

## Al Stewart "Lord Grenville"

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Go and tell Lord Grenville that the tide is on the turn  
It's time to haul the anchor up and leave the land  
astern  
We'll be gone before the dawn returns  
Like voices on the wind

Go and tell Lord Grenville that our dreams have run  
aground  
There's nothing here to keep us in this shanty town  
None of us are caring where we're bound  
Like voices on the wind

And come the day you'll hear them saying  
They're throwing it all away  
Nothing more to say, just throwing it all away

Go and fetch the captain's log and tear the pages out  
We're on our way to nowhere now, can't bring the helm  
about  
None of us are left in any doubt  
We won't be back again

Send a message to the fleet they'll search for us in vain  
We won't be there among the reaches of the Spanish  
Main  
Tell the ones we left home not to wait  
Won't be back again

And come the day you'll hear them saying  
They're throwing it all away  
Nothing more to say, just throwing it all away

Our time is just a point along a line  
That runs forever with no end  
I never thought that we would come to find  
Ourselves upon these rocks again, oh no

Go and tell Lord Grenville that the tide is on the turn

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