

House Upon the Sea

Charlotte Church

Here we are
A house upon the sea
A bad dream
The woods on the hill are aware
And there's a terrible voice that echoes around

The wind has it's sting
Puts the salt in your skin

And morning light clears
Oh won't you bring me to rest
Says I should fake a death
And failing that
I should enter the house
And face what I left
Upon the water

Here we are
House upon the sea
And I know it's but a bad dream
The morning light
The morning light
Will clear
But it's all so real

The dark reflects the day
Like a shadow on the waves