

Night Blackmore's "Village On The Sand"

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I saw three ships a-sailing in from across the sea
Strangers near were welcome but for curiosity
But come they did and when they did ready they did
stand
And things would never be the same in our Village on
the Sand...

When the ships pulled in to dock the villagers did hide
When trouble came it usually was brought upon the tide
When the pirates disembarked they were making plans
And from then on things were not the same in our
Village on the Sand...

The smugglers came into our town and many sought to
run
I stood my ground bravely and came face to face with
one
Time and travel on the seas weathered face and hand
He was different than others in my Village on the
Sand...

He told me of the years he'd spent on the stormy seas
Then he spoke a poet's words of philosophy
And when he had to leave again he asked me for my
hand
And I knew I'd never see again my Village on the
Sand...

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