

Chris De Burgh, Sailor

Underneath a silver moon, the ship is like a ghost,
She's been out there for a week, just waiting for the wind to blow,
But now she's off and running, and there's nothing I can do,
'Cos I am just a prisoner here until this war is through,
And I'm singing, Sailor, can you hear me,
Sailor, hear my call,
Sailor, take me with you,
Sailor, take me home... Yesterday I saw a seabird wheeling light and low,
Then she sailed off to the west,
Like she was telling me the way to go,
If I had her wings my love I'd be with you tonight,
But my last hope has gone, it's drifting out of sight,
Wait for me, Oh Sailor, take me to her,
Sailor, take me home... To feel the wind, to see the sky,
To hear the waves breaking on the shore again,
To be with you, to lie with you,
To hear your voice echo through the hills again,
Oh my darling wait for me, 'cos I will be there,
When it is over, when it is over,
Yes I will return one day, Sailor, take me to her,
Oh Sailor, take me home,
Sailor, can you hear me,
Sailor, hear my call,
Sailor, Sailor...