

The Loneliest Place on the Map

Al Stewart

This place is so far away
From what passes for civilized life
No shops and no cars and no city lights
Just a river of stars
Over the southernmost ocean so cold
A small group of rocks, seagulls and ice

Some ramshackle huts
A paper in french from long ago
A finger that juts out into the foam
No boats come this way
A few expeditions that pass now and then
They'll be back someday
But I don't know when

It's the loneliest place on the map
Night time is utterly black
I came here by some grave mishap
And I can't find my way back

It's all as remote
As the wintry smile that you gave
As you buttoned your coat
And love was erased
So this is goodbye
I see you silently rowing away
The desolate sky threatening rain

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