

John Hiatt, Ocean

I am the west wind.

I am the sea gull.

I dance on the waves,

As they break on the shore line.

The moon is my sorrow.

The moon is my lantern.

I search for you so long,

These dark lonely beaches.

Oh where can you be?

This restless sea,

These empty nights,

Have swallowed me.

Look for something

Softer illusions

Soothe these vicious schemes.

There is the old one,

The wise one, the gold one.

I am the hunger,

The ache of the fiction,

And nestles in bones,

That he left for the vultures.

Death is my secret,

A child my illusion,

And life is the suffering,

That brings men to (something?).

Oh, where can you be?

This raging age,
This rotting life,
Is misery.

Lost in your body,
Cave of you screaming,
Longing to be free.
Then you have broken,
The spine of your madness,
Come over here to me.