

The Incredible String Band, Maker Of Islands

I do my job and it's pleasing to me
It's getting so I can sail upon the roughest sea
On the roughest sea I do alright
On the roughest sea I do alright

But when my work is over and done
I get to being a lonely one

Need someone to take the wheels at night
Someone to navigate till light comes
But most of all I need
A maker of islands

Rested in the golden sunlight
Where the seas are kind
She could make me islands
For my peace of mind
If I could only see her
Look into her eyes
Then I'd lie easy, I'd lie easy, I'd lie easy
In my soul