

Vashti Bunyan, Trawlerman's Song

I love coming home from far across the sea
I pick my little wee wifey up
And set her on my knee
See how my eldest boy has grown
Whilst i've been away
See here's a boat i've whittled for thee,
Especially for thee
I've thought of you everyday

I love coming home from far across the sea
And taking up my walking cane
And passing through the trees.
I wander on the hillside,
The doggie at my heel,
The bracken waves a welcome to me
'Where have you been
We've missed you a great deal'

I love coming home from far across the sea
I pick my little wee wifey up
And set her on my knee