

## Al Stewart "Manuscript"

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Prince Louis Battenberg is burning the admiralty lights  
down low  
Silently sifting through papers sealed with a crown  
Admiral Lord Fisher is writing to Churchill  
Calling for more dreadnoughts  
The houses in Hackney they are all falling down

And my grandmother sits on the beach in the days  
before the war  
Young girl writing her diary while time seems to pause  
Watching the waves as they come one by one to die on  
the shore  
Kissing the feet of England

Oh, the lights of Saint Petersburg come on as usual  
Although the air seems charged with a strangeness of  
late  
Yet there's nothing to touch  
And the Tzar in his great Winter Palace has called for  
the foreign news  
An archduke was shot down in Bosnia but nothing  
much

And my grandmother sits by the mirror in the days  
before the war  
Smiling a secret smile as she goes to the door  
And the young man rides off in his carriage, homeward  
once more  
And the sun sets gently on England

Ah the day we decided to drive down to worthing, it  
rained and rained  
Giving us only a minute to stand by the sea  
And crunching my way through the shingles  
It seemed there was nothing changed  
Though the jetty was maybe more scarred that I'd  
known it to be

Aunt Mandi and I stood and stared at the overcast sky  
Where ten years ago, we had stood, my grandfather  
and I  
And the waves still rushed in as they had the year that

he died  
And it seemed that my lifetime was shrunken and lost  
in the tide  
As it rose and fell on the side of England

Prince Louis Battenberg is burning the admiralty lights

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