

Happy to Be Here

New Model Army

I'm peering through the wiper blades, the headlights blurred in
driving rain
On the inky dusk of midnight blue, the black ships blow across
the sky
The south-
coast towns awash with ghosts and sailors tales and icy spray
And men gone off to foreign wars to stand beneath the tattered
flags
Cast a wish and wish for far away
The statue stands in weathered stone gazing into the winter sto
rms
Waiting for the unreturned

And I go this way alone and I'm happy to be here

The back roads run with gushing streams, fallen branches, blown
leaves
I stood there in the graveyard lost beneath the dripping trees
The past it is a barren place of men condemned by their own han
d
And all those faded possibilities
The shipwrecks lie in silence as the fish swim through sunken r
ooms
At the bottom of the sea, at the bottom of the sea

And I go this way alone and I'm happy to be here

Out beyond the neon mist and on into the deluge
Oblivion and darkness rushing in
For everything I've ever touched turned out to be so fragile
Crushed like shells beneath the shingle and the shifting sands
All of the strength that I have is bound in with the raging sto
rms
Blowing out to sea

And I go this way alone and I'm happy to be here