

# Paul Oakenfold, Sable - Song To The Siren

On the floating, shipless, oceans  
I did all my best to smile  
til your singing eyes and fingers  
drew me loving into your eyes.  
And you sang; Sail to me, sail to me,  
Let me enfold you.  
Here I am, here I am  
waiting to hold you.  
Did I dream you dreamed about me?  
Were you here when I was full sail?  
Now my foolish boat is leaning,  
broken lovelorn on your rocks.  
For you sang; Touch me not, touch me not,  
Come back tomorrow.  
Oh my heart, oh my heart shies from the sorrow.  
I'm as puzzled as a newborn child.  
I'm as riddled as the tide.  
Should I stand amid the breakers?  
Or shall I lie with death my bride?  
Here me sing; Swim to me, swim to me,  
Let me enfold you  
Here I am, Here I am, waiting to hold you.