

## Rhyming Down The Line

Sat me down by the water side  
Not a cloud in the sky  
With a sense of what I miss  
On a breeze the rigging chimed  
Rhyming down the line

The weekend guests have left for home  
I feel the weight of a stone  
Deep inside rising slow  
The emptiness they left behind  
Rhyming down the line  
Rhyming down the line

There's something old in this day new  
Little fishes in a stream  
We're tourists in a foreign land  
From a place we've never been

I want to claw right through a wall  
To reach a spirit I recall  
Waiting at the gates of dawn  
As the waters rush along  
Rhyming down the line

With a chill beneath my coat  
Idling I close my eyes  
Up above in treetops high  
To the stars I have climbed  
Reminding me now that I'm  
Rhyming down the line...

