

# Harbour

## Moby

The street bears no relief  
When everybody's fighting  
The street bears no release  
With lights so hot and biting I run the stairs away  
And walk into the nighttime  
The sadness flows like water  
And washes down the heartache And washes down the heartache  
My heart is full  
My heart is mild  
The saddest songs are played  
On the strings of my heart The heat is on its own  
The roof seems so inviting  
A vantage point is gained  
To watch the children fighting So lead me to the harbour  
And float me on the waves  
Sink me in the ocean  
To sleep in a sailor's grave To sleep in a sailor's grave My heart is full  
My heart is mild  
The saddest songs are played  
On the strings of my heart  
My heart is full  
My heart is mild, so mild  
The saddest songs are played  
On the strings of my heart  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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