

# Centennial Legend

Edenbridge

He was named nineteenthundred "td"  
in the ship`s belly lies his cradle  
had no birthday and no land of home  
the ocean has no bounds  
virginian sounds  
and he faced the world from inside  
the ball-room of splendid skies  
and on the grand piano  
his hands light as butterflies  
he played for the rich and for the poor  
thrilling the hearts of all  
the world could have been beneath his feet  
searching the call  
the voice of the sea

Old chandelier tells a story  
old piano still echoes in here  
old ship lies rusted in the port  
and the best years fade away  
the splendour has gone  
not what he saw could hold him back  
it was what he didn`t see  
there was no end in this town  
keys so eternally  
but this was god`s piano  
he heard on the gangway there  
he couldn`t leave forever  
the sea to somewhere

Bow and stern  
all the wishes between  
(wishes to yearn)  
the world outside is a dream  
(a lone dream, lone dream)  
and when the whole world`s leaving  
the music will always stay  
and if a story`s worth to tell  
the end will be far away  
the final notes lie mute upon the sand

When land is a ship too big  
a woman out of reach  
a journey too far  
a whiff too strong  
he didn`t exist for anyone

Bow and stern  
all the wishes between  
(wishes to yearn)  
the world outside is a dream  
(a lone dream, lone dream)  
and when the whole world`s leaving  
the music will always stay  
and if a story`s worth to tell  
the end will be far away  
the final notes lie mute upon the sand

And in this lonesome end  
final notes lie mute upon the sand