

Ailsa, I'm waiting down by the mill pond
Though the rushes, they call me on
With words that you said
Tying me down to the riverbed
And I see a tattoo of a house on the inside of her wrist
A beacon off the shore in the New Year morning mist
But I am down to noon, struggling to the door
And you are hopping out a mile from the shore
I see a tattoo of a house on the inside of her wrist
A beacon off the shore in the New Year morning mist
But I am down to noon, struggling to the door
And you are hopping out a mile from the shore
Oh, Ailsa, I'm waiting down by the mill pond
And I know you know the rushes, they call me on
With the words that you say
Tying me down to the riverbed