

# 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