

# Gene Clark, Silent Crusade

I am told that my life is a clipper  
The sea of time has tossed about  
And I know that there's only one skipper  
Who can guide that ship about  
Do the wakening eyes of the wondering soul  
See within and then without  
Silently the truth speaks more loudly  
Than what falls from my mouth  
Seems my dreams are the wings of a spirit  
This vessel sails can't fill without  
From it's wind comes the light of inspiration  
And the darkness of doubt  
Gales of anger that wane into the calm.  
Please take me drifting far away  
From the wordy and worldly explanation  
Of this space we call today.  
Sail away  
Sail away from the shore.  
Situations, weigh the anchor once more.  
Sail away  
Sail away from the shore.  
Situations, weigh the anchor once more