

Evening's Curtain

Mark Erelli

It's written of in papers, books and magazines
For centuries adventurers set sail
In schooners, clippers, sloops and brigs and barquentines
O'er the deep blue ocean to prevail
Believing their dominion o'er the great salt sea
They'd snare the fish and smite the mighty whale
But for every man who lived to boast his victory
A score or more were thwarted by the gale

CHORUS:

As evenings curtain falls upon me like a shroud
I'm thinking of their cold eternal sleep
Beneath the waves far too many souls to count
Lost out in the darkness on the deep
There always will be men who sail the ocean blue
But the romance is a thing of history
In these hard times a man just does what he has to
Providing for his wife and family
Not long ago just off the coast of Provincetown
They found a radio beacon bobbing in a field of debris
Three days they did search but they never found
The crew who worked aboard the Candy B