

John Denver, Storms Of November

Just wait till November, the old sailors say
It's a terrible time of the year
If you wish to travel across Georgia Bay
You will have reason to fear

There's a danger when water and sky become one
And the fog makes you blind as can be
When the earth starts to tremble, a man wants to run
For the Storms of November are all that is fearful to me

Once the voyagers came on a run from the woods
The canoes that were loaded with fur
Now the ships are like giants, and loaded with goods
'Cause just weeks when the sea starts to stir

For the waters are driven by one straight from hell
And a fury takes over the sea
And the waves are like mountains, boy, mark my words well
The storms of November are all that is fearful to me

They say she's a woman, this ship that I serve
She's a queen and a temptress to me
With my mind and my muscle and all of my earth
I'll not give her up to the demon who lives in the sea

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