

# In Search Of England

Barclay James Harvest

I was cast adrift, without a hope  
My only friend is my old boat  
With an empty sea and an open sky  
A void no man can justify.

Your sacrifices will ensure  
A port of refuge ever more.  
Lost and drowned  
We'll wait 'till england's found  
Again.

I was torn between what was good and right  
And those who told me when to fight  
So they left me here and they sailed away  
To sink or swim 'til judgement day.

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The boy:  
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