

Harbour

Barclay James Harvest

To our fore, the harbour lights
Shining out like beacons burning.
They can stop this endless night.
They can stop the wheels from turning.
Faces in a setting sun
Say again that we soon will be one.

Starlight rakes the silver wing
Bringing home its sons and daughters.
No one knows the state i'm in
Spinning swift above the waters.
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