

When The Ship Comes In by Bob Dylan(1964)

O the time will come up when the wind will stop,
And the breeze will cease to be breathin'.
Like a stillness in the wind 'fore the hurricane begins.
The hour that the ship comes in.
O the seas will split and the ship will hit,
And the sand on the shoreline will be shaking,
And the tide will sound and the waves will pound,
And the morning will be break ing.

O the fishes will laugh as they swim out of the path,
And the sea gulls, they'll be smiling.
And the rocks on the sand will proudly stand,
The hour that the ship comes in.
And the words that are used for to get the ship confused,
Will not be understood as they're spoken.
For the chains of the sea will be busted in the night,
And be buried in the bottom of the ocean.

O a song will lift as the main sail shifts,
And the boat drifts on to the shoreline.
And the sun will respect every face on the deck,
The hour that the ship comes in.
And the sand will roll out a carpet of gold,
For your weary toes to be a-touchin'.
And the ship's wise men will remind you once again,
That the whole wide world is watchin'.

O the foes will rise with asleep set in their eyes,
And they'll jerk from their beds and think they're dreamin'.
But they'll pinch themselves and squeal and they'll know that it's for real,
The hour that the ship comes in.
And they'll raise their hands sayin', "We'll meet all you demands."
But will shout from the bow, "Your days are numbered."
And like Pharaoh's tribe they'll be found in the tide,
And like Goliath, they'll be conquered.