

Camberwell Now, Cutty Sark

I dream of empire, I dream of sailing ships,
A fortune beneath their decks,
Heavy with cargo, copper and ivory.

I cross the ocean from one land to the next,
I trade the space between, I cross the ocean,
I trade the space between.

Up in the crow's nest or down in the hold
I hear the ocean sing to me,
It sings to me of another way of life,
I ignore it, I choose to ignore it.

I work with chart, compass, latitude, longitude,
A world of reference points,
To cross the ocean, measure the space between.

Still this singing insists and insists,
Won't go away, won't leave me be,
It sings to me of another way of life,
I ignore it, I choose to ignore it,
I ignore its melody.