

If Work Permits

The Format

So the wind that blows across your room
Carried cheap perfume onto your dresser
It rained for jewelry and for credit cards
Two tickets to a film I don't remember
One day you'll kiss your rabbits nose, pick up the phone
To find I've been turned over
And you'll grab that piece of gold
Only to find that the smell has taken over
Now all the things you had, they aren't the same...
As what you hold

I'm standing in a room,
It's filled with older folks pleading "baby listen"
And I scream as loud as anyone,
But when asked to make a point I tend to whisper
Now highways turn to tidal waves
They're asking me to export all of your insecurities
But that wind that blows across your room
It's gonna set the sails, and send me back to you

Sometimes, when sailors are sailing
They think twice, about where they're anchoring
And I think, I could make better use of my time on land
I'll drink less
'cause lord knows I could use a warm kiss
Instead of a cold goodbye
I'm writing the folks back home to tell them
"Hey I'm doing alright"

It's a shame what your father did to your brothers head
He smashed it with a telephone
And your mother got scared and locked the door
You were only four, but lord you remember it
So now you're scared of love
I'm here to tell you loves not some fucking blood on the receiver
Love is speaking in code
It's an inside joke
Love is coming home

Sometimes, when sailors are sailing
They think twice, about where they're anchoring
And I think, I could make better use of my time on land
I'll drink less
'cause lord knows I could use a warm kiss
Instead of a cold goodbye
I'm writing the folks back home to tell them
"Hey I'm doing alright"

Yeah I'm doing just fine
And if she seems as lonely as me.....
Let her sink.
Let her sink.
Let her