

# Take That, Wooden Boat

A little boy me went fishing in a wooden boat  
Sitting there for hours in the cold  
Patience is a virtue til we die  
Then a ripple in the water caught my eye.

Sometimes we don't know what we're waiting for  
That's the time to be the first one on the dance floor  
We go from green to blue to go to black  
Breathe deep, who knows how long will this last.

Only was last week I learnt to drive  
Stole my mother's keys and drove all night  
Christine never showed it's 4 am  
Started up mum's car drove home again.

One year ago I kissed my bride  
Now I wait to hear my baby's cry  
Woman showed me all that she knew then  
To cut himself down man's born again.

Christine died and now I'm here alone  
What I wouldn't give to be on that wooden boat.