

## 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 watchi  
ng 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