

Thousands are sailing

Intro EmEmEmEm EmEmEmEm
DDDD AmAmAmAm
EmEmEmEm EmEmEmEm
DDDD AmAmAmAm → G

G C
The island it is silent now, But the ghosts still haunt the waves
G Em Am D
And the torch lights up a famished man, Who fortune could not save
G C
Did you work upon the railroad, Did you rid the streets of crime
G Em D G
Were your dollars from the white house, Were they from the five and dime
Em C G
Did the old songs taunt or cheer you, And did they still make you cry
Em Am D
Did you count the months and years, Or did your teardrops quickly dry
G C
Ah, No, says he 'twas not to be, On a coffin ship I came here
G Em D G
And I never even got so far, That they could change my mind

Em D Am
Thousands are still sailing, Across the Western Ocean
Em D Am
To a land of opportunity, That some of them will never see
Em D Am
Fortune prevailing, Across the Western Ocean
Em
Their bellies full, And their spirits free
D Am
They'll break the chains of poverty
And they'll dance

CCGG EmEmEmEm DDDD AmAmAmAm → G

In Manhattan's desert twilight, In the death of afternoon
We stepped hand in hand on Broadway, Like the first man on the moon
And "The Blackbird" broke the silence, As you whistled it so sweet
And in Brendan Behan's footsteps, I danced up and down the street

Then we said goodnight to Broadway, Giving it our best regards
Tipped our hats to Mister Cohan, Dear old Times Square's favourite bard
Then we raised a glass to J.F.K., And a dozen more besides
When I got back to my empty room, I suppose I must have cried

Thousands are sailing, Again across the ocean
Where the hand of opportunity, Draws tickets in a lottery
Postcards we're mailing, Of sky-blue skies and oceans
From rooms the daylight never sees
Where lights don't glow on Christmas trees
But we dance to the music And we dance

CCGG EmEmEmEm DDDD AmAmAmAm
CCGG EmEmEmEm DDDD AmAmAmAm

EmEmEmEm EmEmEmEm GGGG DDDD
EmEmEmEm EmEmEmEm GGGG DDDD
EmEmAmAm EmEmAmAm GGDD GDGG

Thousands are sailing, Across the Western Ocean
Where the hand of opportunity, Draws tickets in a lottery
Where e'er we go, we celebrate, The land that makes us refugees
From fear of Priests with empty plates
From guilt and weeping effigies
And we dance

CCGG EmEmEmEm DDDD AmAmAmAm
CCGG EmEmEmEm DDDD AmAmAmAm

CCGG EmEmEmEm DDDD AmAmAmAm
CCGG EmEmEmEm DDDD AmAmAmAm