

I've been thinking it's only a matter of time
Before the sun and the stars all align
To bring you back, bring you home from your old misery
Bring you safe, bring you sound back to me
If you're lost, you're lost in the doldrums
There ain't no breeze
We all like that there's not.

Hold your head up, hold your head up, hold your old skull up high,
Don't prophesise
If you're wrong you'll really be wrong but this all will be gone if you're right
Sea dreamer
Oh perfect machine your head is good, it's loyal, it's clean

Old ghosts abandon their posts
Vultures will not fit in here
The weapons stay and the bullets of paper
Are folding their way to my ears, I
I've been loving and seeing their lovely old shell of a ghost
From the steps to the road
Where we're making our friends, making our enemies
And making our friends, and making our enemies
And take all our friends, take all our enemies,
And make all amends, make it right, high

Hold your head up, hold your head up hold your old skull up high,
Don't prophesise
If you're wrong you'll really be wrong but this all will be gone if you're right
Sea dreamer
Oh perfect machine your head is good, it's loyal, it's clean
No nothing, no nothing from the end of your days
Is well beyond me, on me, on me, on me, on me, on me yeah