

## Strange Meeting II

Nick Drake

Deep down in the depths of forgotten dreams  
So far away, so long ago it seems  
The memory comes of a distant beach  
Pale sand stretching far from reach  
It was then I found my princess of the sand

As I traced the foam, pebbles beneath my feet  
I looked behind, I saw this one so sweet  
She came to me and I saw in her eyes  
The heavy toll of a thousand eyes  
I called her my princess of the sand

She stared at me and my mind was in a maze  
As we moved along in a summer sea-dream haze  
She moved her mouth but there came no sound  
The message she brought can never be found  
But I called her my princess of the sand

One moment we walked with the night breeze in our face  
Then I looked, she'd gone of her presence, there was no trace  
Where she went or came from who can know  
Or if she'll ever return to help me know  
Who she is, my princess of the sand

Sometime when the summer nights come back  
I'll go back to the sea, follow that sandy track  
I'll look around, hope to find  
That strange young dream, close behind  
I'll call her my princess of the sand