

Lobo, The Albatross

(Dick Holler)

The man spoke to the albatross
What a funny thing you are
The man spoke to the albatross
Why must you fly so far
Today the waves are no ones slaves
Tomorrow's waves may be
Do you believe in me

The man spoke to the nightingale
Your songs so wild and free
The man spoke to the nightingale
Ah but sing a song for me
Once my skies could fill your eyes
With rain and sympathy
Do you believe in me

The man spoke to the whitest dove
How can I gain release
The man then killed the whitest dove
And justly kept the peace
For I must cry and surely die
To keep the people free
Do you believe in me
Do you believe in me
Do you believe in me