

# Big Big Train, Miramare

Look out to the sea  
From a tower of white stone  
A jewel upon the shore  
Set in green and aquamarine  
Far beyond the place  
Where the waves and sky meet  
That is where they go  
Broken wings won't fly them home  
It's time to leave  
Bands strike up  
Playing their marching tunes  
All above the boats the flags are flown  
Church bells ring over the city streets  
It's time to sail  
With the tide  
Far away from all they've known  
Heading south  
Making new lives in a new world  
Far, far away  
At the helm  
But the tide is on the turn  
Here comes the wave  
Higher now  
Breaking over the edge

Every falling tear  
Turns to stone  
And love makes a home

Leave it all behind  
Turn their faces downstream  
The tower upon the shore  
Fades into a memory  
It's time to dream  
He would try  
To look for distant stars  
Lost behind an empire of the clouds  
Find a way  
Bring help from overseas

They were apart  
She would walk in the gardens they had made  
Hope that love might bring him home again  
Alone and afraid  
Cold winds blow  
She was looking for one last summer day  
All their dreams  
Running over the edge

She had lost her head  
And he had lost all heart

Cold winds set in from the north  
From the mountains down to the shore  
Look at the sea  
Look at the storm

They are lost out in the deep  
Where the rain is pouring down again  
Look at the sea  
Look at the storm

Look at the sea

They were waiting by the shore  
And the rain is pouring down like never before  
Church bells sound a funeral toll  
A ship of fools  
Is home again

Now they say  
She still wanders in this place  
All alone  
Walking at the water's edge  
Far, far away  
Holding on but not holding back the tide  
Light fades away  
Looking out  
From the tower of a dream