

## Fairport Convention

### "The Fossil Hunter"

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A small girl is holding a carpenter's hand  
Their eyes are looking down on the sand  
Down on the sand.

Holding a pebble that she's found  
He shows her secrets in this jewel from the ground  
This jewel in the ground

She sells shells upon the sea shore  
Things slip through her hands so fast  
She won't find love any more  
Not find love any more.

The winter's tales in Salem last  
The girl's a woman now, the childhood past  
The childhood's past.

She sells her finds to those who'll buy  
Lends a hand to those who try  
To those who try.

She sells shells upon the sea shore  
Things slip through her hands so fast  
She won't find love any more  
Not find love any more.

Winter's fury throws waves ashore  
An unchanged flow of an ancient law  
This ancient law.

Black then gives way to liquid jaws  
Millions of years to settle a score  
They settle a score.

She sells shells upon the sea shore  
Things slip through her hands so fast  
She won't find love any more  
Not find love any more.

Walking to a spot she knows  
Where the land has slipped again.

A hammer held tight in her hand  
She works on in the rain.

A lighthouse beam moves into the sea  
She moves the earth so patiently  
So patiently.

A landmark of history she will find  
Her father's face appears in her mind  
He comes to her mind.

She sells shells upon the sea shore  
Things slip through her hands so fast  
She won't find love any more  
Not find love any more.

Dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee...  
Dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee...  
Dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee...

Mary is running by the sea  
Mary is running by the sea  
Mary is running by the sea  
Mary is running by the sea...

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