

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