

Tall Ships Go

Big Country

I dreamed I heard that you were dead
I dreamed I searched an empty bed
For a sign of you

And the sea called hard to me
Like a cell without a key
And I felt the distance

I watched the tall ships go
With the drift wood on the flow
With pride that grows in hardship
And I knew you were below

I hear your voice
And it keeps me from sleeping
Why must it always be dreams
When your voice comes to me

I dreamed you felt the typhoon spit
And walked into the heart of it
While the sea gulls cry

I know how to feel that call
It never suited me at all
But some are born to it

And you seemed so bright and hard
Like a bloody edge of sword
But if you're an enemy
Then you look a lot like me

I hear your voice
And it keeps me from sleeping
Why must it always be dreams
When your voice comes to me

I dreamed you sailed me to the swamp in a black boat
You spoke to me of things
Of the shame that years will bring
And I felt your hand shake

Though you always seemed so hard
Now I never see the sword
And I find the enemy
Has to feel the same as me

I hear your voice
And it keeps me from sleeping
Why must it always be dreams
When your voice comes to me