

No one Comes to Throw
The line

No one comes to throw the line;
It's OK we're floating fine,
Oh such curious useless debris!
On the Salinas
Could be the Ohio
On way down upon the Savannah

Hope no hungry crocodile
Comes to take us in his smile;
& pray his Karma takes no delight,
That we get to the city,
Maybe Los Padres,
Be happy with the Rock Island Line.

Evenin' we're still afloat,
Passin' some noble monarch's mast,
He tips his crown and waves hello;
& feel like Cuba,
Like Otis Johnson
Remember dear Cervantes.