

The Order

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

The captain gives the order to the first mate tells the boatswain
Lift the anchor, make her ready we are leaving
The sky is smiling blue or is it laughing at us grey
Or is the red another warning we're believing?

We are sailing, we are sailing, we are sailing
We are sailing, we are sailing, we are sailing

The sea is rolling, swaying as the wind foments the waves
Are heading for the shoreline fading in the distance
The course is set by compass by so many scraps of waiting for
And wanting to that offers no resistance

We are sailing, we are sailing, we are sailing
We are sailing, we are sailing, we are sailing

The crew is trained by seasons to experience the danger
Is expected as you travel by the star
Prisoners we will take us, oh fine captives they will make
Until we realize exactly who they are

We are sailing, we are sailing, we are sailing
We are sailing, we are sailing, we are sailing

All naked we are driven by a rhyme that has no reason
To take shelter is the lady of the sea
It's all upon the order of the question is the answer
In tomorrow or whomever we can be

We are sailing, we are sailing, we are sailing
We are sailing, we are sailing, we are sailing

We are sailing, we are sailing, we are sailing
We are sailing, we are sailing, we are gone