GREY SEA STRAND
Ralph McTell

Oh the big man he goes walking
With the little girl in his hand
Down to the sea she takes him
Back to the grey sea strand

Oh the big man he is silent
With the small glass in his hand
He stares through the rain-streaked windows
Down to the grey sea strand

Oh the currents run wild on this coastline
Took the lives of many a man
And there's many a weary fisherman
Offered prayers on the grey sea strand

And so it was this terrible night
When their little boat went down,
That he clung to his brother who could not swim
So that they should not drown.

Let me go, his brother he cried
And at least one shall be saved
And he pulled from the big man's tired arms
And vanished beneath the waves.

It was later that night that they found him
Swimming the wrong way from the land
With his empty burden they turned him round
Brought him back to the grey sea strand.

Oh the big man he goes walking
With the little girl in his hand
With the rain in his face she takes him
Down to the grey sea strand.

And the big man he is silent
With the small glass in his hand
He stares through the rain-streaked windows
Down to the grey sea strand.