

## Seagull

Dave Edmunds

Seagull, with oil on your wings  
Can't fly away  
Won't see her children any more  
And as the tide goes down  
They see where she lay  
Won't see their mother anymore

And she danced the dance of death, my friend  
Her children watched from the nasty(??) end  
As she drew her last breath and died  
The children heard her crying, crying, crying

And as the sea grew black  
Along the coast  
Mud and feathers everywhere  
The people passed by  
With smiles on their face  
It was the beach that mattered most

And she danced the dance of death, my friend  
Her children watched from the nasty(??) end  
As she drew her last breath and died  
The children heard her crying, crying, crying

If only we could fly mother  
You might not have died, mother  
You might had still be here today  
If ships didn't passed by, mother  
You might not have died, mother  
You might had still be here today

And she danced the dance of death, my friend  
Her children watched from the nasty(??) end  
As she drew her last breath and died  
The children heard her crying, crying, crying

If ships didn't passed by, mother