

Hard Winds Blowin'

The Walkabouts

Hard winds blowing Across this beach That we hoped for And all
of our feelings scattered And all of our ships Sunken for good
in the sea Of what is not told

From the masts That are breaking Loose sails of cambraia With e
ach measured stroke attempted One less boat Afloat on the sea O
ne more corpse on the beach

The day never reached Dies in these changing tides And there's
always a day ending Next to the Sargaço Spread out to dry Next
to things Hmm, that were not made