Can Utility and the Coastliners

Steve Hackett

The scattered pages of a book by the sea
Held by the sand, washed by the waves
A shadow forms cast by a cloud,
Skimming by as eyes of the past, but the rising tide
Absorbs them effortlessly claimingThey told of one who tired of all singing,
"Praise him, praise hi."
"We heed not flatterers," he cried,
"By our command, waters retreat,
Show my power, halt at my feet,"
But the cause was lost,
Now cold winds blow
For from the north overcast ranks advance
Fear of the storm accusing with rage and scorn
The waves surround the sinking throne
Singing "Crown him, crown him,"
"Those who love our majesty show themselves!"
All bent their knees
But he forced a smile even though
His hopes lay dashed where offerings fell (where they fell).
"Nothing can my peace destroy as long as none smile"
More opened ears and opened eyes,
And soon they dared to laugh
See a little man with his face turning red
Though his story's often told you can tell he's dead.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/