

Shut Up I Am Dreaming Of Places Where Lovers Have Wings

Sunset Rubdown

Yo ho! The distant shore!
Yo ho! The distant shore!
Oceans never listen to us anyway,
Oceans never listen to us anyway.
And if I fall into the drink,
I will say your name, before I sink.

He says your name out loud;
At miniature rooms where no one's found;
It's a desperate sound.
Yo ho! The distant shore!
He stands his feet down
You hear his knuckles on your door.
He wants to send you drawings
Drawings of men with faithful hands
They will make such good boyfriends
He wants to tell you stories
Stories of boys who stomped their feet saying,
"Shut - shut up I am dreaming of places
Where lovers have wings. "

"I'll meet you where the river forks;
When everyone else is dead
You'll be safe on the water
We'll be much younger, and we remember.
Yo ho! The distant shore!
I send my feet down-
Down do you hear knuckles
On your door. Do you understand
What I'm finding for? Oh,
Oceans never listen to us anyway.
Oceans never listen to us anyway.
And if I fall into the drink,
I will say your name, before I sink.
Oceans never listen to us anyway.

I'm afraid of the water;
I'm afraid of the sky.
I'm tired of waiting.
Oceans never listen to us anyway,
Oceans never listen to us anyway.
And if I fall into the drink,
I will say your name, before I sink.
So... Don't make a sound.
Don't make a sound.