

Barclay James Harvest, In Search For England

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In Search For England

THE BOY:

I was cast adrift, without a hope
My only friend is my old boat
With an empty sea and an open sky
A void no man can justify.

THE OLD MAN:

Your sacrifices will ensure
A port of refuge ever more.
Lost and drowned
We'll wait 'till England's found
Again.

THE BOY:

I was torn between what was good and right
And those who told me when to fight
So they left me here and they sailed away
To sink or swim 'til Judgement Day.

THE OLD MAN:

Your sacrifices will ensure
A port of refuge ever more.
Lost and drowned
We'll wait 'till England's found
Again.

THE BOY:

I was cast adrift.