

The Fossil Hunter

Fairport Convention

A small girl is holding a carpenter's hand
Their eyes are looking down on the sand
Down on the sand
Holding a pebble that she's found
He shows her secrets in this jewel from the ground
This jewel in the ground

She sells shells upon the sea shore
Things slip through her hands so fast
She won't find love anymore
Not find love anymore

The wind tells tales in sails and masts
The girl's a woman now, her childhood past
Her childhood's past
She sells her finds to those who'll buy
Lends a hand to those who try
To those who try

She sells shells upon the sea shore
Things slip through her hands so fast
She won't find love anymore
Not find love anymore

Winter's fury throws waves ashore
An unchanged flow of an ancient law
This ancient law
Black then gives way to liquid jaws
Millions of years to settle a score
They settle a score

She sells shells upon the sea shore
Things slip through her hands so fast
She won't find love anymore
Not find love anymore

Walking to a spot she knows
Where the land has slipped again
A hammer held tight in her hand
She works on in the rain

A lighthouse beam moves into the sea
She moves the earth so patiently
So patiently
A landmark of history she will find
Her father's face appears in her mind
He comes to her mind

She sells shells upon the sea shore
Things slip through her hands so fast
She won't find love anymore
Not find love anymore

Mary is running by the sea
Mary is running by the sea
Mary is running by the sea
Mary is running by the sea...