

The Pleasure of Hope

Pendragon

Come out of the rain my weary friend
I know where you've been
I know what you've done
You suffered Behrings Rock
And now your welcome's just begun
Welcome home, welcome home

Her anchor weighs heavy round your neck
Your senses are alert
The pleasure of hope destroys the fact
That the dull pain ever hurt
She knows you're coming
But she's waiting in the middle of the hottest desert
Goodbye hope, goodbye hope