

## **Sarah Brightman**

### **"Cape Horn"**

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It was like riding a port over a waterfall, sir  
And wind is not the name for what blows in your face  
It's something made of iron  
Swings at you from the west  
Never changin' day in and day out

With seas as high as the main mast  
We had lifelines rigged everywhere, sir  
And there were still 16 men washed over board  
Cold, three men froze in the yards, frozen stiff, sir  
Couldn't get them down without cutting their fingers  
Loose from the shrouds, I was lucky

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