

# Stranger On The Shore

Roger Whittaker

Here I stand, watching the tide go out  
So all alone and blue  
Just dreaming dreams of you

I watched your ship as it sailed out to sea  
Taking all my dreams  
And taking all of me

The sighing of the waves  
The wailing of the wind  
The tears in my eyes burn  
Pleading, "My love, return"

Why, oh, why must I go on like this?  
Shall I just be a lonely stranger on the shore?

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