

You Never Arrived

Midlake

I untied all the rope lines
I gathered our things
And placed them beside me
You never arrived
And I got worried
You never arrived
And I was troubled
But you were bound to leave
And so I crumbled
You should steer
The seats are warm in this boat
Come on and hurry move your feet

Down the shore that winter had a hold on
And we'll pass by
For the last time
We'll pass by for the last time