

Seagulls of Seattle

Paul Kelly

I was walking by the water
My heart full aching sore
The seagulls of Seattle
Wheeled above the shore
I stepped inside a tavern
For oyster chowder and brown ale
The hidden sun was sinking
Behind the distant sails

And in my mind dear memories
Like rolling waves unfurled
All the water places
I've been to with you, girl
The north-west by the pindan
The salty, heavy sea
The days we laid on Cable Beach
And read beneath the tree
To the sandhills all deserted
Hand in hand we stole away
And there inside a shady glade
We made a bed to lay

Hot, sweet days in southern Spain
Fish and rice and wine
Swimming in deep water
Then later on entwined

I was covering the waterfront
Like John Lee in days of yore
The seagulls of Seattle
Wheeled and made their caw
I climbed a metal staircase
Searching for a better view
Puget Sound below me
Grey, not really blue

And looking west I raised you up
All sleepy from your bed
You were putting on the coffee pot
Brushing bad dreams from your head
I turned, then, from the harbour
And wheeled back into town
To meet my boon companions
And join with them in sound
Upon the lonely stage I trod
The room all dark and dim
And every song I sang that night
To my love was a hymn

I was walking by the water
Wondering what I was there for
The seagulls of Seattle
Were calling, evermore