

Sails

Elton John

I viewed in my presence, my hand on my forehead
And sighting the liners, of mad merchant seamen
In search of the living or the spices of China
Lucy walked gently between the damp barrels
And shut out my eyes, with the width of her fingers
Said she'd guessed the number of bales in the back room
While the seagulls were screaming, Lucy was eating
Then we hauled up our colors, the way the mother had told us
And together we just watched the sails
While the seagulls were screaming, Lucy was eating
Then we hauled up our colors, the way the mother had told us
And together we just watched the sails
"Lucy", I said in a passage of cotton kegs
"Can we hold hands, I'm sure that it's warmer"
Then the gulls ate the crumbs of Lucy's sandwich
While the seagulls were screaming, Lucy was eating
Then we hauled up our colors, the way the mother had told us
And together we just watched the sails

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