

Sandy Denny

"Listen, Listen / Ecoute, Ecoute"

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The young man rose his pretty face,
All for to feel the salty spray.
When storms are mustering, they say
I'll come and take you all away.

I am a traveller by trade,
I only have what I have made.
A fortune teller too they say,
And I can take you all away.

Chorus
Listen Listen to him do.
He is the one who is for you.
Listen, they say
He'll come and take us all away.
And over there the young man stayed,
Upon on the rocks so rough and grey.
Watching the boy, watching the day
Thinking of how he came to be.

A young man he, he is so real,
And never more to go astray.
He is of value now they say,
And he can take himself away.

(Chorus)

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