

Gene Clark, 1975

With all the legends that the century sings
And it's vision bring to life
While foreign waters breathe against the shore
And the wind plays o'er it's rusted fife
I see the ships of a friendly fleet
And a song so sweetly sounding
And gentle souls who think not to defeat
As across the waves they are bounding

And then the thoughts of all the days this time
They have been confined without reason
And in the matters of their health and wealth
They cannot be defined but as treason
But go where and find the better life
As in the name of love you have freed them
And those you need not you have left behind
And those you keep in mind you know to heed them

Across the bridge, across the river
Where we've never been before
Within and out of worlds around us
And in the light of finding more
We always easy understood that
It was no good not to explore
But never really understood that
It was no good just to ignore