

Barclay James Harvest, In Search Of England

THE BOY

I was cast adrift, without a hope
My only friend is my old boat
With an empty sea and an open sky
A void no man can justify

THE OLD MAN

Your sacrifices will ensure
A port of refuge ever more
Lost and drowned
We'll wait 'til England's found
Again

THE BOY

I was torn between what was good and right
And those who told me when to fight
So they left me here and they sailed away
To sink or swim 'til Judgement Day

THE OLD MAN

Your sacrifices will ensure
A port of refuge ever more
Lost and drowned
We'll wait 'til England's found
Again