

Bear Me Again - A Sailor's Wings

Tom: C

Intro: Am - C (2x)

The breeze that used to wander through valleys and hills
 Became a wind on a sailor's wings at troubled sea

Here's the dilemma now:

Do I pull these sails up?

When do I cast the net? Should I turn the helm around?

Cause we don't, we don't, we don't have a map

No lighthouse, no compass or forecast

No, we don't have a date to come back

Am - C (2x)

"8 meters to portside" says the man on the crow's nest
 While the rookie adventurer longs for the seven seas

But we don't, we don't, we don't have a map

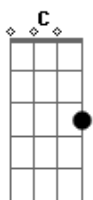
No lighthouse, no compass or forecast

No, we don't have a date

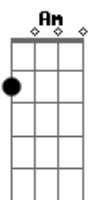
No we don't, we don't, we don't have a lighthouse, compass or map

This cruiser that we stand on is our only certainty

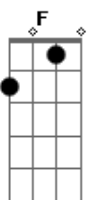
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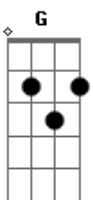
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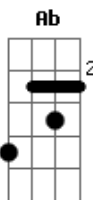
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