I saw it again this evening, Black sail in a pale yellow sky And just as before in a moment, It was gone where the grey gulls fly

If it should happen again I shall worry That only a strange ship could fly And my sanity scans the horizon In the light of a darkening sky

That night as I walked in my slumber I walked into the sea strand And I swam with the moon and her lover Until I lost sight of the land

I swam till the night became morning Black sea in the reddening sky Found myself on the deck on a rolling ship So far where no grey gulls fly

All around me was silence
As if mocking my frail human hopes
And a question mark hung in the canvas
For the wind that had died in the ropes

I may have slept for an hour
I may have slept for a day
For a woke in a bed of white linen
And the sky was the colour of clay

At first just a rustle of canvas And the gentlest breath on my face But a galloping line of white horses Said that soon we were in for a race

The gentle sigh turned to a howling And the grey sky she angered to black And my anxious eyes searched the horizon With the gathering sea at my back

Did I see the shade of a sailor On the bridge through the wheelhouse pane Held fast to the wheel of the rocking ship As I squinted my eyes in the rain

For the ship had turned into the wind Against the storm to brace And underneath the sailor's hat I saw my father's face

If a prayer today is spoken Please offer it for me When the bridge to heaven is broken And you've lost on the wild wild sea Lost on the wild wild sea...