

Flowers Don't Grow in the Sea

Words and Music by Faré (1973-)

Gm G⁰⁷ Gm

Flowers don't grow in the sea; For flowers growing in the sea would bring you

E^{b7} A^b Gm A^b Gm

ecstasy, The ecstasy of being one with De-i-ty, Of living your life in li-ber-ty.

Gm G⁰⁷ Gm E^{b7}

Hours don't flow on the o - cean; For hours flowing on the ocean follow your vo-li-tion, The

A^b Gm A^b Gm

will of setting your course and your des-tina-tion, With your fami-ly as your na-tion.

Gm⁷ Gm Gm⁷

My Home, is whe-re-ver I go; We'll Roam, 's-long as winds will

Gm G⁰⁷ A⁰ Gm

blow. My Friend, is who loves my heart's art; And when

A^b Gm

our shared dream rea - ches its end, in Peace we part.

Gm G^{o7} Gm G^{o7}
 At large, no one trims your sail; For Nep-tune is King, and his whim
 must pre-vail: To - day it's gent - ly bree-zing, to - mor - row
 it's a gale, But Free-dom is well worth this tra - vail.
 Is-lands don't sprout up and rise; For is-lands that sprout and rise would be a
 pa - ra-dise, A pa-ra - dise you're build-ing to-wards which your soul flies,
 Where there's no more cries, and no more lies. So
 spread out your wings, take off from the land; Leave behind the warring, the wolves and the
 lambs. You know they'll be co-ming, for you, with gun in hand; So
 keep run - ning fas - ter, join me, we'll make a stand.