

## Well, Benjamin

Shearwater

Well, Benjamin  
You crashed your plane again  
A beautiful tailspin  
It was going to happen soon enough  
The only question was when  
'Cause I could smell the flames  
Just sleeping on your skin

And I love you for the things you do  
And I don't care who you do them to  
You can wrap your stupid suffering around me  
Because I thought it out, in the time I've got  
And I don't care if I drown or not  
I just want to crash into that same cold sea

On an airport "USA Today," in a dark black ballpoint  
pen  
You write, "These people are like skeletons  
Wrapped up in perfumed skin"  
And it's such a stupid sentiment  
But write it once again  
Let your anger fill the margin  
And I'll kiss your shaking hand.

'Cause I love you for the things you see  
And I don't mind if you see me  
With my wrinkled hands and glazed eyes  
As obscene  
You're right in ways that you don't know  
And you're untouched by the undertow  
All that speed and anger burns your body clean

And I love you for the things you feel  
So thoroughly that they turn real  
As the sea comes rushing toward us  
Dark and cold  
And your rowmate, this nonentity  
As the screams and salt sea smother me  
Will reach out a wrinkled hand for you to hold

But now the landing gear is starting to unfold  
The captain points the runway out below  
Where the Kent account is waiting to be sold  
And where you're going, down there  
I don't know.