

Centennial Legend

Edenbridge

He was named nineteenthundred "td"
in the ship`s belly lies his cradle
had no birthday and no land of home
the ocean has no bounds
virginian sounds
and he faced the world from inside
the ball-room of splendid skies
and on the grand piano
his hands light as butterflies
he played for the rich and for the poor
thrilling the hearts of all
the world could have been beneath his feet
searching the call
the voice of the sea

Old chandelier tells a story
old piano still echoes in here
old ship lies rusted in the port
and the best years fade away
the splendour has gone
not what he saw could hold him back
it was what he didn`t see
there was no end in this town
keys so eternally
but this was god`s piano
he heard on the gangway there
he couldn`t leave forever
the sea to somewhere

Bow and stern
all the wishes between
(wishes to yearn)
the world outside is a dream
(a lone dream, lone dream)
and when the whole world`s leaving
the music will always stay
and if a story`s worth to tell
the end will be far away
the final notes lie mute upon the sand

When land is a ship too big
a woman out of reach
a journey too far
a whiff too strong
he didn`t exist for anyone

Bow and stern
all the wishes between
(wishes to yearn)
the world outside is a dream
(a lone dream, lone dream)
and when the whole world`s leaving
the music will always stay
and if a story`s worth to tell
the end will be far away
the final notes lie mute upon the sand

And in this lonesome end
final notes lie mute upon the sand