

Set Your Sails

Future of Forestry

Better be gone
It's half past eleven now
Get onto the deck
You better get on
It's half past eleven now
Fairly well, we can tell
Nothing but moving will do
And it will be alright

Hey, hey, hey, the night is waiting for you
Take a picture of the silver moon
Oh, oh, oh, she will be shining for you
On your journey home

Better be gone
So find your pocket watch
And all of your hope now
The hour is long
Before I try to say too much
Fair thee well 'cause we can tell
Nothing but courage will do
And it will be alright

Set your sails upon
The mighty winds of May
Set your sails upon the hope
Of June
Set your sails upon the air of
Warm July
Set your course for Heaven's shore