

Down By The Sea

Strawbs

Maybe you think, a lot like me
Of those who live beside the sea
Who feel so free, so I surmise
With their comfortable homes, and wives
Who end up drinking tea together
In the afternoon of their lives.

They build their homes upon the seashore
The quicksand castles of their dreams
Yet take no notice of the North wind
Which tears their building at the seams.

In their dismay and blind confusion
The weeping widows clutch their shawls
While as the sea mist ever deepens
The sailors hear the sirens' calls.

And in the maelstrom sea which follows
The lifeboat sinks without a trace
And yet there still remain survivors
To bear the shame of their disgrace.

Last night I lay in bed
And held myself
Trying to remember
How it once was with you
How your hands were softer.

Yesterday I found myself
Staring into space
Rather like the sailor
In my own home surroundings
I'm not sure I know me.

If you were me what would you do
Don't tell me I don't need you to
It won't help me now.