

## **Roy Harper** **"Sail Away"**

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Well the bozos talk of dawn  
But it feels like Monday morn  
On the washing lines  
We still fight for what we fought  
But it's getting kind of short  
With these futures on our heels  
And our sails in fresh winds and new signs  
As we sail away...  
You may sometimes misconceive  
Seeing elders quietly leave  
And accusingly  
Poiting say they failed  
While in turn yourselves hang nailed  
On the landmarks of your own dreams  
Every tide rushes out losingly  
As we sail away...  
Well the morning slowly rose  
We were gone as first light froze  
All the nightmare stars  
While the ghosts of former graves  
Gentle whispers in the waves  
Fleeting shadows in the sails  
Shift their sands through old hands into ours  
As we sail away...

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