

## Indk "Waterfront"

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On the banks of a sunset beach  
Messages scratched in sand  
Beneath a roaming home of stars  
Young boys try their hands  
A Spanish harbouring of sorts  
In Catalanian bars  
They were pulled from a sinking ship  
And saved for last

On the waterfront the rain  
Is pouring in my heart  
Here the memories come in waves  
Making in the lost and found of years  
Somedays

Watch the train steam full ahead  
As it takes the bend  
Empty carriages lose their tracks  
And tumble to their end  
So the world shrinks drop by drop  
The wine goes to your head  
Swollen angels point and laugh  
This time your god is dead

On the waterfront the rain  
Is pouring in my heart  
Here the memories come in waves  
Making in the lost and found of years  
And through I'd like to laugh  
At all the things that led me on  
Somehow the stigma still remains

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