Dan Mccafferty "Where The Ocean Ends We'll Find a New - Born Land"

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Little Johnny he was a rock 'n' roll star from Tuscon, Arizona

And a wizard with the figures was Mister B.

Ran a computer company

And Harry he was a tough marine

Who never fought a war

And I was the clown who dreamt a dream

Playing the guitar

So here we are

We've come so far

No longer pawns or stooges in the big game

We're aiming high

Reaching for the sky

Where the ocean ends

We'll find a new-born land

For everyone like you and I

We were bankers we were bosses

We were beggars and bums

Martyrs and millionaires

We were teachers we were preachers

Falling angels and monks

Gamblers and legionaires

We were winners and loosers

Magicians and boozers

Sad eyed fools that meant no harm

And I was a clown who dreamed his dream

Playing the guitar

So here we are

We've come so far

No longer pawns or puppets in the rat race

We're aiming high

Reaching for the sky

Where the ocean ends

We'll find a new-born land

For everyone like you and I

So here we are

We've come so far No longer pawns or stooges in the big game

We're aiming high Reaching for the sky Where the ocean ends We'll find a new-born land For everyone like you and I

March, 8, 1990: Two months later.. A group of islands appeared at the horizon...only a few days to go?...Maybe...and under a dark-blue sky in the Southern Pacific they were sitting together for the last time...

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