

## Explorer

### The Incredible String Band

I can no longer hear you call 'cross the airwaves  
Fog on the line has shaken my will not to yield  
The one left here, my command all gone down  
I'm caught, caught, where the cold dark fingers trace  
Where the men who failed, they lie and kiss the dark earth's face  
I am lost, lost, by the storm clouds am tossed  
Now here comes the snow deep  
And I will take a sleep, sweet Margaret my dear  
Tell me  
It was long and a strong and sweet year indeed  
To get lost in  
I've seen the survivors when they come home from the icefields  
The lace and the ladies' flush and a pearl on the eye  
Fine bone china and the log fire spark high  
But I'm back in the wasteland low, where the ripe seed never gets blown  
What chance I'll see the sun on the lea, hear the cornfield moan  
I am lost, lost, by the storm clouds am tossed  
Now here comes the snow deep  
And I will take sleep, sweet Margaret my dear  
Tell me  
It was a long and a strong and a sweet year indeed  
To get lost in  
No one to hear me when I cry  
No one to hold me when I sigh  
No one to watch me when I die  
How will I live again