

# Steve Hackett, Set Your Compass

Underneath a sailing moon  
Lemon lime ginger soft glow  
Scale the woodland around the dale  
Rising falling through hedgerows  
With her train the queen of night  
(Her pale window)  
(Calming your fear)  
(With the Earth)  
Slowly turning the tide (in the lowland)  
From the long arms of the sea  
Set your compass by your dream (falling)  
Grazing sheep have lost their way  
Fifty fathoms below the bay

Windward of the sunken rock (blowing)  
Faces set like gravestones (staring down)  
Oarsmen pull to cleave the brine  
Neath the blackcliffs their cross-bones  
Under the waves and put to right  
Toy armies too rusty to fight (in the lowland)  
Cling to the wheel how deeply you breathe  
Set your compass by your dream (falling)  
Grazing sheep have lost their way  
Fifty fathoms below the bay