

Rickie Lee Jones, The Albatross

There, there is my ship
Finally come in
I see the mast rolling on the steps
Over the garden wall
I hear the sailor's call
I see the albatross

Over and down now I'll go home
Home to my children I left behind
Long ago with my mother the moon
That's where my father is
This broken heart is his

Archipelago is turning, turning to strangers
Here in the world, turning to strangers
Oh, they hold on
Here, here's where we live
Here is a sea, my family
We'll always be young as we've ever been
Death will not part us again nearer to heaven than
10,000 ancestors who dream of me
Well I hear you dreaming of me
Yeah sometimes, dream of me!