

A Fisherman's Tale

Christopher Cross

Took my troubles
Down to the sea
Put my ear to a seashell
Inquisitively

Thought I heard a heartbeat
It could have been mine
I guess it doesn't matter
In the grand design

Like a windblown sail
Like a fisherman's tale
There's no end to the glory
Like a windblown sail

Like a fisherman's tale
There's no end to the story
Don't let your vision
Go down with the sun

'Cause it might be cloudy
When tomorrow comes
Where the winds of a heart
Meet the wiles of a mind

There will be stillness
At the waterline
When I was young and time was free
I thought the world was reaching out for me

I believed I could
I believed I would
Live forever and ever
Took my troubles

Down to the sea
Put my ear to a seashell
Inquisitively