

# Al Stewart, Manuscript

Prince Louis Battenberg is burning the Admiralty lights down low  
Silently sifting through papers sealed with a crown  
Admiral Lord Fisher is writing to Churchill, calling for more Dreadnoughts  
The houses in Hackney are all falling down  
And my grandmother sits on the beach in the days before the war  
Young girl writing her diary, while time seems to pause  
Watching the waves as they come one by one to die on the shore  
Kissing the feet of England

Oh the lights of Saint Petersburg come on as usual  
Although the air seems charged with a strangeness of late, yet there's nothing to touch  
And the Tsar in his great Winter Palace has called for the foreign news  
An archduke was shot down in Bosnia, but nothing much  
And my grandmother sits before the mirror in the days before the war  
Smiling a secret smile as she goes to the door  
And the young man rides off in his carriage, homeward once more  
And the sun sets gently on England

Ah the day we decided to drive down to Worthing, it rained and rained  
Giving us only a minute to stand by the sea  
And crunching my way through the shingles, it seemed there was nothing changed  
Though the jetty was maybe more scarred that I'd known it to be  
And Mandi and I stood and stared at the overcast sky  
Where ten years ago we had stood, my Grandfather and I  
And the waves still rushed in as they had the year that he died  
And it seemed that my lifetime was shrunken and lost in the tide  
As it rose and fell on the side of England

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