

# Between the Sunset and the Coconut Palms

Steve Hackett

Listen for the boatman's call  
We're casting off as evening falls  
Creeping through the harbour lights  
Entering the night  
Tattered posters on the pier  
With laughing clowns and cavaliers  
Faded smiles that drift away  
And never shed a tear

We're heading out of sight  
Beyond the walls of wrong and right  
Desperate dreamers on the seas  
Renegades and refugees

The whistling wind the rising swell  
We heard six bells and all was well  
Accordions sway beneath the lamps  
Drunk on contraband  
A cosy magic eiderdown  
We can't wake up we've run aground  
Unchartered lands we're lost at sea  
Washed up and cast away

We're heading out of sight  
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Desperate dreamers on the seas  
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