

## Fisherman's Friend

Colin Hay

I stand alone on the harbour  
Look out on the bay  
The wind and rain makes it harder  
No-one braves the storm today

Distant bells and the gulls cry (familiar sound)  
My clothes are damp from the spray  
The air is cold but my feet are even colder  
The boats are where they're going to stay

I never thought I'd ever worry about the weather  
I never used to care  
But it becomes too real when it provides the meals  
For you and many far away

But there's always the promise of tomorrow  
Only light winds on our tail  
To sail the seas is such sweet sorrow  
Together with all the old familiar smells

In this blissful hell full of fearful joy  
The ocean waits for its prey  
The night's a thief and at the end of the day  
Steals the light away

I stand alone in the harbour  
I still look out on the bay  
The wind and rain makes it harder  
No-one braves the storm today

I can't see anything, only what's ahead  
And what gets washed up on the shore  
There are so many things either left unsaid  
Or spoken a million times before

Weigh anchor

I'd rather go sailing round the world