

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.