

The Storm

© 1972 Albert Melshenker and Steve Cowan

From **The Ship: A Contemporary Folk Music Journey** CD

When first we set our sails to find the port of No Return
We signed aboard to risk our lives and fortunes we had earned
Good God, the storm is raging, why must I live this way?
I have no time today, I have no time today for dying, dying

The sky turns black, the waters lash their fury on the deck
We must secure the mainsail for we can't afford to wreck
Good God, the storm is raging, why must I live this way?
I have no time today, I have no time today for dying, dying

Once I lay beneath the sky tracing birds in flight
I chose to do the same as they
Now I wonder—was it worth it all?
Now I wonder—have I begun to fall and fall and fall?

A child collected butterflies, prevented their escape
I chose to let them fly away
Now I wonder—was it worth it all?
Now I wonder—have I begun to fall and fall and fall?

Once I loved a pretty girl who wanted to be free
I chose to let her slip away
Now I wonder—was it worth it all?
Now I wonder—have I begun to fall and fall and fall?

The lightning splits the watchtower as the thunder drives us down
We're helpless among strangers but there's no one else around
Good God, the storm is raging, why must I live this way?
I have no time today, I have no time today for dying, dying

The storm, it has no ending and its madness has no name
And now the calm of reason and the storm are but the same
And now the ship is lost, and all our hopes have turned to dust
I have no one to trust, I have no one to trust, I'm dying, dying

When first we set our sails to find the port of No Return
We signed aboard to risk our lives and fortunes we had earned
And now the ship is lost, and all our hopes have turned to dust
I have no one to trust, I have no one to trust, I'm dying, dying, dying

She sails, oh she sails