

Gene Clark, Silent Crusade

I am told that my life is a clipper
The sea of time has tossed about
And I know that there's only one skipper
Who can guide that ship about
Do the wakening eyes of the wondering soul
See within and then without
Silently the truth speaks more loudly
Than what falls from my mouth
Seems my dreams are the wings of a spirit
This vessel sails can't fill without
From it's wind comes the light of inspiration
And the darkness of doubt
Gales of anger that wane into the calm.
Please take me drifting far away
From the wordy and worldly explanation
Of this space we call today.
Sail away
Sail away from the shore.
Situations, weigh the anchor once more.
Sail away
Sail away from the shore.
Situations, weigh the anchor once more