

Hard Cargo

Paul Young

I work the long haul on the dockside
Building boats is what I know
Each one takes another year of my life
And then I watch them go

There are no lights around this harbour
The tide has never been so low
You teach them to walk and then you teach them
to run
And then you watch them go, you watch them go

And it's a hard cargo to carry
To see them slipping away
And it's a hard cargo to carry
To see them slipping away, slipping away

Mary was the one who waited
Even when the working was getting slow
You think you know somebody inside out
And then you watch them go, you watch them go

And it's a hard cargo to carry
To see them slipping away
And it's a hard cargo to carry
To see them slipping away, slipping away

I believe that when you go
You leave something behind
I believe that out of sight
Is never out of mind
And then you watch them go, you watch them go...

And it's a hard cargo to carry
To see them slipping away...

Slipping away, slipping away