New Model Army, Ghost Of Your Father

It took fourteen hours to hitch from London to Portsmouth
I can picture you in your battered old coat
Blown by the trucks on the side of the road
Cursing the world just until one pulls over
The cab is warm, the driver is talking
And oh if he had his time over again
And you laugh with the man, but you think of another
Stealing away around each darkened corner
The ghost of your father always, always watching
And he waits for you when the black tide comes
And you feel the ghost of your father waiting

An unbearable stillness hangs over these days
Humming with the promises broken
The bewildered watch from behind misted-up glass
As the ambitious and lucky get to feed on the carcass
When you feel so much in such a small space
Do you think you can keep on running
Like the papers that blow down your empty street
Outside in the dark when you cannot sleep
The ghost of your father always, always watching
And he waits for you when the black tide comes
Do you feel the ghost of your father waiting?