

Between the Sunset and the Coconut Palms

Steve Hackett

Listen for the boatman's call
We're casting off as evening falls
Creeping through the harbour lights
Entering the night
Tattered posters on the pier
With laughing clowns and cavaliers
Faded smiles that drift away
And never shed a tear

We're heading out of sight
Beyond the walls of wrong and right
Desperate dreamers on the seas
Renegades and refugees

The whistling wind the rising swell
We heard six bells and all was well
Accordions sway beneath the lamps
Drunk on contraband
A cosy magic eiderdown
We can't wake up we've run aground
Unchartered lands we're lost at sea
Washed up and cast away

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