

# 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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