

# And Yet

## Sting

This town...  
This stain on the sunrise  
disguised in the mist,  
This morning...  
Its 8 AM,  
A seagull shouts  
a sailors warning,  
This sky...This bend in the river  
Slows down and delivers me  
The tide rolls back  
And all my memories fade to black.And yet,  
And yet  
Im back!This town has a strange magnetic pull,  
Like a homing signal in your skull,  
And you sail by the stars of the hemisphere,  
Wondering how in the hell did you end up here?Its like an underground river or a hidden stream  
That flows through your head and haunts your dreams,  
And you stuffed those dreams in this canvas sack  
And theres nothing round here that the wide world lacks.And yet,  
And yet  
Youre back!Some night Id lie on the deck and Id stare  
At the turning of the stars,  
Those constellations hanging up there  
From the cables and the riggingI wonder if she saw the same or managed to recall my name  
Why would she ever think of me, some boy she loved who fled to sea?  
And why waste time debating  
Whether shed be waiting for the likes of me?So you drift into port with the scum of the seas  
To the dance halls and the brothels where you took your ease!  
And the ships left the dock, but youre half past caring,And you havent got a clue whose bed youre sharing.And  
your heads like a hammer on a bulkhead door  
And it feels like somebody might have broken your jaw  
And theres bloodstains and glass all over the floor  
And you swear to God yell drink no more.And yet,  
And yetIn truth  
Its too late to find herToo late to remind her  
at some garden gate  
Where a servant tells me I should wait  
And perhaps a doors slammed in my face  
My head must be in outer space,And yet,

And yet...Before the sun has set  
Before the sea  
There maybe something else  
Thats waiting for the likes of me!This town...  
This stain on the sunrise....

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