

Conversation

New Model Army

North Atlantic winter, seven hours out of harbour
On a night of swelling ocean and ice cold water
The lines got snagged on the bottom and the winch got jammed
It took only moments for the boat to go over

I broke the surface kicking and gasping
There were just three of us swimming but soon I was alone
Me and the seagulls talking, I just kept on swimming
Me and the seagulls talking

And though nothing much was said
It was a conversation of a kind
You take any companion you can find

Green and red and red and amber, Friday night pan-handling
On the Leeds Road junction, steady drizzle falling
And some cars splash past, but some they pull over
Wind their windows down, red and green and amber

And though nothing much is said
It's a conversation of a kind
You take any companion that you can find

All those flickering lights across the town
Crackling connections and animals running
There are ghosts everywhere and the nights watching
Call me anytime, call me anytime

And nothing much will be said
It will be a conversation of a kind
Call me anytime, call me anytime