

Aberfeldy, Turn Me Towards The Light

I'm a butcher and a barber
And I live down by the sea
Waiting by the harbour for the ships to come to me
Take all they can offer
And they don't return
And I never learn

You can loose your grip by degrees
Thin yourself
Misery
The fact we got from A to B
That's good enough for me

If you're a barber and a butcher
Then you know how I feel
With eyes upon the future
As the past has no appeal
This is all that's left for us
What happened to the deal?
What a sting
What a burn
Do I never learn?

You can loose your grip the angry way
Got to strip some layers away
I got it wrong but I can get it right
Just turn me towards the light
Like a flower about to bloom
You must protect me
Give me room

I failed to understand you
Must you make such fuss
Too late to take the tiller
On this course we can't adjust
Time will take a hull from you
And turn it into rust
From bow to stern

But we can get a grip
What do you say?
And we could sail this ship away
We can sing a song
Win the fight
just turn me towards the light
Like a flower about to bloom
You must protect me
Give me room