

Shingle Song

Peter Hammill

You can see in the last light that's graced as dawn
that there's nothing in my heart but pain
as I stand, facing sea, knowing that you're gone...
all the elements rage to explain
that I should really be on my way
but there is something
which ensures I must stay. Beneath the roar of the seething surf,
beneath the caterwaul of scattered call wind
thoughts and gestures unspoken, unheard
and now the dance of rapture begins
as the waves rush along across the beach -
like you, like your love
forever out of reach. Look at the sky, but it's empty now;
look at the sea, it holds nothing but despair.
I raise my eyes, but my head stays bowed...
I look to my side, but you're not there.
And I can't get you out of my mind,
no, no, no, no, I just can't get you from my mind.

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