

Suite - Nowhere-Land: Where The Ocean Ends

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[The ship sailed on, course: South-West. Passing Cape Horn, heading for the Pacific Ocean... No storm no damage to its body could stop it on its way But the destination was still so far away. They had sailed for almost four months and four days...]

Little Johnny he was a rock 'n' roll star from Tuscon, Arizona
And a wizard with the figures was Mister B
Ran a computer company

And Harry he was a tough marine
Who never fought a war
And I was the clown who dreamed a dream
Playing the guitar

So here we are
We've come so far
No longer pawns or stooges in the big game
We're aiming high
Reaching for the sky
Where the ocean ends
We'll find a new-born land
For everyone like you and I

We were bankers we were bosses
We were beggars and bums
Martyrs and millionaires
We were teachers we were preachers
Falling angels and monks
Gamblers and legionaires

We were winners and losers
Magicians and boozers
Sad eyed fools that meant no harm
And I was a clown who dreamed his dream
Playing the guitar

So here we are
We've come so far
No longer pawns or puppets in the rat race
We're aiming high
Reaching for the sky
Where the ocean ends
We'll find a new-born land
For everyone like you and I

So here we are
We've come so far
No longer pawns or stooges in the big game
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