

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?