

# The Boat Dreams From The Hill

Jawbreaker

Boat on a hill, never going to sea.  
Anchored to a fixer upper's dream.  
This boat is beat, never gonna be a boat now.  
Thirsty, sees the sea from high on ice plant.

He keeps patching it and painting.  
Thinking about his pension plan.  
But the boat is out to pasture.  
Seems it never had a chance.

I want to be a boat.  
I want to learn to swim.  
Then I'll learn to float.  
Then begin again.  
Begin again.

Boat remembers the carpenter's sure hand.  
Missing fishy flutter on it's rudder.  
Sold at an auction, on the dolly ever since.  
Sometimes rainy days drop boyish wonder.

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Thinking about his pension plan.  
But the boat is out to pasture.  
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