

# The Strand

Andrew Allen

You're such a pretty face,  
With so much open space, to hold you  
With so much more to say,  
And only one more day, to know you

The clouds are movin' on,  
And I wish we were movin' on and you,  
Wish we were movin' on  
The troubles keep movin' on  
I wish I was movin' on with you,  
And you were movin' on with me,  
The clouds are movin' on  
Again and again

But the city's alive,  
And so is that ocean,  
Where one might survive again.  
And out on the strand,  
The fellas are marchin'  
But the stone becomes sand again.

There's so much anger here,  
And so much more to fear, I miss you.  
With so much more to say,  
And only one more day,  
It hurts me to know you're alive.

But the city's alive,  
And so is that ocean,  
Where one might survive again.  
And out on the strand,  
The fellas are marchin'  
But the stone becomes sand again.

And it hurts me to know you're alive,  
And it hurts just to know that you're fine  
And it hurts just to know where I stand,  
When it's me and you out on the strand, we'll say

The city's alive,  
And so is that ocean,  
Where one might survive again.  
And out on the strand,  
The fellas are marchin'  
But the stone becomes sand again.  
The city's alive,  
And so is that ocean,  
Where one might survive again.  
And out on the strand,  
The fellas are marchin'  
But the stone becomes sand,  
The stone becomes sand  
The stone becomes sand again.