

## Bull-Rush

Paul Weller

In a momentary lapse of my condition  
Sent me tumbling down into a deep despair  
Lost and dazed so I had no real recollection  
Until the rain cleared the air

When you wake to find that everything has left you  
And the clothes you wear belong to someone else  
See your shadow chasing off towards the shore line  
Drifting into emptiness

There are bull-rushes outside my window  
And their leaves whisper words in the breeze  
Well, tomorrow I'll walk to the harbor  
Catch the first boat that's coming in  
I'll catch the first boat that's coming in

Like a child too small to reach the front door handle  
Maybe just too scared to know what I would find  
Now I feel I'm strong enough to take the slow ride  
Not knowing when I will arrive

Hey, there are bull-rushes outside my window  
And their leaves whisper words in the breeze  
And tomorrow I'll walk to the harbor  
Catch the first boat that's coming in  
I'll catch the first boat that's coming in

I do believe I'm going home  
'Cause I don't call this place my own  
I'm missing what I had, happy times and sad  
More than I ever thought could be

Not knowing when I will arrive  
Hey, there are bull-rushes outside my window  
And their leaves whisper words in the breeze  
Well, tomorrow I'll walk to the harbor  
Catch the first boat that's coming in  
I'll catch the first boat that's coming in

I'll catch the first boat that's coming in  
First boat that's coming in, first boat that's coming in  
First boat that's coming in