

Shifting Sand

Deacon Blue

Long blown strip of shifting sand
Where have your friends gone now the suns not holding hands

The fat man who strolled you
The children who broke you
The muscles that climbed on your strong tanned back

The women that were young on you
The ones that only swum off you
They're as fickle as the sun with you
Leaving me here blown about on you

Happy just to stay here
Tripped by the waste and the deck chairs
Teased by the wind and gulls in chase
Oh...long, blown