

No Telling When

The Mutton Birds

(Don McGlashan)

Are these the hands of a man? I suppose so
I recall them shaking the hands of other men
Now all they seem to do is write in this log book
That's all they've done since I can't remember when
And there's
No telling when
I'm going to be
Carried in
But in my mind
I see the land
There's a footprint in the sand,
and it's going to be...
Mine...It's going to be
Mine...It's going to be mine
Is this a human face in the mirror?
It looks just like a piece of the sea
I've been staring at the waves so very long now
My eyes are playing tricks on me
And there's
No telling when
I'm going to be
Carried in
But in my mind
I see the land
There's a footprint in the sand,
and it's going to be...
Mine...It's going to be
Mine...It's going to be mine
I had a friend who said "Don't read these papers,
The writing inside is always so small"
But in the end it was him who started shrinking
In the end you couldn't see him at all
And there's
No telling when
I'm going to be
Carried in
But in my mind
I see the land
There's a footprint in the sand,
and it's going to be...
Mine...It's going to be
Mine...It's going to be mine