

James Taylor, Lighthouse

Off the coast of Africa, bound for South America, a world away from here
is a ship that sails the sea, is a man who's just like me and I wish that I was there.

I'm a lonely lighthouse, not a ship out in the night. I'm watching the sea.
She's come halfway round the world to see the light and to stay away from me.
There is a shipwreck lying at my feet, some weary refugee from the rolling deep.
Ah, could you lose it all and fall for me?

Couldn't we shine? I'm rolling all my golden moments into one.
Like to shine like the sun for one more summer day.
Like to shine like a lighthouse for one last summer night,
flashing on, flashing, fading away.

Well if you feel lost and lonely and don't know where to go
and you hear this song on the radio,
or even if you're feeling healthy and strong, you might like to sing along.
But just because I might be standing here, that don't mean I won't be wrong this time.
You could follow me and lose your mind.

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