

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.