

Gloucester Harbor Shore

Paula Cole

I'm but a lonely woman
Waiting at the moor
To bring home my fisherman
To Gloucester Harbor Shore

A kiss goodbye
Upon the moor
I wave goodbye to sea
I'm praying every moment
That you'll come home to me

The [?]
The numbers are too few
Too far the men go ferrying
For not enough to live

Come home
Come home
Come home
Come home

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The days, they pass
A storm blows in
And not a ship in sight
The icy hand of death, I fear, is on my home tonight

The sea, tonight, a feral force
Wild cyclone eye
Is circling
And swallowing
Our vessels in the night

I've worked the piers
I've raised a daughter
And a little son

How will we manage
Without you?
Without a father's love?

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Come home
Come home
Come home

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