

Cockburn Bruce

"Never So Free 357"

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wind across the quay-side
grit in my eyes and fish in my nose
white as whalebone, wheeling seagulls cry

outside the bar in the high-street
blind fingers spin an accordeon reel
shoes and sedan wheels grudgingly keeping time

fishing boat stretched out at low tide
dog and a black man work on the deck
bright as a bottle, sunlight skips wave to wave

part of a map of somewhere
teases my foot like a haunting dream
never so free, i'm lost in the seagulls' flight

(Sheffield, Eng. -- 6/7/73)

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