

Anderson Laurie

"Love Among The Sailors"

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There is a hot wind blowing
it moves across the oceans and into every port.
A plague. A black plague. There's danger everywhere
And you've been sailing.

And you're all alone on an island now tuning in.
Did you think this was the way
Your world would end?
Hombres. Sailors. Comrades.

There is no pure land now. No safe place.
And we stand here on the pier
Watching you drown.
Love among the sailors.
Love among the sailors.

There is a hot wind blowing.
Plague drifts across the oceans.
And if this is the work of an angry god
I want to look into his angry face.
There is no pure land now. No safe place.
Come with us into the mountains.
Hombres. Sailors. Comrades

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