

Murray McLauchlan, Ten Thousand Miles From Shore

Twenty-five miles south of Sable Island
On four steel columns
Rising from the cold sea below
With our drilling tower rising
And a jagged grey horizon
Lord I feel like I'm ten thousand miles from shore

We're drilling far below
For what they call black gold
To keep your Chevy running
And your house from getting cold
Far away from loved ones
Who wait for us at home
Lord I feel like I'm ten thousand miles from shore

Last week on the Vinland
The whole thing nearly blew
You try not to think about it
Lord what else can you do
Last year the Ocean Ranger
Lost all the souls she bore
Lord I feel like I'm ten thousand miles from shore