

# A Fisherman's Tale

Christopher Cross

Took my troubles  
Down to the sea  
Put my ear to a seashell  
Inquisitively

Thought I heard a heartbeat  
It could have been mine  
I guess it doesn't matter  
In the grand design

Like a windblown sail  
Like a fisherman's tale  
There's no end to the glory  
Like a windblown sail

Like a fisherman's tale  
There's no end to the story  
Don't let your vision  
Go down with the sun

'Cause it might be cloudy  
When tomorrow comes  
Where the winds of a heart  
Meet the wiles of a mind

There will be stillness  
At the waterline  
When I was young and time was free  
I thought the world was reaching out for me

I believed I could  
I believed I would  
Live forever and ever  
Took my troubles

Down to the sea  
Put my ear to a seashell  
Inquisitively