

Undertow

Show Of Hands

Born in a Devonshire sea side town 21 years ago,
Failed at school, broken home,
You know the scars will show.
But my girl Amy just 19 wants to be a nurse,
Says we need skills,
And if we don't leave we'll end up somewhere worse.

We talk about America,
We dream of Spain,
Don't want another winter here in the English rain.
We long for Australia,
I'll catch waves all day.
We might have been born here, no way we'll stay.

When summer comes round ill be found,
Working all along the beach.
Hiring boards, putting up chairs.
Trying to keep our dream in reach.
Starring at the stars Amy and me,
Soaking the sun-warmed ground,
Or lying in the dune, sand in her hair,
As the moon turns round.

We talk about America,
We dream of Spain,
Don't want another winter here in the English rain.
Oh Australia, we'll catch waves all day,
We might have been born here, no way we'll stay.

Then one black night my best friend,
Stole a car by the docks,
And if he had seen the london plates,
He never would have forced the locks.
He hit the M5 110 laughing as the clock span round,
left it burning in a cliff top field,
It lit his way to town.

He was almost home but they were waiting,
Either end of his road,
Trapped in the yard at the back of a spar,
Where the vans and the lorries unload.
I remember sirens, flashing lights,
I found him left for dead,
I saw Amy at the A&E working all night,
Through the glass doors shaking her head.

No talk about America,
No dreams of spain,
But he's got another winter now,
In the english rain,
Oh, Australia he'll never catch waves all day,
You know he was born here,
And here he'll stay
Oh America,
I could learn a trade,
We might make some money there,
We'll have it made,

Oh Australia,
We long to go,
But there's another winter now,
In the undertow.

The undertow.