

# Gene Clark, 1975

With all the legends that the century sings  
And it's vision bring to life  
While foreign waters breathe against the shore  
And the wind plays o'er it's rusted fife  
I see the ships of a friendly fleet  
And a song so sweetly sounding  
And gentle souls who think not to defeat  
As across the waves they are bounding

And then the thoughts of all the days this time  
They have been confined without reason  
And in the matters of their health and wealth  
They cannot be defined but as treason  
But go where and find the better life  
As in the name of love you have freed them  
And those you need not you have left behind  
And those you keep in mind you know to heed them

Across the bridge, across the river  
Where we've never been before  
Within and out of worlds around us  
And in the light of finding more  
We always easy understood that  
It was no good not to explore  
But never really understood that  
It was no good just to ignore