

From a Sinking Boat

The Magnetic Fields

In the middle of the night
With a sickening sound
This little boat
Ran aground.

The mast is twisted,
The hull is breached,
One more tide
And it'll be beached.

If I could walk
I'd walk away
But I haven't slept
since yesterday

The ink is sinking,
The page is blue,
And I can't read
a single word.

But know that I love you,
Know that I wrote
My last words to you
From a sinking boat