

Sailor Song

The Felice Brothers

I have seen the endless waves breaking
On my vessel's side
Ten thousand silver whales laboring
In the shifting tide

Now I near the bottom
Tangled in the mast
I go to meet the crewmen
On a thousand ships of glass

See the soldiers' bodies twisted in the crimson snow
See the farmers graves positioned nearly in their rows
No grave for the swallowed sailor
For fisherman and slaves
No grave for the swallowed whalers
Who whisper on the waves
Down I go
Down I go
Down I go
Down to meet them all