

David Gray, From Here You Can Almost See The

Come the weekend
And we'll long gone baby
Just like the old days
Letting the world flow through me

Just a parasite in a line
I'm smoking, killing the time
How long's a piece of twine
What use is sympathy
From here you can almost see the sea

If you would hold still
Could make a clean incision
Then we could sit back
And watch the demolition

Little puppy dog in a box
Somebody's picking the locks
Must want the darn from the socks
Here comes the cavalry
From here you can almost see the sea

Just another fool in the line

I dream of high clouds
Flushed with the light of daybreak
I'm gonna dive in
To water so cold it makes your bones ache

Fingers, knees and knuckles scraped
All of the rubbish heaped
A piece of cardboard taped
Up where the bedroom window pane used to be
From here you can almost
From here you can almost see the sea

Just another fool in the line
Just another fool in the line

I saw a film once
Where all the airholes froze up
A killer whale swam
Under the blue ice
Until her heart stopped