

# Nancy Sinatra, Sand

Lee:

Young woman share your fire with me  
My heart is cold, my soul is free  
I am a stranger in your land  
A wandering man, call me sand

Nancy:

Oh sir my fire is very small  
It will not warm thy heart at all  
But thee may take me by the hand  
Hold me and I'll call thee sand

Lee:

Young woman share your fire with me  
My heart is cold, my soul is free  
I am a stranger in your land  
A wandering man, call me sand

Nancy:

At night when stars light up the sky  
Oh sir I dream my fire is high  
Oh taste these lips sir if you can  
Wandering man, I call thee sand

Nancy:

Oh sir my fire is burning high  
If it should stop sir I would die  
A shooting star has crossed my land  
Wandering man

Lee:

She whispered sand

Nancy:

(Whispers) Sand

Lee:

Young woman shared her fire with me  
Now warms herself with memory  
I was a stranger in her land  
A wandering man, she called me sand

Nancy:

He was a stranger in my land  
A wandering man

Lee:

She called me sand