

# John Denver, Storms Of November

Just wait till November, the old sailors say  
It's a terrible time of the year  
If you wish to travel across Georgia Bay  
You will have reason to fear

There's a danger when water and sky become one  
And the fog makes you blind as can be  
When the earth starts to tremble, a man wants to run  
For the Storms of November are all that is fearful to me

Once the voyagers came on a run from the woods  
The canoes that were loaded with fur  
Now the ships are like giants, and loaded with goods  
'Cause just weeks when the sea starts to stir

For the waters are driven by one straight from hell  
And a fury takes over the sea  
And the waves are like mountains, boy, mark my words well  
The storms of November are all that is fearful to me

They say she's a woman, this ship that I serve  
She's a queen and a temptress to me  
With my mind and my muscle and all of my earth  
I'll not give her up to the demon who lives in the sea

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