

Indochine, Waterfront

On the banks of a sunset beach
Messages scratched in sand
Beneath a roaming home of stars
Young boys try their hands
A Spanish harbouring of sorts
In Catalanian bars
They were pulled from a sinking ship
And saved for last

On the waterfront the rain
Is pouring in my heart
Here the memories come in waves
Making in the lost and found of years
Somedays

Watch the train steam full ahead
As it takes the bend
Empty carriages lose their tracks
And tumble to their end
So the world shrinks drop by drop
The wine goes to your head
Swollen angels point and laugh
This time your god is dead

On the waterfront the rain
Is pouring in my heart
Here the memories come in waves
Making in the lost and found of years
And through I'd like to laugh
At all the things that led me on
Somehow the stigma still remains