

As I set down these notes on paper,
I'm obsessed by the thought that I might be the last living man on earth.
2X2L calling CQ...
2X2L calling CQ...
2X2L calling CQ... New York
Isn't there anyone on the air?
Isn't there anyone on the air?
Isn't there anyone?
Inside this leaking submarine
The hull is closing in
The water is above my ankles
Now that I still can't get you off of my
I don't think that we can pull this one off
We shall see, time will tell
What is time and why does it
Taste like salt water inside of my mouth?
Someday I will sail again,
To a distant shore, far away.
I will sail again,
To a distant shore, far away...
If the line snaps,
There's no air,
Will you hold me?
If I'm asleep,
Will you wake me?
If this rises,
We hit the waves,
Will you dive back down?
Someday, I will sail again,
To a distant shore, far away.
I will sail again,
To a distant shore far away.
High hope
Something's tugging on my leg
And there it goes
Shallow water
Must be on the horizon
But still too
Far to go
Spilling blood so fast
I can't keep up much more
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go far away.
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
(2X2L calling CQ...)
Sorry, Sorry,
Can't go far away.
(2X2L calling CQ . . .)
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.

(2X2L calling CQ . . . New York)
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
(Isn't there anyone on the air?)
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more
(Isn't there anyone on the air?
Isn't there anyone?)
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
Sorry, sorry,
Can't go no more.
(I look down at my blackened hands..)