

Marcus Carl Franklin "When The Ship Comes In"

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Oh, the time will come up
When the winds will stop
And the breeze
Will cease to be breathin'
Like the stillness
In the wind
'Fore the hurricane begins
The hour
When the ship comes in

Oh, the seas will split
And the ship will hit
And the sands
On the shoreline
Will be shaking
Then the tide will sound
And the wind will pound
And the morning
Will be breaking

Oh the fishes will laugh
As they swim out of the path
And the seagulls
They'll be smiling
And the rocks on the sand
Will proudly stand
The hour
That the ship comes in

And the words that are used
For to get the ship confused
Will not be understood
As they're spoken
For the chains of the sea
Will have busted in the night
And will be buried
At the bottom of the ocean

A song will lift
As the mainsail shifts
And the boat drifts
On to the shoreline

And the sun will respect
Every face on the deck
The hour
That the ship comes in

Then the sands will roll
Out a carpet of gold
For your weary toes
To be a-touchin'
And the ship's wise men
Will remind you once again
That the whole wide world
Is watchin'

Oh, the foes will rise
With the sleep
Still in their eyes
And they'll jerk
From their beds
And think they're dreamin'
But they'll pinch themselves
And squeal
And know that it's for real
The hour
When the ship comes in

Then they'll raise their hands
Sayin'
We'll meet all your demands
But we'll shout from the bow
Your days are numbered
And like Pharaoh's tribe
They'll be drowned in the tide
And like Goliath
They'll be conquered

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