

Captain John

John's the captain of our little ship,
And he gives me orders I obey;
And I love to hear him give the order, Weigh the anchor,
When we're heading out to sea at break of day.

John's the helmsman at the steering wheel,
And he grips it firm with all his might;
And he guides us safely through the narrows, round the islands,
Steering by the sun of day and stars of night.

And who am I?
I suppose I'm a sailor too,
In haste and looking madly for a world
That is bright
And wild
And new.

John's the master of the sweeping sails,
And he sets them catching every breeze;
And he knows the way to trim the sails and hold the lines
Till all the air that passes follows his decrees.

John's the keeper of the provender,
And he knows how much we have in store.
And the only thing he does not know or will not answer me
Is how much longer till we touch the shore.

And who am I?
I suppose I'm a sailor too,
With lots of time for looking out on seas
Of black
And green
And blue.