

Steve Hackett, Man Overboard

We'll sit and watch the sun go down
See the waves wash to and fro
The world runs by sailboat slow

We'll anchor at the sight of land
Never doing all the things we planned
The sun sinks down way below

You pushed a man overboard
In the middle of a stormy sea
The wind blows high the palm trees moan

I think about you night and day
I'm sorry when I hear you say
The coast is clear we'll head for home