

# THE LAST TIME

Jon Heslop

Land ap - pears as the red sun sets, crabs and small fish in the nets.

5 When they're logged and sent a - shore, no turn - a-round no more.

9 Oh, my love I'm home to - night, hear the en - gines, see the light.

13 com - ing home at the close of day. Com - ing home to stay.

Land appears as the red sun sets,  
crabs and small fish in the nets.  
When they're logged and sent ashore,  
no turn around no more.

*Oh, my love I'm home tonight,  
hear the engines, see the light.  
Coming home at the close of day.  
Coming home to stay.*

No more dawn off the Western coast,  
no more time I love the most,  
to see Cape Cornwall rise to view  
not that far from you.

No more days on the heaving sea,  
no more mugs of salty tea.  
We hoped just once to fill the hold,  
we hoped we could strike gold.

No more nights of rain and gale,  
no more clinging to the rail.  
No more risking life and limb,  
no more Sailor's Hymn.

Now my love, I'm home tonight,  
stop the engines, douse the light.  
All tied up at the end of day,  
just turn and walk away.

*N.B. No chorus after final verse*