

# Al Stewart, Sampan

The sun is high, looking out I see  
The emptiness beyond the jetty  
Seagulls raining like confetti  
On the Water  
Sea and sky come together in  
A hazy kiss out on the ocean  
Europe seems a foreign notion  
Hardly thought of

And would you leave your modern world behind?  
I know who I am  
Riding in my sampan

In the shade stands the foreman in  
A floppy hat and linen suit  
Beneath his ancient leather boot  
The ground is straining  
Far away, figures bend to tap the  
Endless seas of rubber trees  
To coat the wheels of Paris taxis  
Where it's raining

And would you leave your melting world behind?  
I know who I am  
Riding in my sampan