

Whaler

Montrose

A salty tide holds a sailor's dream
A year at sea or so it seems
Sail away, until the dusk do you rise
The Captain's call, wipe the sleep from your eyes

You sight the whaler who seems to be wise
A ship and harpoon, a man in disguise
An ocean breeze bring the taste of your life
Whaler...

On deck with a crew of seafaring men
Channeled in calm and waiting for wind
Out of the sea, out of the night
The hour has come, your time has begun...