

I waved to you as my boat was leaving
Hats flew up and everybody cheered,
But you turned as I guess someone spoke to you,
And in a sea of arms you disappeared.

I lived the life of a ragged soldier
The secretary to a rebel king,
He kept us drunk and hungry in a jungle
Tangled in the lilies of his scheme.

We gambled and we fought with one another
We had no code to give us unity,
Most died among us without God or honour
As blood became our faith and currency.

And all the while I kept your name beside me
I wrote it, but refused it on my tongue,
Believing you a song still there inside me

I feared your loss if ever it were sung.

I found myself at last upon a shoreline
I booked my passage home and stood in tears,
With a bag of apples and a forged passport
-The first I'd seen my face in seven years

Now I wonder at the day when I might find you,
Appear among the living at your door,
Will you have a husband and some children?
Will we share a secret anymore?

Life is brutal to the weak and sober
Its powers of persuasion dark and grave,
It pushes its way up to the railing
Then turns its face when you start to wave.