And Yet

Harry Secombe

This town...
This stain on the sunrise
disguised in the mist,
This morning...
Its 8 AM,
A seagull shouts
a sailors warning,
This sky...This bend in the river
Slows down and delivers me
The tide rolls back
And all my memories fade to black.And yet,
And yet
Im back!This town has a strange magnetic pull,
Like a homing signal in your skull,
And you sail by the stars of the hemisphere,
Wondering how in the hell did you end up here?Its like an underground river or a hidden stream
That flows through your head and haunts your dreams,
And you stuffed those dreams in this canvas sack
And theres nothing round here that the wide world lacks.And yet,
And yet
Youre back!Some night Id lie on the deck and Id stare
At the turning of the stars,
Those constellations hanging up there
From the cables and the riggingI wonder if she saw the same or managed to recall my name
Why would she ever think of me, some boy she loved who fled to sea?
And why waste time debating
Whether shed be waiting for the likes of me?So you drift into port with the scum of the seas
To the dance halls and the brothels where you took your ease!
And the ships left the dock, but youre half past caring,And you havent got a clue whose bed youre sharing.And your heads like a hammer on a bulkhead door
And it feels like somebody might have broken your jaw
And theres bloodstains and glass all over the floor
And you swear to God yell drink no more.And yet,
And yetIn truth
Its too late to find herToo late to remind her
at some garden gate
Where a servant tells me I should wait
And perhaps a doors slammed in my face
My head must be in outer space,And yet,

And yet...Before the sun has set
Before the sea
There maybe something else
Thats waiting for the likes of me!This town...
This stain on the sunrise....

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