

Manfred Mann, Singing The Dolphin Through

Il Plymouth, your morning cold and grey
Is painting shadows on my thoughts
And we're bound for nowhere

Joseph, I know you're trusting me to see you right
And I know you can't stand the fighting
For one more night
Joseph, the mud gives way to coral somewhere
And the hours of light they last and last
We'll see no more hostile flag there
>From craft unknown, we will have grown free
>From sighing

Singing the dolphin through
Singing the dolphin through
Singing the dolphin through
Still waters