

Clear Water

Fairport Convention

I want clear water from here to the horizon
I want some calm seas for the journey still ahead
Fair weather as we head for the skyline
Clear sky in the morning and every sunset red

I want clear water as we sail out to the head
All I want to hear is the ripple from the bow
Let us be at ease now and know our true position
Like a compass to the star, like a team hooked to the plough

And as for all the history, best it's left unwritten
Few would believe if we told all we have seen
Comedy and tragedy have come along unbidden
They are the port and starboard that we sail in between

I want clear water for each new destination
And if the storm should break, we will take it in our stride
We rode out the tempest when the clouded stars were hidden
And the rising of the moon proved to be a fickle guide

And if we hear the timbers creak, we'll be give and take
Voices from outside, we know our craft is strong
As long as we can speak without raising our voices
The music of the storm is in the guardian of the song

At night upon the deck I want to feel the salty spray
Like warm tears on my face for the passing of the day
And I watch the wheeling star 'til the light breaks in the east
May the journey never end, let us be at peace

I want clear water from here to the horizon
Maybe scarred and feathered, but who'd say we were wrong
The journey not the goal was the only thing that mattered
While the wounds you thought had healed can still be opened by
a song

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