

Barclay James Harvest, The, Harbour

Barclay James Harvest, The
XII
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