Spirit Of The West, The Mists Of Crofton

And around it goes... how were they to know?
That around it goes... we live with our eyes closed
A lone cloud lingers over the land
Beauty faces the time's demands
Nature rules over seas and sand
And so form the mists of Crofton

A native people they understand The balance needed to work the land So they continue hand in hand To live off the shores of Crofton

And around it goes... how were they to know? That around it goes... we live with our eyes closed

The shoreline changed with the settlement The land still gives, so the money's spent There's provisions for home and for government And they're reaped from the shores of Crofton

The money's there and the factories boom The people smile at impending doom Even the sunset is changing hue Thick are the mists of Crofton

And around it goes... how were they to know? That around it goes... we live with our eyes closed

One step forward and two steps back You gotta make up for the things that you lack Assault the land in a final attack then move on!

The recession lingers, the wells run dry
There's nothing left to take so the factories die
The land's been raped and there's no one to cry
Lonely are the mists of Crofton, lonely are the mists of Crofton
Lonely are the mists of Crofton