

Sting, AND YET

This town, this stain on the sunrise,
Disguised in the mist this morning,
It's 8AM, a seagull shouts a sailor's warning.

This sky, this bend in the river,
Slows down and delivers me, the tide rolls back,
And all my memories fade to black,

And yet, and yet...I'm back.

This town has a strange magnetic pull,
Like a homing signal in your skull,
And you sail by the stars of the hemisphere,
Wondering how in the Hell did ye end up here?
It's like an underground river, or a hidden stream,
That flows through your head, and haunts your dreams,
And you stuffed those dreams in this canvas sack,
And there's nothing round here that the wide world lacks,

And yet, and yet...You're back.

Some nights I'd lie on the deck and I'd stare at the turning of the stars,
Those constellations hanging up there from the cables and the rigging,
I'd wonder if she saw the same, or managed to recall my name,
But why would she ever think of me? Some boy she loved who fled to sea?
And why waste time debating whether she'd be waiting for the likes of me?

So ye drift into port with the scum of the seas,
To the dance halls and the brothels where you took your ease!
And the ship's left the dock but you're half past caring,
And ye haven't got a clue whose bed you're sharing.
And your head's like a hammer on a bulkhead door,
And it feels like somebody might have broken your jaw,
And there's bloodstains and glass all over the floor,
And ye swear to God ye'll drink no more,
And yet, and yet.

In truth, it's too late to find her,
Too late to remind her at some garden gate,
Where a servant tells me I should wait,
And perhaps a door's slammed in my face,
My head must be in outer space,
And yet, and yet,
Before the sun has set,
Before the sea,
There may be something else that's waiting for,
The likes of me.

This town, this stain on the sunrise...