

Roddy Woomble

"Gather the Day"

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I leave my home from time to time
I'd let the devil know
But he doesn't go near this part of town
He's a pragmatist by design
So he's changed the words to this land
It's your land, not mine

And you can gather the day in your own time
Gather up the day in your own time
And let the night turn to day in its own time
I'm gonna waste my money on you

It's almost mythical because it's so simple and true
But out here on the empty sea
Where there's nobody to greet you
But you can bend history in order to suit you
Just as long as you know
Your longitude from your latitude

And you can gather the day in your own time
Gather up the day in your own time
And let the night turn to day in its own time
I'm gonna waste my money on you

We sail out of the harbour under a charcoal sky
And back to Lanarkshire, California
The boat's leaving tonight
It's packed with preachers and pilgrims
Who are always spoiling for a fight
If they could only bury their unkindness in the night

And gather the day in your own time
Gather up the day in your own time
And let the night turn to day in its own time
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