

LOST

Jon Heslop

(Before 1st vs and after 4th vs only)



Seagulls cry in a lonely sky, winds blow free on an empty sea.
And as they wheel across the foam, oh, the song they sing is,
"None came home".

Some may go to sea for glory, some may go to sea for gold.
Some may go to earn a living, some may go in venture bold.
Some may go to sea for romance, some may go for simple gain.
Some may never have a reason, some will not come home again.

Though the seas roll calm and peaceful, storm can break a fragile peace.
On and under open oceans waits the time when all things cease.
Now the world breaks like a mirror, shattering both life and light.
Now the grief and sorrow darken brightest day to blackest night.

Waiting, waiting, always waiting, standing close both night and day.
Waiting for some sign or omen, just a light to shine the way.
Love like a lighthouse shining through the stormy wind and rain,
love that never fades or falters, love that never hopes in vain.

Souls of sailors lost for ever, hear their lamentations cry.
Searching for some consolation 'twixt the empty sea and sky.
Searching for their homes and loved ones. Endless generations weep
salt tears, for their dreams destroyed, that flow and form the oceans deep.

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"None came home".