

The furrowed bed of sand worries again.
As it had before, waves left the land.
Before the tide leaves the child weeping alone.
Letting go of the anchors and all the lines.

Waiting for the fingers of the grey wave.
Or his mother hands to roll over him,
With endless water, ten thousand bridges,
show me father...

Now, I'm older now, much older.
And this wake can take me out to sea,
I feel the pull beneath my feet.
But I can see her, she is calling me.
I can feel her there, I can feel her there.