

Fisherman's Friend

Colin Hay

I stand alone on the harbour
Look out on the bay
The wind and rain makes it harder
No-one braves the storm today

Distant bells and the gulls cry (familiar sound)
My clothes are damp from the spray
The air is cold but my feet are even colder
The boats are where they're going to stay

I never thought I'd ever worry about the weather
I never used to care
But it becomes too real when it provides the meals
For you and many far away

But there's always the promise of tomorrow
Only light winds on our tail
To sail the seas is such sweet sorrow
Together with all the old familiar smells

In this blissful hell full of fearful joy
The ocean waits for its prey
The night's a thief and at the end of the day
Steals the light away

I stand alone in the harbour
I still look out on the bay
The wind and rain makes it harder
No-one braves the storm today

I can't see anything, only what's ahead
And what gets washed up on the shore
There are so many things either left unsaid
Or spoken a million times before

Weigh anchor

I'd rather go sailing round the world