

Nelson

(I Wish That I Could See the Sea)

Iain Gilmour

I wish that I could see the sea,
You think of me you think of sea,
But to the ocean from my plinth,
Is somewhat of a labyrinth.
I know that I've been moved before,
But now I'm further from the shore,
It really is a mystery,
I wish that I could see the sea.

When thinking of a place for me,
They thought about the Victory,
And my last walk to get on board,
The streets of Pompey that I toured.
So Pembroke Gardens was the site,
At first it seemed they'd got it right,
Until the fun fair came to be,
And then I couldn't see the sea.

It's not acceptable they cried,
To shield poor Nelson from the tide,
Let's find another setting where he used to stroll,
And bung him there,
And that's exactly what they said they'd do.
But now I'm in the Grand Parade,
Altho' my feet were never laid,
Upon the ground where I am found,
The irony is quite profound.

But can I see the Solent? No!
Unless I stand on tippy toe,
An admiral I may well be,
But one who cannot see the sea.
Admirable I may well be,
But one who cannot see the sea.
Admirable I may well be,
But one who cannot see the sea.

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