

# For Sail

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## Verse 1

When the breeze fills the sails,  
And the spray soaks your hair,  
And the salt of the sea stings your eyes,  
Now it's time.

## Chorus

There's a race to be won,  
On the crest of the wave riding high.  
Just race on.

## Verse 2

When the storm starts to blow,  
And the waves start to swell,  
That's the time when the race will be won.

Hoist the sails, read the wind,  
Hold the line, stay the course,  
Let the sound of the sea drive you on,  
To the end.

## Chorus

There's a race to be won,  
On the crest of the wave riding high.  
Just race on.

