

Lost

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From *The Ship: A Contemporary Folk Music Journey* CD

She sails, oh she sails
I find me losing track
She sails, oh she sails
And now I can't turn back

Sailing through the widest seas
Miracles have aged beyond this trip, take the ship on its way
On its way, on its way
On its way, on its way

The clouds are shifting gently and the stars are in the sky
Slowly I'm awakened by a sound
Finally I remember what it was that brought me here
But now the sea is silent, safe and calm

Now I must determine where the storm has taken me
For timelessness has left the ship unmanned
Water all around me for as far as I can see
What direction do I take to find the land?

Panic has no place aboard a ship of my command
But no one seems to care if I'm alive
Driven by the fear of finding out that no one knows
Can I be expected to survive?

Sailing through the widest seas
Miracles have aged beyond this trip, take the ship on its way
On its way, on its way
On its way, on its way

Still I can't help feeling that all hope has not been lost
We must attempt to find out where we are
We can't rely on instruments to tell us where to go
But destination surely can't be far

The captain he assured us at the time we signed aboard
That we'd see things we'd never seen before
Now that I've been sailing for so long without a guide
I'm not sure I can make it anymore

Lost is where we find ourselves searching for someone
To offer us direction we can use
Lost is where we listen to the voices all around
And then decide there is but one to choose

Lost is where you have to find a reason to survive
Something that will lead you back to shore
Lost is what you needed to discover where you were
And tell you what it is you're sailing for

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On its way, on its way
On its way, on its way ...