

Don't mind the rain, or the rolling sea
The weary night never worries me
But the hardest time in a sailor's day
Is to watch the sun as it dies away

And it's one more day
On the Grey Funnel Line

1&3: Oooo...

2: The finest ship that sails the sea
Is still a prison for the likes of me
But give me wings (**give me wings**) like Noah's dove (**Noah's dove**)
Now I fly up harbor (**flyyy**) to the girl I love

And it's one more day (one more day)
On the Grey Funnel Line

2:
Oh Lord, if dreams were only real
I'd feel my hands on the wooden wheel
And with all my heart, I'd turn her round
And tell the boys, we're **homeward bound**

1+3:
(Oh, Lord if dreams were real)
(I'd feel my hands on the wooden wheel)
(With all my heart, I'd turn her round)
(Woah, we're homeward bound)

And it's one more day (**one more day**)
On the Grey Funnel Line

I'll pass the time like some machine
Until the waters turn to green
Then I'll dance on down that walk ashore
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more

And sail the Grey (**sail the Grey**) Funnel Line, no, more