

Emmylou Harris, Beachcombing

They say there's wreckage washing up
All along the coast
No one seems to know too much
Of who got hit the most
Nothing has been spoken
There's not a lot to see
But something has been broken
That's how it feels to me

We had a harmony
I never meant to spoil
Now it's lying in the water
Like a slick of oil
The tide is running out to sea
Under a darkening sky
The night is falling down on me
And I'm thinking that I should

Head on home
Been gone too long
Leave my roaming
Beachcombing

Little wild kitten out hunting
To see what he can get
You're in a big city now
Won't stop growing yet
The sun is going down smoking
A flaming testament
Something has been broken
And it feels permanent

Little seabird flying
He knows where he wants to go
Guess i ought to pack my stuff
And do the thing I know
I turn around and head on back
Along the old sea wall
I felt something give and crack
And now I'm sorry that's all

Head on home
Been gone too long
Leave my roaming
Beachcombing