

Murray McLauchlan, Nassau Town

It's too wide a world for one man to know
Life is a strange kind of song
The sea-gulls fly
We've seen eye to eye for so long
The market is walking
They're hawking their wares
Young man shouting curses around
I'm off to Miami, going down in America
Farewell to you Nassau Town

I take my guitar and I try to make sense
From all of the things going down
I take that guitar and watch all the circles go round
The dark-eyed ladies they have taken their chances
Back while the moon went down
And while they are sleeping
I'm quietly leaving
Farewell to you Nassau Town

Some men wander the wide world over
And never do find them a home
Like the Flying Dutchman
Out in the mist they roam
This cold Pauli girl
It is draining too fast
The smoke from those cruise ships blows 'round
They're full of fat souls
Just ripe to be rolled
Farewell to you, farewell to you
Farewell to you, Nassau Town