

## 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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