

## Down By The Sea

Strawbs

Maybe you think, a lot like me  
Of those who live beside the sea  
Who feel so free, so I surmise  
With their comfortable homes, and wives  
Who end up drinking tea together  
In the afternoon of their lives.

They build their homes upon the seashore  
The quicksand castles of their dreams  
Yet take no notice of the North wind  
Which tears their building at the seams.

In their dismay and blind confusion  
The weeping widows clutch their shawls  
While as the sea mist ever deepens  
The sailors hear the sirens' calls.

And in the maelstrom sea which follows  
The lifeboat sinks without a trace  
And yet there still remain survivors  
To bear the shame of their disgrace.

Last night I lay in bed  
And held myself  
Trying to remember  
How it once was with you  
How your hands were softer.

Yesterday I found myself  
Staring into space  
Rather like the sailor  
In my own home surroundings  
I'm not sure I know me.

If you were me what would you do  
Don't tell me I don't need you to  
It won't help me now.