

In Search Of England

Barclay James Harvest

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.

Your sacrifices will ensure
A port of refuge ever more.
Lost and drowned
We'll wait 'till england's found
Again.

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.

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The boy:
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