

White Sail

Cowboy Junkies

Raise a white sail if you love me
A black sail if you don't
Seal me up in an impregnable tower
Or surround me with an impassable moat

I've heard all the stories told about love
Unattainable and pure
But there is one love of which I'm sure

Your fear as honed as a battle axe
I'll bear my neck, I'll wear the scar
And if my nerve should fail the task
I know your faith will not roam too far

I've heard all the stories told about love
Two souls into one
But this tale of love is one we've just begun

Isolde had her Tristan
But love potions are not what we need
And Paris had his Helen
But it was infatuation that was plain to see

What I desire is your trust to inspire
This love for you which grows in me

Plant a rose tree on his grave
And on mine plant a vine
As seasons pass and markers fade
Watch them slowly intertwine

I've heard all the stories told about love
'Til death do us part
But our love is a vow which has been wrought
From heart to heart
From heart to heart