Surferâ€™s Song

James

Look into mine eyes
All these thoughts
Cascading over me
Can't make up my mind
Must be democracyKnow that your love's right
Whatever your incline
Be the bright light
In these dark times
Clearing the high bar
Hearing the crowd roar
Here comes, here comes, here comes
The swell, swell, swell
Cascading over meLook into my eyes
Ones and noughts
Clouds of buzzing bees
Harlequins and clowns
Truth is slipperyKnow that your love's right
Whatever your incline
Be the bright light
In the dark times
Clearing the high bar
Hearing a crowd roar
Here comes, here comes, here comes
The swell, swell, swell
Cascading over me

Songwriters
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