

The Captain's Bride

Words and music by Alexander Sands, 2006

Alone at the edge of a pier
I woke up in Algiers
On the Mediterranean Coast
On a footpath by the boats
As I fed the birds from my hand
Jesus appeared from the sand

How could I explain to the folks back home?
They'd say "dear boy, you must have been stoned"
"That you cannot escape your flesh and your bones"
Though I fill my heart, with all the hope that I can

I brushed off my corduroy pants
And boarded a liner for France
It was named for the captain's bride
Who was dragged away by the tide
On the bunk in my cabin below
I sat up and talked with her ghost

(she said)
"This ship of ours is stuck in a bottle
Sailing the sea of some person's mantle
And the light that shines from the chandelier candles
Are the stars in the sky as I cross this channel with you"

Up on the shuffleboard deck
The couples were dancing a step
Under a pale honey-moon
The horizon, faded from view
A whirlpool took hold of our rudder
But the men just kept spinning their lovers

Somewhere a child pulled the plug from the drain
And running the shower, he caused it to rain
But the cook went on laughing, and popping champagne
Bubbles were rising, and fading away as we drowned

Through a world of vast city pipes
There was suddenly a pinpoint of light
And out of the sewer I sprang
Into a gutter in San Tropez
Outside of a café called "*Au Contrare*"
A man smiled, and said "pull up a chair"

What's gone today will be there tomorrow
The light in the tunnel to end all our sorrow
And the hot summer haze that sits on the tar road
Will lift and reveal, the redemption value of none