

Barclay James Harvest, The, In Search Of England

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XII

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