

# Walkabouts, Harbour Lights

Harbour lights will change your plans  
More than judge or jury can  
What a sight  
Flickerin' like prayers of grace  
How could you ever lose this place?  
What a sight  
But I'm sure I don't stand  
A ghost of a chance  
To stay here past the time, when all my checks run out  
To stay here past the time, when all my checks... run... out  
Chinese junks are driftin' in  
The foghorn blows its low warnin'  
Across the stars  
Glistening fluorescent tears  
Finally know what kept me here  
Harbour lights  
And I wonder if you  
Are makin' it through  
We all hang from a single thread and a thousand truths  
We all hang from a single thread and a thousand... truths  
Harbour lights will change your plans  
More than judge or jury can  
What a sight  
But I'm sure I don't stand  
A ghost of a chance  
To stay here past the time, when all my checks run out  
And I wonder if you  
Are makin' it through  
I wonder under which moon do you sleep tonight  
I wonder under which moon do you say... good... night