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John Denver "Storms Of November"

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Just wait till November, the old sailors say It's a terrible time of the year If you wish to travel across Georgia Bay You will have reason to fear

There's a danger when water and sky become one And the fog makes you blind as can be When the earth starts to tremble, a man wants to run For the Storms of November are all that is fearful to me.

Once the voyagers came on a run from the woods The canoes that were loaded with fur Now the ships are like giants, and loaded with goods Cause just weeks when the sea starts to stir

For the waters are driven by one straight from hell And a fury takes over the sea And the waves are like mountains, boy, mark my words well The storms of November are all that is fearful to me.

They say she's a woman, this ship that I serve

She's a gueen and a temptress to me.

With my mind and my muscle and all of my earth

I'll not give her up to the demon who lives in the sea.

Just wait till November, the old sailors say It's a terrible time of the year If you wish to travel across Georgia Bay You will have reason to fear For the waters are driven by one straight from hell And a fury takes over the sea And the waves are like mountains, boy, mark my words well The storms of November are all that is fearful to me. The storms of November are all that is fearful to me.

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