

Al Stewart, Sampan

The sun is high, looking out I see
The emptiness beyond the jetty
Seagulls raining like confetti
On the Water
Sea and sky come together in
A hazy kiss out on the ocean
Europe seems a foreign notion
Hardly thought of

And would you leave your modern world behind?
I know who I am
Riding in my sampan

In the shade stands the foreman in
A floppy hat and linen suit
Beneath his ancient leather boot
The ground is straining
Far away, figures bend to tap the
Endless seas of rubber trees
To coat the wheels of Paris taxis
Where it's raining

And would you leave your melting world behind?
I know who I am
Riding in my sampan