

Toiler on the Sea

The Strangers

I had a woman ship
I took her overseas
She left her hull unlocked
I had to find a dock
I was a toiler on the sea
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We didn't use cruel words
To navigate cruel seas
The wind was biting hard
At times I had to scream
I was a toiler on the sea
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And when we reached the land
We went aground on the rocks
Became a wreck in the sand
Became a home for a flock
We ventured overland
Fought with the aliens
The young ones used their hands
Pointed the way to a flock
A flock of seagulls!
A flock of seagulls!

Then we retraced our steps
Rebuilt the woman ship
I took her back up north
I lost her in the fog
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