

Barclay James Harvest, Harbour

To our fore the harbour lights
Shining out like beacons burning
They can stop this endless night
They can stop the wheels from burning

Faces in a setting sun
Say again that we soon will be one

Starlight rakes the silver wing
Bringing home its sons and daughters
No-one knows the state I'm in
Spinning swift above the waters

Faces in a setting sun
Say again that we soon will be one