

Shingle Song

Peter Hammill

You can see in the 1st light that's graced as dawn
that there's nothing in my heart but pain
as I stand, facing sea, knowing that you're gone
all the elements rage to explain
that I should really be on my way;
but there is something
which ensures I must stay.

Beneath the roar of the seething surf,
beneath the caterwaul of scattered call wind
thoughts and gestures unspoken, unheard--
and now the dance of rapture begins
as the waves rush along across the beach:
like you, like your love
forever out of reach.

Look at the sky, but it's empty now;
look at the sea, it holds nothing but despair.
I raise my eyes, but my head stays bower...
I look to my side, but you're not there.
And I can't get you out of my mind,
no, no, no, no, I just can't get you from my mind.

