ocean waves crashing  
With all of this movement something's got to give

Down at the hi-tide  
Passed down through the family  
The fishermen gather to complain about the catch  
They talk about time  
They talk about tides  
The pull of the moon and the coffee deep night black  
And I listen to them  
And I listen to you  
And for everyone there is something never coming back

But for all that we've been through  
For all that we've promised  
Your wayward direction seems insensible  
Words fall off like breathless fish  
All flopping and scattered  
And hearts picked over deemed dispensible

Down at the hi-tide  
We're there for our last meal  
The broken loaves are still enough for all  
And we talk about time  
And we talk about tides  
Under the moon with the deep night coffee black  
I hear the dim roar of the last flight out  
And for someone there is someone never coming back

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