

# Enid, The Burning Of The Sea

When we were walking down the lane that night,  
The green turned grey and blue my mind.  
My time stood still and even did my feet,  
The night spread out its outworn cov'ring o'er the fields.  
And I guess I did see you, baby, but you didn't see me at all.

If she'd seen me  
She would have noticed my pain.  
If she'd felt me  
She would have felt the burning  
Of the sea.

We met our place at half past one AM,  
The moonlight dallied 'cross the dell.  
My legs sat down and even did my soul,  
The quietness blew its breeze to drive away your oath.  
And I guess I did hear you, baby, but I think you said nothing at all.

When I was walking home the lane this morn,  
Some beams came dripping down the hall.  
The cov'ring lifted and the grey went on  
Towards another blue man's or a blue girl's heart.  
And I guess I will miss you, baby, but I hope you won't miss me at all.

If she'd seen me this night  
She could have noticed my love  
If she could've felt me  
She would have felt the burning  
Of the sea