

# Arlo Guthrie, When The Ship Comes In

by Bob Dylan

Oh the time will come up  
When the winds will stop  
And the breeze will cease to be a'breathin'  
Like the stillness in the wind  
Before the hurricane begins  
The hour when the ship comes in

And the sea will split  
And the ship will hit  
And the shoreline sands will be a'shakin'  
And the tide will sound  
And the waves will pound  
And the morning will be breakin'

Oh the fishes will laugh  
As they swim out of the path  
And the seagulls will be a'smilin'  
And the rocks on the sand  
Will proudly stand  
The hour that the ship comes in

And the words that are used  
For to get the ship confused  
Will not be understood as they're spoken  
For the chains of the sea  
Will have busted in the night  
And be buried at the bottom of the ocean

A song will lift,  
As the mainsail shifts  
And the boat drifts out to the shoreline  
And the sun will respect  
Every face on the deck  
The hour that the ship comes in

And the sands will roll  
Out a carpet of gold  
For your weary toes to be a'touchin'  
And the ship's wise men  
Will remind you once again  
That the whole wide world is watchin'

Oh the foe will rise  
With the sleep still in their eyes  
And they'll jerk from their beds and think they're dreamin'  
And they'll pinch themselves and squeal  
And they'll know that it's for real  
The hour when the ship comes in

And they'll raise their hands  
Sayin' "We'll meet all your demands"  
And we'll shout from the bow "Your days are numbered"  
And like the pharaoh's triumph  
They'll be drowned in the tide  
Like Goliath they'll be conquered