

Stewart Al

"Lord Grenville"

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Go and tell Lord Grenville that the tide is on the turn
It's time to haul the anchor up and leave the land
astern
We'll be gone before the dawn returns
Like voices on the wind.

Go and tell Lord Grenville that our dreams have run
aground
There's nothing here to keep us in this shanty town
None of us are caring where we're bound
Like voices on the wind.

And come the day you'll hear them saying
"They're throwing it all away"
Nothing more to say
Just throwing it all away.

Go and fetch the captain's log and tear the pages out
We're on our way to nowhere now, can't bring the helm
about
None of us are left in any doubt
We won't be back again.

Send a message to the fleet, they'll search for us in
vain
We won't be there among the reaches of the Spanish
Main
Tell the ones we left home not to wait
We won't be back again.

And come the day you'll hear them saying
"They're throwing it all away"
Nothing more to say
Just throwing it all away.

Our time is just a point along a line
That runs forever with no end
I never thought that we would come to find
Ourselves upon these rocks again.

Go and tell Lord Grenville that the tide is on the turn...

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