

Lord Grenville

[Al Stewart](#)

Go and tell Lord Grenville that the tide is on the turn
It's time to haul the anchor up and leave the land astern
We'll be gone before the dawn returns
Like voices on the windGo and tell Lord Grenville that our dreams have run aground
There's nothing here to keep us in this shanty town
None of us are caring where we're bound
Like voices on the windAnd come the day you'll hear them saying
They're throwing it all away
Nothing more to say, just throwing it all awayGo and fetch the captain's log and tear the pages out
We're on our way to nowhere now, can't bring the helm about
None of us are left in any doubt
We won't be back againSend a message to the fleet they'll search for us in vain
We won't be there among the reaches of the Spanish Main
Tell the ones we left home not to wait
Won't be back againAnd come the day you'll hear them saying
They're throwing it all away
Nothing more to say, just throwing it all awayOur time is just a point along a line
That runs forever with no end
I never thought that we would come to find
Ourselves upon these rocks again, oh noGo and tell Lord Grenville that the tide is on the turn

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