# Bull Rush

## Paul Weller

In a momentary lapse of my condition
Sent me tumbling down into a deep despair
Lost and dazed so I had no real recollection
Until the rain cleared the airWhen you wake to find that everything has left you
And the clothes you wear belong to someone else
See your shadow chasing off towards the shore line
Drifting into emptinessThere are bull-rushes outside my window
And their leaves whisper words in the breeze
Well, tomorrow I'll walk to the harbor
Catch the first boat that's coming in
I'll catch the first boat that's coming inLike a child too small to reach the front door handle
Maybe just too scared to know what I would find
Now I feel I'm strong enough to take the slow ride
Not knowing when I will arriveHey, there are bull-rushes outside my window
And their leaves whisper words in the breeze
And tomorrow I'll walk to the harbor
Catch the first boat that's coming in
I'll catch the first boat that's coming inI do believe I'm going home
'Cause I don't call this place my own
I'm missing what I had, happy times and sad
More than I ever thought could beNot knowing when I will arrive
Hey, there are bull-rushes outside my window
And their leaves whisper words in the breeze
Well, tomorrow I'll walk to the harbor
Catch the first boat that's coming in
I'll catch the first boat that's coming inI'll catch the first boat that's coming in
First boat that's coming in, first boat that's coming in
First boat that's coming in

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