

Elton John, Sails

I viewed in my presence
My hand on my forehead
And sighting the liners
Of mad merchant seamen
In search of the living
Or the spices of China

Lucy walked gently
Between the damp barrels
And shut out my eyes
With the width of her fingers
Said she'd guessed the number
Of bales in the back room

While the seagulls were screaming
Lucy was eating
Then we hauled up our colors
The way the mother had told us
And together we just watched the sails

Lucy I said
In a passage of cotton kegs
Can we hold hands
I'm sure that it's warmer
Then the gulls ate the crumbs
Of Lucy's sandwich