

The Dreamer

Andy Williams

The harbor lights were shining,
The moon was at its high.
The captain said,
"Thank God we're home!
We've drunk the barrels dry."
The mizzen mast was shaken,
And the lanterns all burned low,
I'd never thought we'd make it
But we've twenty leagues to go
So blow you southern trades
And guide me safely to the shore,
I'll never ever gonna sail
The seven seas no more
I don't want to miss the sand in my hair,
The roll of the tide and the salt in the air
Deep inside it's true I'm a home lovin' man
Comin' on home to you
I don't want to miss the wind in my eyes,
The shimmerin' light when the seagull flies
Lo, I've traveled far I'm a home loving man,
Home is where you are
The crowd upon the quayside
Their faces long and drawn
Are suddenly awakened
As we sail in on the dawn
The wives, the sons, the lovers,
Who never gave up hope
All breathe a sigh together
As they reach to catch the rope
God bless you, southern trades,
You got me safely back this time
Oh, you'll never have the need again
To save this soul of mine I don't want to miss the sand in my hair,
The roll of the tide and the salt in the air
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Home is where you are Yes, I don't want to miss the sand in my hair,
The roll of the tides and the salt in the air
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Comin' on home to you...