

Avalon Rising "To The Sea"

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I hear tales of lives of hard times
I hear tales of life at sea
I hear tales of nights of madness
I hear tales of nights so free.

Then I think of foreign shores
And I dream of ocean swells
And when I sit and think of nothing
Then my mind goes to the sea

To the sea, to the sea
Then my mind goes to the sea
And when I sit and think of nothing
Then my mind goes to the sea

I have never left the ocean
I have never left her shore
But I've never lain upon her breast
As the sailing men of yore

But now I long to feel her gentle swell
And yearn to brave her wrath
And I'm looking for that special boat
That will take me to the sea

To the sea, to the sea
That will take me to the sea
And I'm looking for that magic boat
That will take me to the sea

As a captain limps his boat to berth
Or as he soars it free back home
It doesn't matter what the sea has done
For his heart will never roam

And he knows this is his gladness
And he knows this is his joy
He will love that wild lady
He has come to call the sea

Call the sea, call the sea
We have come to call her the sea

He'll always love that wild lady
We have come to call the sea

As I sit upon the dockyard pier,
These thoughts race through my mind
And I think about the men out there
I wonder at the joy they find

As I hear the foghorns calling
Out their low and mournful sound
I dream of the day when I find a man
Who will take me to the sea

To the sea, to the sea
Who will take me to the sea
I dream of the day when I find the man
Who will take me to the sea

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