

## **The History of Robert Smith**

He's standing at the wheel  
His name is Robert Smith  
He's sailed out from Portsmouth  
Upon a wooden skiff

When he said bye to Sally  
It surely made him cry  
She gave to him a bracelet  
They both knew he could die

They both knew he could die  
Die

Out on this sea adventure  
To plunder chests of gold  
Twelve of which have been buried  
And marked upon the scroll

This wet map in his pocket  
That shows the longitude  
And latitude of the place  
The island they call Doom

The island they call Doom  
Doom

He's shipwrecked at the north side  
The storm did blow him there  
The cold has soaked to his bone  
His boat will need repair

He thinks of dearest Sally  
The valleys and the streams  
His cheek upon her warm lips  
Her curls brushed on his face

Her curls brushed on his face  
Face

Then climbs the nearest hillock  
To search from higher ground  
For where the treasure might be  
If treasure might be found

But what if I should find it  
Yet stuck on Island Doom  
Have no use for such baggage  
Nor see my dear Sally soon  
Nor see my dear Sally soon  
Soon

Deep in the valleys  
Where the birds and the cherubs live  
I met dear Sally  
On a fine summer's morning day

Off we're together to the woods  
Just to pick some flowers  
Drink from the fountain  
By the well or the rolling stream

Then find a shelter  
Where we might take a little sleep  
Her breast a pillow  
For my head as she descends

And how we'll rummage  
Though our cherished sweet memories  
Up 'till past midnight  
To the earliest morning hour

No need to worry  
When we've got everything we need  
Wrapped up together  
On this wonderful weekend stay

Yes there's the cottage and the woods  
And the wildlife  
But all we need  
Is just a kiss on this holiday

For there's no time left  
For a tiff or an argument  
Let's walk together  
Talk of time and philosophy

Who knows if stars will one day meet  
So we can be free  
To love each other  
Like we know that it's meant to be