

# 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