**Red Sky at Night**

I am a fisherman, my stories I have told, of when I fished upon the sea

I’ve been rocked by many waves, been driven by the tides, all just to feed my family

We set our traps at the coming of the day, and hauled them in at setting sun

And by the grace of the red fire in the sky, the devil’s work would be undone

My father was a fisherman, he spoke about the sea, how it had taken many souls

Off the Atlantic coast where the waters are so cold, many ships lie down below

He told me many tales of vessels out at dawn, who saw the red sun in the sky

They were lost at sea that day, never to be found, and many sailors left behind

The distant ships upon the water

All lost within that golden light

They try to make it to the home port once again

Guided safely by the red sky at night

The devil is a fisherman, he preys upon the tide, and sets fire to the morning sky

When sailors set their traps, the water starts to roll, and the ocean waves become unkind

But when that burning sun is in the sky at night, the sailors know they are alone

The devil has been cast away, if only for a while, so that the ships can travel home

The distant ships upon the water

All lost within that golden light

They try to make it to the home port once again

Guided safely by the red sky at night