

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