

# Al Stewart, Helen & Cassandra

According to the myths and legends  
At the fringes of our memory  
Paris stole the queen of Sparta  
And carried her across the sea  
As they fled, he never dreamt  
That he held the world in his grip  
Helen, the face that launched a thousand ships  
Helen, the face that launched a thousand ships

From Mycenae comes Agamemnon  
And the Greeks of the city-states  
Laden with their bronzen weapons  
They're waiting at the Trojan Gates  
As the arrow flies and Achilles falls  
Does she raise the wine to her lips?  
Helen, the face that launched a thousand ships  
Helen, the face that launched a thousand ships

It's funny how the story lingers  
It's probably a myth of course  
A whisper in the ear of Homer  
Perhaps there never was a horse  
She could have turned the head of Paris  
With the gentle sway of her hips  
Helen, the face that launched a thousand ships

Oh Cassandra, what did you know  
You who bring bad news wherever you go  
You had the gift to see the future  
From Apollo so it's said  
And he made no one believe you  
When you would not share his bed  
Oh Cassandra, what did you see  
As you walked the lonely road of your certainty  
Gazing at the ruined city  
That your warnings could not save

Oh Cassandra, so still and so grave, Cassandra  
The Bronze Age kingdoms tumble  
The cities fade one by one  
The walls of Mycenae crumble  
The Dark Age has begun  
And the truth is lost in the ancient dust  
Yet the memory forever persists  
Of Helen, the face that launched a thousand ships  
Helen, the face that launched a thousand ships