

Where I Like to Stand

Vashti Bunyan

The hound bays, the sheep graze
I'm counting the boats in the bay
As they float they seem to say:
"I'm counting the waves, I'm counting the waves"
The men in the boats, they wave to their wives and say:
"I'm counting the hours, counting the hours
Counting the hours in the day"

I'm counting the gulls that sit on the waves
Surrounding the boats in the bay
I'm counting the miles till we're there
Where the sun and the rain and the snow
Fall on the seeds and make them grow
Fall on the rocks and make them crack
Into pebbles and into sand
Which is where I like to stand

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