

Paekakariki Beach

New Model Army

I saw you walking away from the battlefield
Through the clearing smoke to the other side
Lay down your weary head
And gazing up two ocean birds are wheeling, turning
Paekakariki Beach on the other side
By the green of the hills and the rolling tide
I lay down in the ashen sand
And high above the ocean birds
were wheeling, turning, circling, flying And you have seen too much
Too many causes lost and won
The wild desires all drowned in the seven seas
And so we walk away from the battlefield
Through the clearing smoke to the other side
Lay down in the morning sun
and high above the ocean birds are
wheeling, turning, circling, flying...

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