

I could trace the sun from east to west  
If loves a wave I'm riding on the crest  
Now everything I want's within my grasp  
It's time to nail my colours to the mast

New rivers flowing  
Reaching for the sea  
The scattered seeds we're sowing  
The fruit is on the tree

Waiting for ther winter to abate  
A chance to start again and wipe the slate  
The bitter taste that doesn't go away  
The shimmer of the highlights in the grey light

New rivers flowing  
Reaching for the sea  
The scattered seeds we're sowing  
The fruit is on the tree