

Christian Kjellvander - Freighter Boat Blue

Ocean spread for me

Open to misery

Full moon like a streak on your skin

No deeper lonesome than the ocean my friend

Soft like a wave and quiet like a knife

But it is a wasted life

O son love of mine

Don't follow so close behind

Full moon on your five year old skin

I hope you're never as lonesome as I've been

But I had no choice when the sea called my name

I had no way of knowing this day

If the head of the house is drumming

Don't blame the children for dancing

Fierce like a swan and quiet like a knife

And it is a wasted life