

The Navigators

Jethro Tull

Feet fixed firm on windswept headland
Far above the raging sea
Lord of all the stormy deeps
The wealth of ages at his knee

Protects and nurtures navigators
Raiders bold who loot and plunder
Giving strength to hold at bay
The tallest wave, the savage thunder

Then, to bring them home again
Safe to revel in their fame
With tales of valour, harsh and virile
Treasures taken in gods' names

Crab pots stacked, fat diesel straining
At the white and foam-flecked wave
Echo sounding, seaman rounding
Dark mull skirts a watery grave

Which calls to lure brave navigators
Who venture far from harbour home
Burning with that lust of feisty
Fisher-folk who live to roam

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