

## The Bona Line

The Corries

Don't mind the rain or the rolling sea  
The weary night never worried me  
But the hardest part on a sailor's day  
Is to watch the sun as it dies away  
Here's one more day on the Grand Bona Line

The finest ship that sails the sea  
Is still a prison for the likes of me  
But give me wings like Noah's dove  
I'd fly above all to the one I love  
Here's one more day on the Grand Bona Line

Oh Lord if dreams were only real  
I'd have my hands on that wooden wheel  
And with all my heart I'd turn her round  
And tell the boys that we're homeward bound  
Here's one more day on the Grand Bona Line

I'll pass the time like some machine  
Until blue water turns to green  
Then I'll dance on deck and I'll walk ashore  
And sail the Grand Bona Line no more  
And sail the Grand Bona Line no more