

***The Storm***

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

When first we set our sails to find the port of No Return  
We signed aboard to risk our lives and fortunes we had earned  
Good God, the storm is raging, why must I live this way?  
I have no time today, I have no time today for dying, dying

The sky turns black, the waters lash their fury on the deck  
We must secure the mainsail for we can't afford to wreck  
Good God, the storm is raging, why must I live this way?  
I have no time today, I have no time today for dying, dying

Once I lay beneath the sky tracing birds in flight  
I chose to do the same as they  
Now I wonder—was it worth it all?  
Now I wonder—have I begun to fall and fall and fall?

A child collected butterflies, prevented their escape  
I chose to let them fly away  
Now I wonder—was it worth it all?  
Now I wonder—have I begun to fall and fall and fall?

Once I loved a pretty girl who wanted to be free  
I chose to let her slip away  
Now I wonder—was it worth it all?  
Now I wonder—have I begun to fall and fall and fall?

The lightning splits the watchtower as the thunder drives us down  
We're helpless among strangers but there's no one else around  
Good God, the storm is raging, why must I live this way?  
I have no time today, I have no time today for dying, dying

The storm, it has no ending and its madness has no name  
And now the calm of reason and the storm are but the same  
And now the ship is lost, and all our hopes have turned to dust  
I have no one to trust, I have no one to trust, I'm dying, dying

When first we set our sails to find the port of No Return  
We signed aboard to risk our lives and fortunes we had earned  
And now the ship is lost, and all our hopes have turned to dust  
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She sails, oh she sails