

Perfect Ocean

I was sixteen and left Norway on the Sea
Sixteen years ago but I'm still young, still young
I helmed a tanker from Singapore to New York City,
Forty-two days at sea, 13 knots night and day.

Filling the night, are the stars,
Through the isles, of fire and ice.
The perfect, horizon calls, it's the ocean,
The perfect ocean, the perfect ocean.

I have a son in Norway, a perfect son
Seven years old, still young, so very young
Maybe the ocean calls to him, a perfect voice,
Heard by his Father, my Fathers, too.

Through, the calms and the gales, I
Guide the ship, the perfect ship
The horizon calls, the perfect life, on the ocean,
The perfect ocean, the perfect ocean.

Home in Norway there is my work for me
I save the sailors in fjords and on the North Sea
Perfect fortune always favors the bold
The sea answers with perfect serenity.

See, Turquoise and Gold, the colors of fire,
Fire and Ice
Feel, the ship make way, it sings and flows, perfect,
The perfect ocean, the perfect ocean.