With

Jason Webley

Six long months at sea, now a warmer current brings echoed fragments of a song I think we wrote. With a worn thin book of maps and our faith so full of holes it's a miracle we even stayed afloat. We could taste the salt through our fingertips and knew the time had come, so we said goodbye to the lives we'd lived and pulled our anchor up. Now we scrape the barnacles from our hearts and we row the boat to shore, hallelujah. You can feel the end even as we start. We row the boat to shore, hallelujah. Just done letting go all the things I used to own. Now I guess the tides are changing once again. I got so goddamned good at navigating on my own, but I guess it's time to bring the old boat in. Well, I've worked so hard to get my sea legs, and I've earned these calloused hands. But I drank this ocean down to the dregs; now I'm thirsty for dry land. Now I scrape these barnacles from my heart and I row the boat to shore, hallelujah. I heard sirens sing themselves apart, so I row the boat to shore. I row the boat to shore, hallelujah