

Armadas

Show Of Hands

When the Armada set sail
I followed the Duke de Medina
First broken by storms and by gales
Then drowning or praying alone
Round islands that lay to our west
Our fleet was beaten and scattered
No harbour no haven no rest
So few made the long journey home
Thousands were lost in sight of those shores
I'll follow no more

To the Malvinas we sailed
I fought with General Menendez
But weakened by hunger we failed
Watching and waiting alone
On islands that lay to our east
An army forsaken and shattered
longing for shelter and peace
So many never came home
Brothers, father and sons
We left on those shores
I'll fight no more

To the Falklands we sailed
I served under General Moore
We rode out the storms and the gales
Sleeping and dreaming alone
For islands lay far to our south
But we didn't care when it mattered
One day the truth we come out
One day the troops will come home
There's men seeking wealth in the seas
All round those shores
I'll serve them no more