

Beachcombing

Mark Knopfler & Emmylou Harris

They say there's wreckage washing up
All along the coast
No one seems to know too much
Or who got hit the most Nothing has been spoken
There's not a lot to see
But something has been broken
That's how it feels to me We had a harmony
I never meant to spoil
Now it's lying in the water
Like a slick of oil The tide is running out to sea
Under a darkening sky
The night is falling down on me
And I'm thinking that I should Head on home
(Head on home)
Been gone too long
(Gone too long)
Leave my roaming
Beachcombing Little wild kitten out hunting
To see what he can get
You're in a big city now
That won't stop growing yet The sun is going down smoking
A flaming testament
Something has been broken
And it feels permanent Little seabird flying
He knows where he wants to go
Guess I ought to pack my stuff
And do the thing I know I turn around and head on back
Along the old sea wall
I felt something give and crack
And now I'm sorry that's all Head on home
(Head on home)
Been gone too long
(Gone too long)
Leave my roaming
Beachcombing

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