

I've been thinking it's only a matter of time  
Before the sun and the stars all align  
To bring you back, bring you home from your old misery  
Bring you safe, bring you sound back to me  
If you're lost, you're lost in the doldrums  
There ain't no breeze  
We all like that there's not.

Hold your head up, hold your head up, hold your old skull up high,  
Don't prophesise  
If you're wrong you'll really be wrong but this all will be gone if you're right  
Sea dreamer  
Oh perfect machine your head is good, it's loyal, it's clean

Old ghosts abandon their posts  
Vultures will not fit in here  
The weapons stay and the bullets of paper  
Are folding their way to my ears, I  
I've been loving and seeing their lovely old shell of a ghost  
From the steps to the road  
Where we're making our friends, making our enemies  
And making our friends, and making our enemies  
And take all our friends, take all our enemies,  
And make all amends, make it right, high

Hold your head up, hold your head up hold your old skull up high,  
Don't prophesise  
If you're wrong you'll really be wrong but this all will be gone if you're right  
Sea dreamer  
Oh perfect machine your head is good, it's loyal, it's clean  
No nothing, no nothing from the end of your days  
Is well beyond me, on me, on me, on me, on me, on me yeah