

## The Captain

## The Knife

Coming home after a long, long walk  
Coming home after a dozen of walks  
Coming home after a long, long war  
Coming home after a dozen of wars

We are out of wind  
We have pockmarked chin  
We have lots of water  
We turn the other cheek and we win

One thousand stories and there's always more  
We've been offered one more lap to go  
In my hand I hold a key  
It's dear to me cause I know where it leads

We are out of wind  
We have pockmarked chin  
We have all this water  
We turn the other cheek with a grin