

The Preacher

Show Of Hands

I am the preacher on the island
Seven years lived alone
I try to bring some comfort to a world of sea and stone
There are no trees on the island
Nowhere to shelter or hide
The men tear the rocks from the quarry or take their
chances on the tide
I fell in love with the wife of a man who lays the fuse
when I heard the thunder from the earth I knew I had to
choose
Between falling and my cold, cold calling

they used to walk beside the water, voices blown by the
wind
And I would watch from the distance and I'd dream I was
him
Then he found work on the mainland, oh how I prayed
that something would tear them apart, force her to stay
Oh I was falling and the cold, cold was calling

Next day, they called me to the quarry, there was
something badly wrong
A man lay crushed by falling rock, his life almost gone
I knew his face in the darkness, I didn't need to know
the name
All my prayers had been answered and I was the one to
blame
I closed his eyes and looked up, she was running
through the rain
She took him in her arms and begged the Lord to give
him life again
And if I should live all the seven ages of man
Seven tides will never wash all the blood from my hands

I am the preacher on the island, I live on my own
I used to pray but now I leave my maker well alone
Just like the chapels on the island my heart's dark and
overgrown
i try to find some comfort in the world of sea and
stone