

Christopher Cross

"A Fisherman's Tale"

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Words and music by Christopher Cross and Rob Meurer

Took my troubles
Down to the sea
Put my ear to a seashell
Inquisitively

Thought I heard a heartbeat
It could have been mine
I guess it doesn't matter
In the grand design

Like a windblown sail
Like a fisherman's tale
There's no end to the glory
Like a windblown sail
Like a fisherman's tale
There's no end to the story

Don't let your vision
Go down with the sun
'Cause it might be cloudy
When tomorrow comes

Where the winds of a heart
Meet the wiles of a mind
There will be stillness
At the waterline

When I was young and time was free
I thought the world was reaching out for me
I believed I could
I believed I would
Live forever and ever

Took my troubles
Down to the sea
Put my ear to a seashell
Inquisitively

