

# Barclay James Harvest, The, Harbour

Barclay James Harvest, The  
XII  
Harbour

To our fore the harbour lights  
Shining out like beacons burning  
They can stop this endless night  
They can stop the wheels from burning

Faces in a setting sun  
Say again that we soon will be one

Starlight rakes the silver wing  
Bringing home its sons and daughters  
No-one knows the state i'm in  
Spinning swift above the waters

Faces in a setting sun  
Say again that we soon will be one