

Wind And Sail

Icehouse

Now as the early light is catching the folds
Black lace and satin wrapped, wrapped up against her face
She turns her frozen steps that break the frost and cold
Beyond the misty bay, still sleeping to the east

"Too many miles", she hears the seabirds call
Her captain's ship, she waits for wind and sail

Below the breaking point the tide will ebb and fall
The storm is silent now, as silent as the dawn
Above the rocks and cliffs she watches all the while
She waits for distant sails that never will return

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