

Wishbone Ash, Lonely Island

Lonely on an island shore
There's no one around.
The day is grown older now
As I catch the thought of you.
I lay awake at night
With you on my mind;
Sleep drifts over me
But still I can see you.
I knew that I wasn't dreaming anymore.
Softly, your hair in my hands
And your eyelashes opened the door.
How could we love each other
And yet be so remote?
You were carried by a changing tide
I was stranded on the shore.