

My Ship Isn't Pretty

Kings of Convenience

The telegraph gave us hope
Before was the silence and the panic it brought
The sky was the blankest sheet
We drew lines upon it
So our thoughts could meet
Through cables black and cold
We carry our intentions to bridge
And bring home
Would it all be so clear
If the lines were erased
And the silence restored ?

Boys of today write lines on walls
In the streets at night
In suburbs of cities with no name
Is this destruction or just quiet protest
Against loneliness.

The cargo lies in our laps
Their weight is so heavy
And this is all we know
Our message will need a ship
To travel across oceans
That can't otherwise be crossed.

It underplate on the waves
And cautions the water so we can be safe
It underplate on the waves
Then cautions the water so we can be safe.