

Dear Christine

Klaatu

'Twas one long year today
I left Bournemouth and you
Adventure, salt and spray
King's service I must do
But dear Christine I hold you dearly
If only you could hear me
I send my love sincerely
In hopes that we're not merely hanging on

At sea there's time for thought
My head was filled with you
With quill in hand I sought
To bridge the endless blue

But dear Christine I hold you dearly
If only you could hear me
I send my love sincerely
In hopes that we're not merely hanging on
On and on

And dear Christine I'm just a man who
Believes in dreams that come true
And if you feel like I do
When I return I'll find you hanging on