

Big Big Train, Miramare

Look out to the sea
From a tower of white stone
A jewel upon the shore
Set in green and aquamarine
Far beyond the place
Where the waves and sky meet
That is where they go
Broken wings won't fly them home
It's time to leave
Bands strike up
Playing their marching tunes
All above the boats the flags are flown
Church bells ring over the city streets
It's time to sail
With the tide
Far away from all they've known
Heading south
Making new lives in a new world
Far, far away
At the helm
But the tide is on the turn
Here comes the wave
Higher now
Breaking over the edge

Every falling tear
Turns to stone
And love makes a home

Leave it all behind
Turn their faces downstream
The tower upon the shore
Fades into a memory
It's time to dream
He would try
To look for distant stars
Lost behind an empire of the clouds
Find a way
Bring help from overseas

They were apart
She would walk in the gardens they had made
Hope that love might bring him home again
Alone and afraid
Cold winds blow
She was looking for one last summer day
All their dreams
Running over the edge

She had lost her head
And he had lost all heart

Cold winds set in from the north
From the mountains down to the shore
Look at the sea
Look at the storm

They are lost out in the deep
Where the rain is pouring down again
Look at the sea
Look at the storm

Look at the sea

They were waiting by the shore
And the rain is pouring down like never before
Church bells sound a funeral toll
A ship of fools
Is home again

Now they say
She still wanders in this place
All alone
Walking at the water's edge
Far, far away
Holding on but not holding back the tide
Light fades away
Looking out
From the tower of a dream