

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