

# Klimt 1918, They Were Wed By The Sea

You hear it from blue sea  
It's a cry of joy  
You don't care what waves have to tell  
They could drive you away  
You want to smile with them  
You got nothing to lose  
You feel, so, alive  
Cold water on your feet  
Just washing out mistakes  
In times, of need  
Come, please, dance me to the end of trouble's coil  
Wet my lips with shining sand and wishful speech.  
Catch me, catch me if you can, along the shore  
On the water front-we are-wed by the sea  
You try to smile with care  
I got something to lose  
We feel, so, alive  
if sky comes crashing down  
You hold me up so high  
It's time, of need  
But 'it's time to share the truth  
Nothing here  
will be the same  
Love will wash this all away  
We'll be strong (enough) to survive.