

# 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