

# The Doldrums

Josh Pyke

I couldn't tell you why,  
I'm never feeling satisfied.  
But every time the sun don't shine,  
It makes me want to run and hide.  
From the songs in my head

Here comes the rain again,  
She's coming for to break the drought.  
But she's such a cloudy friend,  
And she's bringing forth the shadow of doubt.  
Ain't it funny how, when you think,  
That you've got it all figured out,  
That these things sometimes,  
Seem organised well in advance of me,  
Or the callings of my heart.

So we hit the doldrums now,  
Sails hanging loose on the lines.  
And we couldn't sink or swim,  
Just praying for a merciful tide,  
With this song 'round my neck.

Lull of the afternoon,  
And we've grown numb to the feel.  
So set navigation true,  
Then I rope myself to the wheel  
On this dried out sea, when you go,  
Well you go, you go, you go.

And these things sometimes seem,  
Seem organised well in advance of me,  
Or the callings of my heart.  
And I do believe that fatalism is complacency,  
when you float your fears too far.  
But the moment that I take my leave,  
I'm back up out that door,  
So I can never rest assured.

I couldn't tell you why,  
I'm never feeling satisfied.  
But every time the sun don't shine,  
It makes me want to run and hide.  
From the songs,

I couldn't tell you why,  
I'm never feeling satisfied.  
But every time the sun don't shine,  
It makes me want to run and hide.  
Around my neck.