

Magnum, The Tall Ships

Daybreak and they'll be waiting, nervous out in the cold
Searching the blue horizon, praying they'll soon be home
Sweethearts, parents and lovers, hear them say

The tall ships are coming in
They ride like a ghost on the tide
They come way down from rio
The tall ships are coming in
Fifty-nine days without land
Six thousand miles, way down from rio
And they travelled by the stars
Guided on the way by the southern cross

Under sugar loaf mountain, down in boto fargo bay
Christ on corco vado, all seems so far away
Close by, all point skyward, five fingers of god

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