

# Seagulls of Seattle

Paul Kelly

I was walking by the water  
My heart full aching sore  
The seagulls of Seattle  
Wheeled above the shore  
I stepped inside a tavern  
For oyster chowder and brown ale  
The hidden sun was sinking  
Behind the distant sails

And in my mind dear memories  
Like rolling waves unfurled  
All the water places  
I've been to with you, girl  
The north-west by the pindan  
The salty, heavy sea  
The days we laid on Cable Beach  
And read beneath the tree  
To the sandhills all deserted  
Hand in hand we stole away  
And there inside a shady glade  
We made a bed to lay

Hot, sweet days in southern Spain  
Fish and rice and wine  
Swimming in deep water  
Then later on entwined

I was covering the waterfront  
Like John Lee in days of yore  
The seagulls of Seattle  
Wheeled and made their caw  
I climbed a metal staircase  
Searching for a better view  
Puget Sound below me  
Grey, not really blue

And looking west I raised you up  
All sleepy from your bed  
You were putting on the coffee pot  
Brushing bad dreams from your head  
I turned, then, from the harbour  
And wheeled back into town  
To meet my boon companions  
And join with them in sound  
Upon the lonely stage I trod  
The room all dark and dim  
And every song I sang that night  
To my love was a hymn

I was walking by the water  
Wondering what I was there for  
The seagulls of Seattle  
Were calling, evermore