

Ocean Rising

New Model Army

I dream of the ocean and the beautiful skies rolling out to sea
I dream of the ocean and the rip of the tide west of Finnistair
The weight of the water pouring down, holding on to me
I dream of the ocean, rising, rising

I dream of the ocean - through the night the ghosts are sailing
still

The James Caird steering east by north-
east through the wild Atlantic swell
The men lie soaked and cold beneath the sail on a bed of ballas
t stone

They hear the boss cry out - I can see them now, the snow-
capped peaks of land

But it was the ocean, rising, rising

A forty foot wall of water crashing down

They held their breath and prayed to God in the hour of death
To save them

From the ocean, rising, rising

I dream of the ocean, rising, rising

And so the years they flow and journey's end

The old crew sailed south again

And they buried the boss by the melting snow

In the summer winds on the island

And now the ice it cracks and falls away, driven in the storms

And I'll be there - where the sky touches the sea

At the edge of the ocean where the beautiful world fades into t
he grey

I dream of the ocean, rising, rising

I dream of the ocean, rising, rising