

## Salty and Sweet

John Smith

I'm a fishing girl, just a lonely girl  
The Town in which I live is breaking water  
I told my Mother, my violent brother  
All they give to me is reason to leave

Imagine my surprise, a pair of ancient eyes  
Set into a face as old as land  
He stands in front of, he came out of the sea  
He says it hurts his skin to touch the sand

He crawls back into the sea, the air is salty and sweet  
A backward glance by way of invitation  
I'm in now up to my knees, the air is salty and sweet  
I'll leave my dress by way of explanation

My man don't care for clothes, the things he does not own  
They never trouble him, never give him grief  
'Cause he's as soft as silk, as pure as baby milk  
And harder than earth that he scorns