

Mark King

"Beachcombing"

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They say there's wreckage washing up
All along the coast
No one seems to know too much
Of who got hit the most
Nothing has been spoken
There's not a lot to see
But something has been broken
That's how it feels to me

We had a harmony
I never meant to spoil
Now it's lying in the water
Like a slick of oil
The tide is running out to sea
Under a darkening sky
The night is falling down on me
And I'm thinking that I should

Head on home
Been gone too long
Leave my roaming
Beachcombing

Little wild kitten out hunting
To see what he can get
You're in a big city now
Won't stop growing yet
The sun is going down smoking
A flaming testament
Something has been broken
And it feels permanent

Little seabird flying
He knows where he wants to go
Guess i ought to pack my stuff
And do the thing I know
I turn around and head on back
Along the old sea wall
I felt something give and crack
And now I'm sorry that's all

Head on home
Been gone too long
Leave my roaming
Beachcombing

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