

August Winds

Sting

When August winds are turning,
The fishing boats set out upon the sea,
I watch 'til they sail out of sight,
The winter follows soon,
I watch them drawn into the night,
Beneath the August moon.

No one knows I come here,
Some things I don't share,
I can't explain the reasons why,
It moves me close to tears,
Or something in the season's change,
Will find me wandering here.

And in my public moments,
I hear the things I say but they're not me,
Perhaps I'll know before I die,
Admit that there's a reason why,
I count the boats returning to the sea,
I count the boats returning to the sea.

And in my private moments,
I drop the mask that I've been forced to wear,
But no one knows this secret me,
Where albeit unconsciously,
I count the boats returning from the sea,
I count the boats returning from the sea.