

Fairport Convention, Wait For The Tide To Come

Theres a time I remember
When I tired to be free
I fought like a lion
But I couldnt see
That I was a loser
Before I fired the very first shot.
And a back row seat in life
Was all I got.

It was all right protesting
I could see it wearing thin
So I walk along the back roads
Waiting for the tide to come in.

So the baliff makes you
A travelling man
You swap your house
For a Bedford Van
The countryside i closed
The law wont let you move.
Theyll push you through the country
What are they tryin to prove.

When youve no harm
Committed no big sin.
Just get out along the back roads
And wait for the tide to come in.

Hold on,
Do you believe the politicians?
Hold on,
Do you really think they'll listen
Hold on
Fighting to see it through.

Hold back
Before you make a big decision
Hold back
They'll strain to see your vision
Hold back
Dont believe what you read in the news.

As you grow older,
You gotta realise
You've gotta bend a litte
You've got to compromise
And get out on the back roads
Stay off the highway line.
Ooh stay while no lies
You will see it come in time

They cant keep you down forever,
Their wedge is wearing thin,
So get out on the back roads
And wait for the tide to come in

There was a time I remember
When I tried to be free
I fought like a lion
But I couldnt see
That I was a loser
Before I fired the very first shot
And a back row seat in life
Was all I got.

It was alright proteting
I could see it wearing thin
So I walk along the back roads
And wait for the tide to come in

Yeh I walk along the backroads
And wait for the tide to come in.