Gulls

Peterson Field Guides

This land belongs to the gulls
And the gulls to their cry
And their cry to the windAnd the wind belongs to no-one
The wind belongs to no-oneI gave my breath to the song
To the song, wasn't mine
Neither of ship nor of sea
Neither of glass nor of wineLeaving this ghost of a road
I'm climbing hand over hand
Toward that pinprick of lightToward the seed that God sowed
Toward the seed that God sowed
Toward the seed that God sowed
Toward the seed that God sowedToward the seed that God sowed
Toward the seed that God sowed
Toward the seed that God sowed
Toward the seed that God sowedOh baby
Try to recognise it in my mind
Try to stamp it out before it happens
I try to recognise it in my mind
Try to stamp it outThe writing's on, the writing's on
The writing's on the wall
The writing's on, the writing's on
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