

Walkabouts, Harbour Lights

Harbour lights will change your plans
More than judge or jury can
What a sight
Flickerin' like prayers of grace
How could you ever lose this place?
What a sight
But I'm sure I don't stand
A ghost of a chance
To stay here past the time, when all my checks run out
To stay here past the time, when all my checks... run... out
Chinese junks are driftin' in
The foghorn blows its low warnin'
Across the stars
Glistening fluorescent tears
Finally know what kept me here
Harbour lights
And I wonder if you
Are makin' it through
We all hang from a single thread and a thousand truths
We all hang from a single thread and a thousand... truths
Harbour lights will change your plans
More than judge or jury can
What a sight
But I'm sure I don't stand
A ghost of a chance
To stay here past the time, when all my checks run out
And I wonder if you
Are makin' it through
I wonder under which moon do you sleep tonight
I wonder under which moon do you say... good... night