

## Gulls

David Gray

This land belongs to the gulls  
And the gulls to their cry  
And their cry to the wind

And the wind belongs to no-one  
The wind belongs to no-one

I gave my breath to the song  
To the song, wasn't mine  
Neither of ship nor of sea  
Neither of glass nor of wine

Leaving this ghost of a road  
I'm climbing hand over hand  
Toward that pinprick of light

Toward the seed that God sowed  
Toward the seed that God sowed  
Toward the seed that God sowed  
Toward the seed that God sowed

Oh Baby  
Try to recognise it in my mind  
Try to stamp it out before it happens  
Yeah I try to recognise it in my mind  
Try to stamp it out

The writing's on, the writing's on  
The writing's on the wall  
The writing's on, the writing's on  
The writing's on the wall (4x)

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