

# The Boat Is Full

Sophie Hunger

"The boat is full" I hear us warning  
as we order french champagne  
"The boat is full" I hear us yearning  
"let's build a fence against the rain"  
"The boat is full" I hear us turning  
on a highway made of gold  
"The boat is full" we're so concerned and  
pass a law against the cold

There is someone out there breathing  
On the top of all our lungs  
Do you really think we're easy  
Because of what we've done?

If this is full, then what is empty,  
Other than our will to live?  
It this Is full, then what exactly,  
Have we possibly achieved?

So, is this it? Where we begin  
they end, they end?  
So, is this it? Where we begin,  
They end, they end?