

At The Winds Will

Poor Man's Poison

A ship the size of cities
Rolling in the wind
The crew of rail-men singing
This is all we know

A ship the size of cities
Rolling in the wind
The crew of rail-men singing
This is all we know

And as the captain orders
His men below
With eyes a tale yet sharing
They already know
They're not going home

So let's take this storm head-on to the wind
And sway our glasses one more time with you my friends tonight

So just cast your wishes to the sea
And just say that same old prayer for all my brothers and me
So when you set your sails, set 'em to be free
And when you reach them open waters sing a shipmates song for me

A ship the size of cities
Resting down below
No longer hear them singing
Just their stories told
And now their story's told

So let's take this storm head-on to the wind
And sway our glasses one more time with you my friends tonight
Tonight
Tonight