

Sand

Nancy Sinatra

Young woman share your fire with me
My heart is cold, my soul is free
I am a stranger in your land
A wandering man, call me sand

Oh sir my fire is very small
It will not warm thy heart at all
But thee may take me by the hand
Hold me and I'll call thee sand

Young woman share your fire with me
My heart is cold, my soul is free
I am a stranger in your land
A wandering man, call me sand

At night when stars light up the sky
Oh sir I dream my fire is high
Oh taste these lips sir if you can
Wandering man, I call thee sand

Oh sir my fire is burning high
If it should stop sir I would die
A shooting star has crossed my land
Wandering man

She whispered sand

Sand

Young woman shared her fire with me
Now warms herself with memory
I was a stranger in her land
A wandering man, she called me sand

He was a stranger in my land
A wandering man

She called me sand