

The Incredible String Band, Explorer

I can no longer hear you call 'cross the airwaves
Fog on the line has shaken my will not to yield
The one left here, my command all gone down
I'm caught, caught, where the cold dark fingers trace
Where the men who failed, they lie and kiss the dark earth's face
I am lost, lost, by the storm clouds am tossed
Now here comes the snow deep
And I will take a sleep, sweet Margaret my dear
Tell me
It was long and a strong and sweet year indeed
To get lost in

I've seen the survivors when they come home from the icefields
The lace and the ladies' flush and a pearl on the eye
Fine bone china and the log fire spark high
But I'm back in the wasteland low, where the ripe seed never gets blown
What chance I'll see the sun on the lea, hear the cornfield moan
I am lost, lost, by the storm clouds am tossed
Now here comes the snow deep
And I will take sleep, sweet Margaret my dear
Tell me
It was a long and a strong and a sweet year indeed
To get lost in

No one to hear me when I cry
No one to hold me when I sigh
No one to watch me when I die
How will I live again