



Een wereld aan cultuur

Evert Bisschop Boele | GROND, 23-5-2019

**share your talent.
move the world.**



There's a few too many years on this hotel
She used to be a beauty you can tell
The lights down in the lobby they don't shine
They just flicker while the elevator whines

And the couple in the corner of the bar
Have travelled light and clearly travelled far
She's got nothing left to learn about his heart
They're sitting there a thousand miles apart

Baby, let's not ever get that way
I'll say whatever words I need to say
I'll throw rocks at your window from the street
And we'll call ourselves the flagship of the fleet

There's a lady shining shoes up by the door
Cowboy boots for seven dollars more
And I remember how you loved to see them shine
So I run upstairs and get a pair of mine

And there's a painting on the wall beside the bed
The watercolour sky at Hilton Head
Then I see you in that summer when we met
And that boy you left in tears in his Corvette

Baby, let's not ever get that way
I'll drive you to the ocean every day
We'll stay up in the presidential suite
And call ourselves the flagship of the fleet

...

You gotta try and keep yourself naive
In spite of all the evidence believed
And volunteer to lose touch with the world
And focus on one solitary girl

Baby, let's not live to see it fade
I'll cancel all the plans I've ever made
I'll drive and you can ride in the back seat
And we'll call ourselves the flagship of the fleet

You gotta try and keep yourself naive
In spite of all the evidence believed

Jason Isbell - Flagship

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