# The Canoe is Sinking

Canoe's packed, looks sweet, loose and complete

Clear skies, the water blue-green.

The sun, she's awake, skin starts to bake So I put on my sunscreen

Sobriety is muddy, now the river's coming in

The canoe is sinking man and I don't wanna swim

"Hey Tim, What's wrong? What's going on?

The boat is startin' to fill"

He said, "Water's cold, no doubt...might have to get out,

My toes I can no longer feel

Pass me back the bailer, before we're in up to our ears

Everything will be fine, just be sure to save the beers"

I'm pale as a light bulb, hanging on a wire

Pushin' in past someone just to get next to the fire

Hung up my wet clothes in the greenery

Then asked for someone to pass... a beer... to me

I had my chair in the river

My feet back up on the banks

Looked up at Gilly above

And said, "Hey man, thanks

Beer got me feelin' good, this trip is a dream"

He turned to me and said "I know exactly what you mean"

He said, he said, I swear to god he said...

My memory is muddy what's this river that I'm in?

The canoe is sinking man and I don't wanna swim