

# 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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