

# Magnum, The Tall Ships

Daybreak and they'll be waiting, nervous out in the cold  
Searching the blue horizon, praying they'll soon be home  
Sweethearts, parents and lovers, hear them say

The tall ships are coming in  
They ride like a ghost on the tide  
They come way down from rio  
The tall ships are coming in  
Fifty-nine days without land  
Six thousand miles, way down from rio  
And they travelled by the stars  
Guided on the way by the southern cross

Under sugar loaf mountain, down in boto fargo bay  
Christ on corco vado, all seems so far away  
Close by, all point skyward, five fingers of god

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