

Peter Hammill, Your Tall Ship

Far, so far away...
surely you remember
log book pages frayed
that fanned the flames of long ago,
guttered in the grate,
shadows in the embers...
look away, look for home.

Voices on the air,
running with the current;
wind and tide set fair,
ship to shore the message goes,
all in love is fair
across the raging torrent,
sail away, sail for home;
look away, look for home.

Land-locked lovers, landlub friends, in procession:
all rites of passage have an end.
Look away, sail away,
sail your tall ship home.

We are ocean-borne,
far from any harbour,
from our moorings torn,
ghosts that fly for all we know...
turn to face the storm
that's building off to starboard,
sail away, sail for home,
look away, look for home.

Look away in the Roaring Forties.

Land-locked lovers, littoral friends,
the succession never ends...
the spirit's willing to carry on;
all rites of passage make us strong.

Sail away,
sail away,
sail your tall ship home.