

Richard Hawley, Precious Sight

Smallwood, a joiner, takes carpenter out for a meal
As soon as we dock see the captain to get a better deal
My darkness in mind is concealed
I'm in here alone and unreal
But not anymore
Not anymore

Up above and outside we looked towards the stern of the ship
Weighed up the anchor and then I decided to slip
Land well in middle and row
I'm tired of deceiving my soul
But not anymore
Not anymore

Won't be at this station too long
Took too many journeys alone
But not anymore
Not anymore

I leap the boat clear without paying my bills, I just left here
Precious sight in my eyes as I take the last dive, I shed no tears
I'm taking a guess
This life is a mess
But not anymore
Not anymore