

## Waterfront

David Sylvian

On the banks of a sunset beach  
Messages scratched in sand  
Beneath a roaming home of stars  
Young boys try their hand  
A spanish harbouring of sorts  
In catalonian bars  
They were pulled from a sinking ship  
And saved for last

On the waterfront the rain  
Is pouring in my heart  
Here the memories come in waves  
Raking in the lost and found of years  
And though I'd like to laugh  
At all the things that led me on  
Somehow the stigma still remains

Watch the train steam full ahead  
As it takes the bend  
Empty carriages lose their tracks  
And tumble to their end  
So the world shrinks drop by drop  
As the wine goes to your head  
Swollen angels point and laugh  
"This time your god is dead"

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Is our love strong enough?