

# Miranda Sex Garden, The Wooden Boat

for a moment you were almost there  
through your veil i saw you stare  
follow me, i'll lead you through my dreams  
let me share the only thing i call my own

by the sea there stands a wooden boat  
stranded on the tidal line  
every night it almost sails away  
follow me, together we can set it free

for a moment you were almost there  
stranded on the tidal line  
every night you almost sail away  
almost sail the only sea i call my own