

Murphy's Song

Kevin Devine

I cry at her bowl, dog's dying day
A bone in her bowl, a watery grave

See, I am a sailor, but I'm not so great
I keep fishin' for roadkill, passin' out on the waves

Shimmering sea, stretched end to end
Shivering bowl, a flickering friend

See, that's Mr. Murphy, my leathery brave
He's whimpering "Taps" now, for his plank-walk grade

I've never been a joiner, no, I've quit every team I've been on

Now I'm crying in my coffee, that's not sea salt in my eyes
Cause me and Murphy, we have been through it, and I hate watching him die

(Whistling)

So I wait for my wisdom, like I wait for my wife
Like I wait for a story, helps me wait out the night

Like when I was an archer, but I couldn't shoot straight
I broke all of ma's windows, I poked holes through her drapes

And I laugh to myself, but I can't tell you why
The hung-over sun, sneaks back in the sky

But Murphy went peaceful, he went decent and right
At least better than I will, when it's my turn to die

And I wear his collar on my wrist
And I bury him down at the beach

No crying, no coffin, just a body and a hole
No praying, no singing, no saving any souls

The only thing I'm saving, yeah
Is a bone inside a bowl