

Helen and Cassandra

Al Stewart

According to the myths and legends At the fringes of our memory
Paris stole the queen of Sparta And carried her across the sea
As they fled, he never dreamt That he held the world in his gr
ip Helen, the face that launched a thousand ships Helen, the fa
ce that launched a thousand ships

From Mycenae comes Agamemnon And the Greeks of the city-states
Laden with their bronzen weapons They're waiting at the Trojan
Gates As the arrow flies and Achilles falls Does she raise the
wind to her lips? Helen, the face that launched a thousand ship
s Helen, the face that launched a thousand ships

It's funny how the story lingers It's probably a myth of course
A whisper in the ear of Homer Perhaps there never was a horse
She could have turned the head of Paris With the gentle sway of
her hips Helen, the face that launched a thousand ships

Oh Cassandra, what did you know You who bring bad news wherever
you go You had the gift to see the future From Apollo so it's
said And he made no one believe you When you would not share hi
s bed Oh Cassandra, what did you see As you walked the lonely r
oad of your certainty Gazing at the ruined city That your warni
ngs could not save

Oh Cassandra, so still and so graveCassandra The Bronze Age kin
gdoms tumble The cities fade one by one The walls of Mycenae cr
umble The Dark Age has begun And the truth is lost in the ancie
nt dust Yet the memory forever persists Of Helen, the face that
launched a thousand ships Helen, the face that launched a thou
sand ships