

The Water Is Wide

Roger McGuinn

The water is wide I can not cross over
And neither have I wings to fly
Build me a boat that can carry two
And both shall roam my love and I

A ship there is and she sails the sea
Sailing as deep as deep can be
But not so deep as the love I am in
I know not how I sink or swim

I leaned my back against some young oak
Thinking that he was a trusty tree
But first he bent and then he broke
And thus did my false love and me

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