

## Over My Head

Martin Sexton

I'm looking out into the ocean  
This boy in a boat that I am  
Through the haze I can catch a glimpse  
Of the damage that's been done  
Miles like minutes they pass as I row  
And I count them in my head  
Further and further I seem to go  
From the home that I once made  
I raise the anchor, raise these tired hands  
And no direction and my pockets full of sand  
I'm over my head  
And the first few days of this journey  
Friends and strangers came aboard my ship  
Until the gifts of their passing  
Crowded my quarters with gold  
I've got no room for them anymore  
For I fear I might go under  
My anchor is tangled in weeds down below  
As I heed the distant thunder calling me  
Raise the question that's in front of me  
Clear as the sun I feel through the haze I'll never see  
I'm over my head on the crazy ocean  
I'm over my head on the stormy sea  
I'm over my head with a clear commotion  
I'm over my head and it's killing me  
I'll raise my bow to the winds that blow  
Face the storm face to face as I know  
She's banging hard on my cabin door  
So I face my fear face to face and what's more  
She's in front of me, she's in front of me  
But then she's gone for just awhile  
And I'm crying  
I'm over my head

Other Martin Sexton songs