

Well, Benjamin

Shearwater

Well, Benjamin
You crashed your plane again
A beautiful tailspin
It was going to happen soon enough
The only question was when
'Cause I could smell the flames
Just sleeping on your skin

And I love you for the things you do
And I don't care who you do them to
You can wrap your stupid suffering around me
Because I thought it out, in the time I've got
And I don't care if I drown or not
I just want to crash into that same cold sea

On an airport "USA Today," in a dark black ballpoint
pen
You write, "These people are like skeletons
Wrapped up in perfumed skin"
And it's such a stupid sentiment
But write it once again
Let your anger fill the margin
And I'll kiss your shaking hand.

'Cause I love you for the things you see
And I don't mind if you see me
With my wrinkled hands and glazed eyes
As obscene
You're right in ways that you don't know
And you're untouched by the undertow
All that speed and anger burns your body clean

And I love you for the things you feel
So thoroughly that they turn real
As the sea comes rushing toward us
Dark and cold
And your rowmate, this nonentity
As the screams and salt sea smother me
Will reach out a wrinkled hand for you to hold

But now the landing gear is starting to unfold
The captain points the runway out below
Where the Kent account is waiting to be sold
And where you're going, down there
I don't know.