

## Charlie Darwin

Tom Jones

Set the sails I feel the winds a'stirring  
Towards the bright horizon set the way  
Cast your reckless dreams upon our Mayflower  
Haven from the world and her decay

And who could heed the words of Charlie Darwin  
Fighting for a system built to fail  
Spoonng water from the broken vessels  
As far as I can see there is no land

Oh my God, the water's all around us  
Oh my God, it's all around

Who could heed the words of Charlie Darwin  
The lords of war just profit from decay  
And trade the children's promise for the jingle  
The way we trade our hard earned time for pay

Oh my God, the water's cold and shapeless  
Oh my God, it's all around  
Oh my God, life is cold and formless  
Oh my God, it's all around