

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