

A Tale Untold

Robin Trower

Ain't no lights around this harbour
The sea has turned and gone to bed
And far off cries the lonely siren
Or is that voice within my head
Right or wrong I know what she was saying
Cried out in her heart such a lovely face
Behind her eyes the sun is dying
Maybe the moon can take it's place

Out there ships upon the winds are dancing
Tired old hands the sails unfold
Around their eyes the wind is sighing
Maybe the end, a tale untold
Around their eyes the wind is sighing
Maybe the end, a tale untold