

## Shingle Song

Peter Hammill

You can see in the 1st light that's graced as dawn  
that there's nothing in my heart but pain  
as I stand, facing sea, knowing that you're gone  
all the elements rage to explain  
that I should really be on my way;  
but there is something  
which ensures I must stay.  
Beneath the roar of the seething surf,  
beneath the caterwaul of scattered call wind  
thoughts and gestures unspoken, unheard--  
and now the dance of rapture begins  
as the waves rush along across the beach:  
like you, like your love  
forever out of reach.  
Look at the sky, but it's empty now;  
look at the sea, it holds nothing but despair.  
I raise my eyes, but my head stays bower...  
I look to my side, but you're not there.  
And I can't get you out of my mind,  
no, no, no, no, I just can't get you from my mind.

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