The Barclay James Harvest "In Search Of England"

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THE BOY

I was cast adrift, without a hope
My only friend is my old boat
With an empty sea and an open sky
A void no man can justify
THE OLD MAN
Your sacrifices will ensure
A port of refuge ever more
Lost and drowned
We'll wait 'til England's found
Again

THE BOY

I was torn between what was good and right And those who told me when to fight So they left me here and they sailed away To sink or swim 'til Judgement Day

THE OLD MAN Your sacrifices will ensure A port of refuge ever more Lost and drowned We'll wait 'til England's found Again

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