

# The Shining Sea

Peggy Lee

We loved the shining sea  
He gathered sea shells there for me  
His hands, his strong brown hands

We'd sit there on the sand  
He'd kiss the hollow of my hand  
His kiss, I miss his kiss

I hear the grey gulls cry  
I see them dip their wings  
I feel the pounding surf  
And other things

I can't believe he's gone  
I think I'll go where he might be  
I'll go, I need him so

I need our shining sea