

Barclay James Harvest, Sea Of Tranquility

We steered our ship to the Sea of all Tranquility
The only sound our voices, as star-struck we fly
Our hopes ever high
That the songs we sing and the words we bring
Should never die
We set our sights on the Sea of all Tranquility
Our pointless flight betraying now fallen we are
(Gods of old now broken and defaced)
Compared to a star
And the final reach to that barren beach
Is much too far

Yesterday our songs of glory shone
A dream of ages every one
We sold our souls for senseless gain
And brought our harvest home in vain
(Above the seven seas is one)

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