

Oh the time will come up when the winds will stop
And the breeze will cease to be breathing.

Like the stillness in the wind 'fore the hurricane begins
The hour that the ship comes in.

And the seas will split and the ship will hit
And the sands on the shoreline will be shaking.

Then the tide will sound and the waves will pound
And the morning will be breaking.

Oh the fishes will laugh as they swim out of the path
And the seagulls 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 have busted in the night
And be buried at the bottom of the ocean.

Oh a song will lift as the mainsail shifts
And the boat drifts on to the shoreline
And the sun will respect every foe on the deck
The hour that the ship comes in.

Then the sands will roll out a carpet of gold
For your weary eyes to be a-touching
And the ships wise men will remind you once again
That the whole wide world is watching

Oh the foes will rise with the sleep still in their eyes
And they'll jerk from their beds and think they're dreaming
And they'll pinch themselves and squeal and they'll know that it's for real
The hour that the ship comes in.

Then they'll raise their hands saying we'll meet all your demands
But we'll shout from the bow your days are numbered
And like Pharoah's tribe they'll be drowned in the tide
Like Goliath, they'll be conquered.