

# Happy to Be Here

New Model Army

I'm peering through the wiper blades, the headlights blurred in  
driving rain  
On the inky dusk of midnight blue, the black ships blow across  
the sky  
The south-  
coast towns awash with ghosts and sailors tales and icy spray  
And men gone off to foreign wars to stand beneath the tattered  
flags  
Cast a wish and wish for far away  
The statue stands in weathered stone gazing into the winter sto  
rms  
Waiting for the unreturned

And I go this way alone and I'm happy to be here

The back roads run with gushing streams, fallen branches, blown  
leaves  
I stood there in the graveyard lost beneath the dripping trees  
The past it is a barren place of men condemned by their own han  
d  
And all those faded possibilities  
The shipwrecks lie in silence as the fish swim through sunken r  
ooms  
At the bottom of the sea, at the bottom of the sea

And I go this way alone and I'm happy to be here

Out beyond the neon mist and on into the deluge  
Oblivion and darkness rushing in  
For everything I've ever touched turned out to be so fragile  
Crushed like shells beneath the shingle and the shifting sands  
All of the strength that I have is bound in with the raging sto  
rms  
Blowing out to sea

And I go this way alone and I'm happy to be here