

Pirates on an odyssey, odyssey
We ask our captain, "What will be, what will be?"
When winter's gone
We might be wrong
We might be wrong

My companions focus me, focus me
On the bright real sun
You're my reason
You're my reason to go

Careless whither I be led
Careless whither I be led
How long will we last?
Out on the sea, on the sea
On the sea, on the sea

Talking people happily, happily
When they're right, feel wrong
You're my real home
Out on the sea, on the sea