

Looking at the water
Through the spaces of an iron-ore train
The water eddies 'round the rushes
And Eddie's round at my house, insane.
The breakers in the distance
Cut the air like the crackle of a CB rig.
They found a crack in Eddie
And they tore it down, and snapped him like a twig.
His head is full of Goose Green
Tastes the smoke from the damp grass, well alight
And Eddie's waiting for the choppers
And he goes on waiting long into the night.
And I thought I heard a voice
Didn't someone here just whisper, "Rejoice".
The harbour's filled with newsmen,
Little boats go bobbing, like a Dunkirk repeat
To a train ride and a welcome
And "Well done, Eddie" right across the street.
The water's grey and choppy
On the Lake out by the fairground big wheel.
We could circle it forever
But we'd never guess the way that Eddie feels