

Waterfront

David Sylvian

On the banks of a sunset beach
Messages scratched in sand
Beneath a roaming home of stars
Young boys try their handA spanish harbouring of sorts
In catalonian bars
They were pulled from a sinking ship
And saved for lastOn the waterfront the rain
Is pouring in my heart
Here the memories come in waves
Raking in the lost and found of yearsAnd though I'd like to laugh
At all the things that led me on
Somehow the stigma still remainsWatch the train steam full ahead
As it takes the bend
Empty carriages lose their tracks
Tumble to their endSo the world shrinks drop by drop
As the wine goes to your head
Swollen angels point and laugh
This time your God is deadOn the waterfront the rain
Is pouring in my heart
Here the memories come in waves
Raking in the lost and found of yearsAnd though I'd like to laugh
At all the things that led me on
Somehow the stigma still remains
Is our love strong enough?

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