

# My Egyptian Couch

[Al Stewart](#)

Now here's a book full of photographs  
That my ancestors made some generations ago  
They're wearing the latest clothes in a nautical way  
The Suez Canal close behind is frozen in time  
The deck crews star out of a mime  
And they seem to be considering me  
Here on my Egyptian couch  
O the life on Edwardian steamships  
Is measured and slow, while down below  
There are fires that shudder and clang and thunder  
And sweat-caked in smoke, and cauldrons to stoke  
To send the ship on her way

Tasting the salt and the spray  
And a century later I scan the equator  
From my Egyptian couch  
And the news every day brings  
Contains the strangest of things  
But with confident smiles my forebears decline  
To gaze into the wings  
So they look from the photographs  
And they're curious now, wondering how we turned out  
Let's say like the Chinese adage  
We're living our lives in interesting times

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