

THE *Lotte Senya* COMPETITION SONGBOOK

"Day 23" from *I Sailed*

Music and lyrics by Daniel Rudin

DAY 23 PAPA, TODAY WAS NOTHING NEW;
MY SKIN'S NO LONGER BURNING AND THE NAUSEA HAS SUBSIDED,
BUT I'M STILL SAILING HOME TO YOU.

DAY 23 PAPA, I STILL HAVE LOTS OF FOOD:
FIRST FOR BREAKFAST CAN OF TUNA, THEN FOR LUNCH A CAN OF TUNA,
THEN FOR DINNER TURKEY-JERKY, THEN DESSERT A CAN OF TUNA,
SO I'VE LOST MY SENSE OF SMELL.
BUT THINGS ARE GOING WELL.

YOU SHOULD SEE THIS SUNSET PAPA.
GOLDEN SKY AND THE WATER'S CRYSTAL CLEAR.
I CAN HEAR YOUR VOICE DESCRIBING IT IN MY EAR:

[*CLEARs THROAT, ADJUSTs VOICE*]

"CHICO, IMAGINE:
FLASHING SUNLIGHT, CHARCOAL STORM CLOUDS, BLAZING FIRE
BUT THE OCEAN WAVES ARE ICY BLUE!
CHICO, IMAGINE:
ONE-EYED PIRATES FIGHTING SAILORS, SECRET ISLANDS!"
I'D SAY, "PAPA, IS ANY OF THAT TRUE?"

DAY 23 PAPA, THE SUN IS ALMOST GONE.
EVERY NIGHT I GO TO SLEEP, IT'S STRANGE, MY DREAMS ARE ALL THE SAME.
I ARRIVE AT HOME, YOU CRY, YOU CAN'T REMEMBER MY FIRST NAME.
THE SEA IS GETTING TO MY BRAIN!

I CAN HEAR YOU SAYING, "CHICO, SLOW DOWN. LIFE IS NOT A RACE."
IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE LAST I SAW YOU BUT IN MY MIND, I SEE YOUR FACE,
AND EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE TURNING SIXTY, IN MY MIND YOU'RE THIRTY-TWO.
'CAUSE PAPA NOW I'M THIRTY-ONE AND PAPA, I LOOK JUST LIKE YOU.

YOU SHOULD SEE MY BEARD NOW PAPA!
JUST LIKE YOURS, AND IT'S STARTING TO TURN GRAY.
OH MY GOD, HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN AWAY?

PAPA, IMAGINE:

I'LL BE HOME SOON, YOU'LL SAY
"CHICO TELL ME ALL YOUR STORIES!"
AND I'LL HAVE SO MUCH TO SAY!

I SAW THE WORLD PAPA, IMAGINE!
I SAW CATHEDRALS, HIKED UP MOUNTAINS, HAD ADVENTURES PAPA.
I DID WHAT YOU DID AT MY AGE.

I FELL IN LOVE PAPA, IMAGINE!
I MET A WOMAN, TOOK HER DANCING, FOLLOWED YOUR ADVICE
AND WE WERE SUDDENLY ENGAGED.
BUT SHE SAID I KEPT HER IN A CAGE.
THEN SHE DIDN'T WANT TO MOVE TO THE NEXT STAGE.

THEN I PACKED A BAG PAPA. BUT I LOST MY WAY PAPA.
SO I BOUGHT A BOAT, AND I LEARNED TO SAIL,
AND I FOUND ONE MORE CATHEDRAL AND I PRAYED.
PRAYED THAT YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND THE MISTAKES I'VE MADE.

DAY 23 PAPA, I FEEL FINE AT MY CORE.
I HAVE LOTS OF CANS OF TUNA AND MY GPS TO GUIDE ME
AND AT NIGHT I HAVE THE SUNSET AND I HEAR YOUR VOICE INSIDE ME
AND SOON I'LL REACH THE SHORE.
BUT FIRST, DAY 24.