Can-Utility and the Coastliners

Steve Hackett

The scattered pages of a book by the sea
Held by the sand washed by the waves
A shadow forms cast by a cloud
Skimming by as eyes of the past, but the rising tide
Absorbs them effortlessly claiming

They told of one who tired of all singing
Praise him, praise him
We heed not flatterers he cried
By our command, waters retreat
Show my power, halt at my feet
But the cause was lost
Now cold winds blow

Far from the north overcast ranks advance
Fear of the storm accusing with rage and scorn
The waves surround the sinking throne
Singing crown him, crown him
"Those who love our majesty show themselves!"
All bent their knee

But he forced a smile even though
His hopes lay dashed where offerings fell
Nothing can my peace destroy as long as no one smiles
More opened ears and opened eyes
And soon they dared to laugh
See a little man with his face turning red
Though his story's often told you can tell he's dead

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