

# Whispering Waves

Donna Summer

By the shore of the sea searching for his memory  
Sifting sand through my hand weighing what he means to me  
In the early morning haze seagulls seem to cry my pain  
And ocean feels it too sighs his name on whispering waves

Wrote his name next to mine big and deep there in the sand  
Till the earth tends to flow and our names will be drowned  
All the birds sing harmonies to the top line of the breeze  
While the ocean breathes his name on whispering waves

There's a bistro where we would dine each evening  
Candle light and California wine  
Love is holding hands across the table  
I still go past each night  
Look for his car outside

At the foot of this cliff we spent days weaving our dreams  
Making plans building homes raising kids and coloring scenes  
Then one morning he was gone and our story reached an end  
But his words still linger on on whispering waves

Aah, ahh, ahh...

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