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